June 28, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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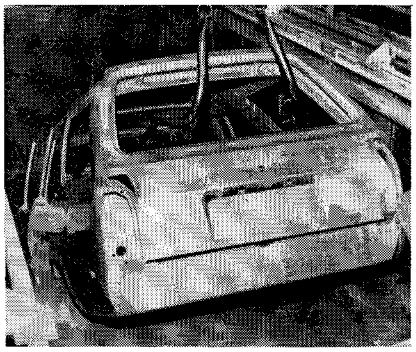

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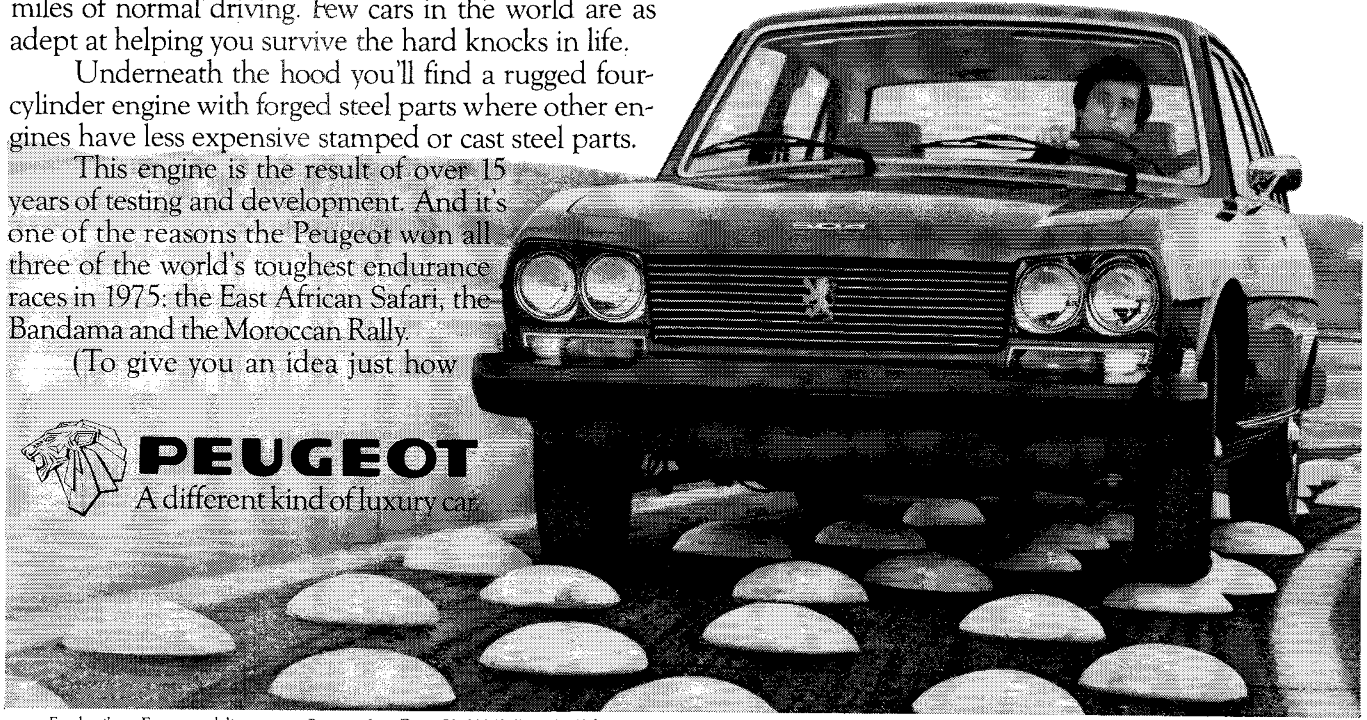

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Belle of Amherst—Julie Harris is all the people onstage in this sortie into the life of Emily Dickinson. Though never Miss Dickinson, Miss Harris reads the Dickinson verses well. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast, headed by Graham Brown, is very good indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Knock Knock—A comedy with many laughs and some wisdom. Lynn Redgrave, Charles Durning, John Heffernan, and Leonard Frey are in a new production, directed by José Quintero. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Livin' Fat—A satire, by Judi Ann Mason, played as a broad farce, about a young black janitor in a bank who "finds" a packet worth fifteen thousand dollars (after the bank has been robbed) and agrees to let his upright parents decide whether he may keep it. Much of the play is funny, as directed by Douglas Turner Ward and as performed by Frances Foster, Minnie Gentry, Frankie Faison, Joyce Sylvester, and (in the leading role) Dean Irby. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

My Fair Lady—A flawless revival of a flawless musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pacific Overtures—A Harold Prince-Stephen Sondheim musical, with lovely sets by Boris Aronson. An attempt to tell an unpleasant story—the exploitation of Japan by Western powers in the nineteenth century—from the Japanese point of view. With an all-Asian cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

Pal Joey—A revival of the Rodgers and Hart (book by John O'Hara) musical, which originally opened on Broadway in 1940. Theodore Mann has directed a cast headed by Joan Copeland, Christopher Chadman, Janie Sell, and Joe Sirola. Previews through Saturday, June 26. Opens officially at a Sunday matinée, June 27. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Royal Family—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, and Sam Levene, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Runner Stumbles—A serious new play by Milan Stitt about a priest and a nun who fall in love and suffer unhappy consequences. Directed by Austin Pendleton and starring Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 17

"THE CAPTURED WOMAN" . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 22

"1949" (POEM) . . . . *Frederick Morgan* 24

"LOOK AT A TEACUP" . . . . *Patricia Hampl* 26

"FOR A CHILD GOING BLIND" (POEM) . . . . *Dan Masterson* 28

PROFILES (CARL SAGAN—II) . . . . *Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr.* 30

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 62

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS (AMERICAN POPULAR SONG) . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 64

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 71

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 72

CONCERT RECORDS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 73

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS (BICENTENNIAL OBJECTS) . . . *Eugene Kinkead* 76

"A PRAYER" (POEM) . . . . *Philip Schultz* 84

BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 85

BRIEFLY NOTED 89

COVER: *Robert Weber*

DRAWINGS: *William Hamilton, William Steig, Charles Addams, Henry Martin, Dana Fradon, Warren Miller, Lee Lorenz, Eldon Dedini, Barney Tobey, Burt Silverman, Jack Ziegler, James Stevenson, Nurit Karlin, Edward Frascino, Bill Woodman, J. B. Handelsman, Edward Koren, Stan Hunt, Mischa Richter, Ton Smits, Al Ross*

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Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Something's Afoot—A dim-witted musical that claims to be a parody of Agatha Christie. The star is Tessie O'Shea. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Raul Julia is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A revival of a musical first seen on Broadway in 1915. The music, by Jerome Kern, is worth hearing, and a couple of the songs have lyrics by the godlike Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—In the Groves of Academe dwell many dragons. Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara are the leading dragons in this production of the harsh and very funny Albee play, directed by the author. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**BOY MEETS BOY:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . **CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Keith McDermott, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS,** 6,729 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

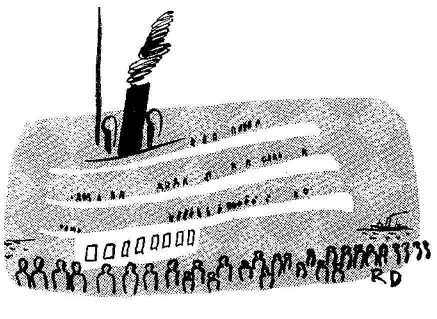
DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, June 23-25, at 8; Saturday, June 26, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 27, at 1 and 7.)

American Ballet Theatre—At the **METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE** (787-3880): Final performances of a three-week engagement—Wednesday, June 23, at 2 and 8: "Gemini" and "La Sylphide." . . ¶ Thursday, June 24, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Pillar of Fire," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Pillar of Fire," "The Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . **NEW YORK STATE THEATRE,** Lincoln Center (TR 7-4727): Opening performances of a six-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Aug. 7—Tuesday, June 29, at 7; Wednesday, June 30, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, July 1, at 8: "Swan Lake." . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 8: "La Bayadère," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 2: "Brahms Quintet," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8: "La Bayadère," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Push Comes to Shove."

Australian Ballet—A two-week engagement of "The Merry Widow," with Margot Fonteyn, except at the Wednesday, June 23, matinée and on the evenings of Tuesday, June 29, and Friday, July 2, when Marilyn Rowe will dance the title role. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

Russian Festival of Music and Dance—A three-week engagement by a company of a hundred and seventy-five, including the Piatnitsky Folk Choir and Dancers, Pavel Virsky's Ukrainian Dance Company, the Georgian State Dance Company, fifteen Eskimo dancers from Siberia, and the Komuzisty chamber ensemble from the Kirghiz Philharmonic. Produced and staged by Igor Moiseyev. Starts Monday, June 28, and will run through Saturday, July 17. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)



NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and, on the bandstand, mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. Bassist **CECIL MCBEE** and his Latin-jazz sextet will play through Saturday, June 26. On Monday and Tuesday, June 28-29, trumpeter Tex Allen will head a quintet. An absolutely first-rate, exciting quintet co-piloted by tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** and drummer **LOUIS HAYES** begins on Wednesday, June 30. The group includes trumpeter **WOODY SHAW,** and they play new compositions by Shaw, Walter Booker, Larry Young, and others, and a healthy measure of Monk, too. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Something for nearly everyone: Through Thursday, June 24, Oregon, a collective-improvisation, oddly instrumented, pretentious quartet, will be onstage, opposite saxophonist Gerry Niewood's group. Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, Tower of Power, an eleven-member soul machine from Oakland, will trade sets with comedian Bob Shaw. Sunday and Monday, June 27-28, singer Shawn Phillips, who plays all kinds of guitars, alternates with British singer Lesley Duncan. On Wednesday, June 30, two reggae bands—Toots and the Maytals and the Mighty Diamonds—take over. On Thursday, July 1, comics Cheech and Chong will arrive, along with a rock band known as the L.A. Jets. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. Pianist Peggy Stern and bassist Brian Torff are here through Saturday, June 26. On Monday, June 28, pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** accompanied by bassist Chuck Israels (except on Monday, when he plays with the National Jazz Ensemble at the Vanguard), will take on the musical chores. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS**, whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, perform in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow college-rustic bar—the place has a small-college-town-hangout feel to it—with rows of neon beer signs hanging from the ceiling. Onstage nightly are local, crude, and loud rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive (if any) record-company backing, no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Music most nights from after nine-thirty; Monday is showcase night.

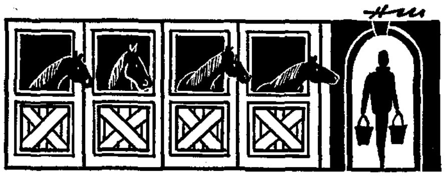
COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mondays through Saturdays, the forthright **HELEN HUMES** delivers delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs with backing from Jerry Wiggins and bassist Major Holley. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** has the floor. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, June 29, trumpeter **HARRY EDISON** will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at eight-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. On Sunday, June 27, trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** and saxophonist Richie Kamuca will work out with their quintet from eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, which can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER**, eighty years old and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-seven, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE** work with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. On Sunday, June 27, Chiasson and Little will team up with pianist Jack Reilly from five to nine. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neat staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now, it's presenting (through Wednesday, June 30) pianist Ahmad Jamal's trio. Beginning Thursday, July 1, altoist **PHIL WOODS** will perform with his threesome. Mondays through Thursdays at ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, eleven-thirty, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Jonny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Frankie Dash plays intermission piano. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two, and on Mondays he fills in for Eldridge.



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JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BENNY CARTER**, who was *the* alto saxophone soloist until the advent of Charlie Parker in the mid-forties, has spent most of the last twenty-five years in the Hollywood recording studios, but he is here now, working with pianist **RAY BRYANT**, drummer **GRADY TATE**, and bassist **MILT HINTON**. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble under the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Saxophonist Denny Morouse will be here with his quintet through Wednesday, June 23. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Movies, a folk-type trio, plays opposite Joe and Bing, a rock-pop duo, through Sunday, June 27. Starting Wednesday, June 30, Movies will share the facilities with John Payne's jazz band. Shows Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Through Saturday, June 26, Cab Calloway, still prancing about at sixty-eight, will be singing "It Ain't Necessarily So" and "Minnie the Moocher." The Cathy Chamberlain Rag & Roll Revue, which consists of an eight-piece band and does a variety of nostalgic material, will share the bill with Calloway and then continue, Tuesdays through Saturdays, for a month-long engagement. Shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays in this appealing cabaret. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—This very pleasant upper West Side retreat presents a worthwhile assortment of jazz musicians every weeknight. On Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece aggregation squeezes into the nook that serves as a bandstand. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays, **CHET BAKER**, back from Europe, inspires his young cool-jazz acolytes. On Thursdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels heads a robust quartet. On Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, alto saxophonist Richie Kamuca holds forth with his quartet. Guitarist Eddie Hazell will be ensconced here with his trio on Friday and Saturday, July 2-3. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Another small and reliable place to hear jazz. The hectic schedule includes guitarist **BARNEY KESSEL** and bassist **JACK SIX** through Saturday, June 26; pianist Armen Donelian's trio Sunday through Wednesday, June 27-30; and pianist Mike Nock's threesome beginning Thursday, July 1. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

TOP OF THE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—Alto saxophonist **SONNY STITT** will begin a six-day stint on Friday, June 25. He will be joined on Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, by trumpeter **NAT ADDERLEY** and his fivesome. On Friday, July 2, bassist **CHARLES MINGUS** comes in for a two-week visit. Music from ten. Snacks. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Bassist **RON CARTER** and his quartet perform here through Sunday, June 27. On Monday, June 28, bassist Chuck Israels leads the National Jazz Ensemble. On Tuesday, June 29, pianist **BILL EVANS** begins playing heady games with his trio. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: on Mondays and Tuesdays, **EDDIE DURHAM**, a trombonist and one of the very first electric guitarists, heads up a quartet. On Wednesdays, **JO JONES**, who takes his drum solos while sitting rigidly straight and smiling directly and placidly at the audience the whole time, is here at the helm of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving Harold Ashby, Jim Roberts, Ronnie Cole, and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

WILLY'S, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and his sextet finish up on Saturday, June 26. On Wednesday, June 30, pianist Rio Clemente will front a trio. On Sundays, the piano is left in the capable, versatile, and entertaining hands of **JAKI BYARD**. Music from nine-thirty. On Tuesdays, after ten-thirty, Dick Cone is in charge of a seventeen-piece band. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

DIANA ROSS—With three mimes and a trio of girl singers. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Herewith an abridged schedule of eleven days of concerts that will be taking place in various halls and auditoriums around the city. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate, on Friday, June 25, at 7:30 and 11:30: "Schlitz Salutes an Evening with Tony Bennett," plus the Bill Evans trio. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at midnight: "Schlitz Salutes Blues at Midnight," with Fats Domino, Bobby Blue Bland, Muddy Waters, and Mike Bloomfield. (Radio City Music Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 7:30: Charles Mingus's sextet in a program of flamenco jazz, with the Azucena y Edo Flamenco Dance Group. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 11:30: The Billy Cobham/George Duke band. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 1: Anthony Braxton, Ted Curson, and George Coleman's octet. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 7:30: "Ellington Saga—Part I, The 20's," performed by the New York Jazz Repertory Company, with Cootie Williams. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 11:30: "Tribute to Trane," with McCoy Tyner's quintet, Elvin Jones' quartet, Andrew White, and the New York Jazz Repertory Company, in a special tribute

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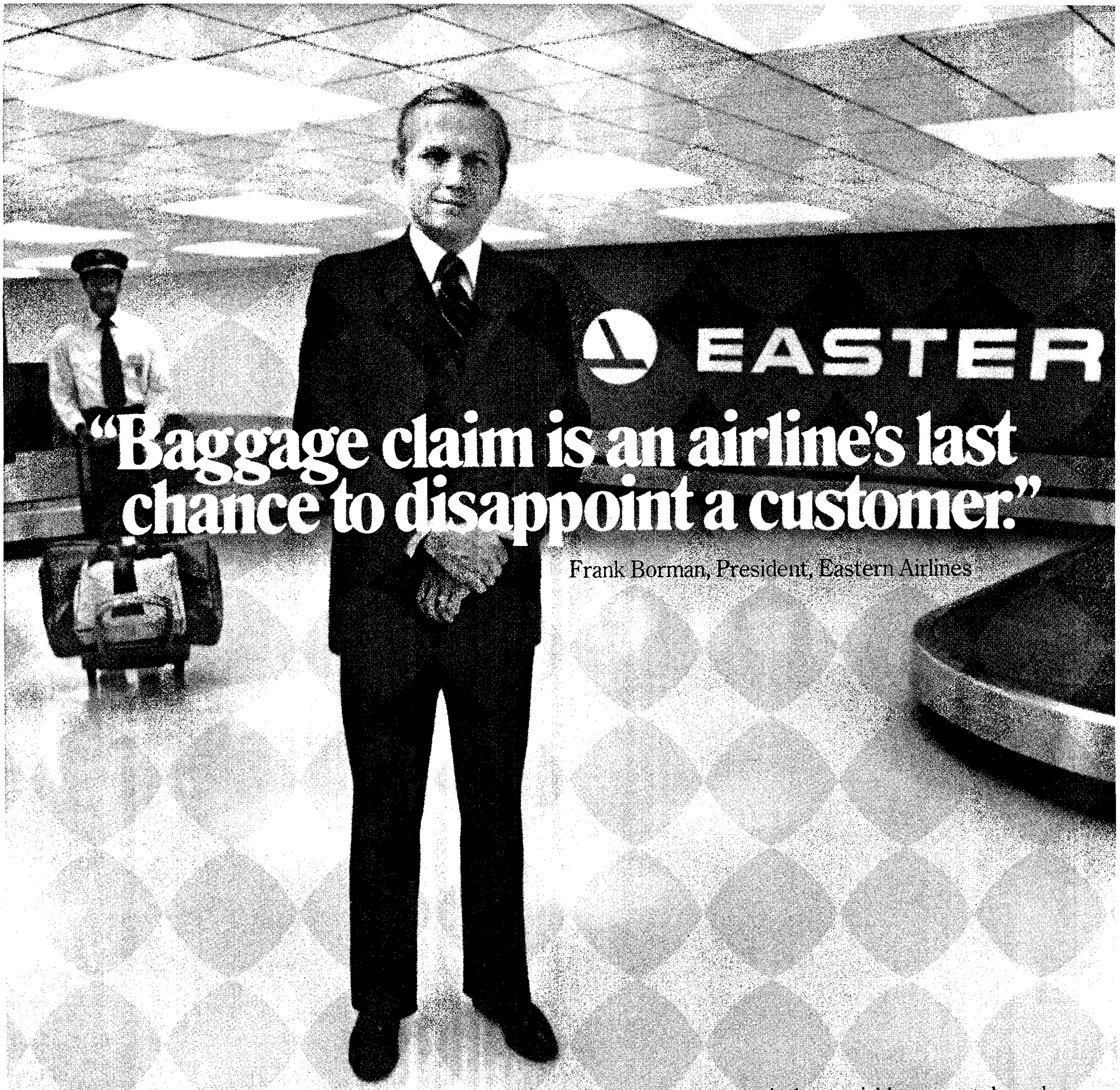

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to John Coltrane. (Carnegie Hall.)... ¶ Monday, June 28, at 7:30: "Benny Goodman Salutes Jazz Interactions," a benefit concert with B.G.'s sextet, Teddy Wilson, and Jazz Interactions All-Stars Joe Newman, Frank Foster, Bob Cranshaw, and others. (Carnegie Hall.)... ¶ Monday, June 28, at 11:30: Keith Jarrett, Jan Garbarek, and Charlie Haden, with a string orchestra conducted by Dennis Russell Davies. (Carnegie Hall.)... ¶ Tuesday, June 29, at 7:30: "Ellington Saga—Part II, The 30's," performed by the New York Jazz Repertory Company, with Cootie Williams. (Carnegie Hall.)... ¶ Tuesday, June 29, at 8: "Herbie Hancock Retrospect," with Tony Williams, Freddie Hubbard, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter, Billy Hart, Eddie Henderson, Bennie Maupin, Julian Priester, Buster Williams, and the new Hancock band, called the Headhunters. (City Center.)... ¶ Tuesday, June 29, at 11:30: "Schlitz Salutes Art, Horace, and Freddie," with Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, Horace Silver's quintet, and Freddie Hubbard. (Carnegie Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

Jazz Composer's Orchestra—A series of a dozen workshop concerts devoted to the new music of six composers. Wednesday and Thursday, June 23-24: Works by Hannibal. ... ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 25-26: Dave Burrell.... ¶ Sunday and Monday, June 27-28: Ron McClure.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, June 29-30: Garrett List.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 1-2: Leo Smith. ... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, July 3-4: Michael Gibbs. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 749-6265.)

Nazareth and **Ian Gillan**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Thursday, July 1, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Georges Braque (1882-1963)—Fifty or so lithographs, aquatints, etchings, and woodcuts, selected from a collection of more than a hundred—the largest ever seen in this country—on hand at the gallery. Included are an etching that is one of his earliest experiments in Cubism; a number of his familiar bird figures, one of them a lithograph dashed off on a surface of newsprint (it looks like a collage); and another lithograph—an atypical subject for Braque, and sketched on graph paper—of a heavy plow with its share embedded in the earth. Through July 10. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Giorgio de Chirico—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by this earliest of the Surrealists, who is now in his eighty-eighth year and still turning out mystical landscapes inhabited by broken columns, galloping horses, and festive towers. Through July 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Saturday, June 26.)

Sante Graziani—This artist is having a great year, since he specializes in star-spangled, red-white-and-blue compositions built around portraits of George Washington, with Martha occasionally also present (not to mention Abraham Lincoln). Through Wednesday, June 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

David Hockney—Drawings, including a couple of the Met curator Henry Geldzahler, by this English draftsman whose pen-and-ink line is nearly as sensitive as the one produced by a seismograph. Through Friday, June 25. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

André Masson—A show of works on canvas and paper, using sand, shells, gouache, and other materials, which is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—A scattering of watercolors and oils by the German Expressionist. Through July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

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Andy Warhol and James Wyeth—Portraits of each other. Warhol has done a silk screen of his handsome friend in a pensive, poetic pose, and Wyeth, who has the more eye-catching model to work from, takes every advantage of Warhol's ravaged features. In addition to the portraits, there are thirty-four preparatory works, which in some respects are more interesting than the main events. Through July 9. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **Alonzo**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics by a group that includes Frank Metz and Martin Hurtig. Through July 9. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **Bykert**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by four new artists. Through Friday, July 2. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **Elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Tony DeLap, David Roth, John Wesley, and others. Through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **Far Gallery**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A selection of about a hundred and twenty-five drawings, many of gem quality, executed by American artists over the past two hundred years. Through Wednesday, June 30.... **Forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show of four new talents—moody, traditionalist cityscapes in oil, with figures, by Nina Rosenblum Le Clerc; garden-fresh still-lifes by Sondra Lee, who has given up her dancing career to paint; Expressionist charcoal drawings, nearly all showing young men firing rifles, by a young Iranian named Nickzad Nodjoumi; and strange polyester sculptures that look like porcelain and depict gross, epicene, parturient figures by Susan Vanderbilt Smyly. Through Friday, June 25. ... **Gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small, happy-looking collages by Herbert Schneider, incorporating sheets from antique German songbooks; two ovate bronze pieces with lesser ovals cut out and painted white by the late Barbara Hepworth; and a large silk-screened drawing of a reclining figure by Henry Moore are among the high spots in this show of gallery regulars. Through July 30.... **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Two exhibits, one of French and American Impressionists, such as Bonnard and Twachtman, and the other of recent works by gallery artists Will Barnet, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Through July 16.... **Jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: The show here, entitled "Salute to 76," consists of works done this year by the gallery regulars, including abstracts by James Brooks; an acrylic-and-plastic collage of a couple on a golf cart (Cart No. 76) by Clayton Pond; a lively gouache of a bird in the bush by Francisco Toledo, a young Mexican artist; an orderly abstract by Lula Mae Blocton, who teaches at Sarah Lawrence; and an unstretched canvas with a number of horizontal reefs taken in it and faint bands of color at either side by Jerry Kunkel, who teaches at the University of Colorado, at Boulder. Through Friday, July 2. ... **Knoedler Contemporary Art**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by gallery artists Frank Stella, Larry Poons, Robert Goodnough, and others. Through July 30.... **Lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: A selection of paintings and drawings by Julius Bissier, Pol Bury, Hans Hartung, and others. Through Friday, June 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **Nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, and watercolors by William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, Barney Tobey, and others. Through July 16. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.)... **Schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A show of drawings by gallery artists, among them Douglas Cumming and Louisa Matthiasdottir. Through July 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **Zierler**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Grace Hartigan, Budd Hopkins, and Stephen Greene are three of the artists showing works in various mediums. Through Wednesday, June 30.

The Cuzco Circle—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian paintings, done by colonials and mestizos in the rococo way that their religious teachers (Spanish, Italian, and Flemish) taught them. Through July 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Leonard Baskin—Watercolors, bronze sculptures, and drawings from the past two years, based mostly on mythological and Biblical themes, and often incorporating his predatory-looking birds. Through July 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Ladderlike sculptures in a combination of epoxy, fibre glass, and metal, suspended from the ceiling. Through July 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Martha Diamond / Rodney Ripps—Small abstractions in oil on an expanse of paper roughly twice the size of the composition. / Three-dimensional, small-scale works of thickly painted materials (cloth and metal) mounted on board. Through July 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

John MacWhinnie—More in this artist's series of portraits of other artists, this time including Lichtenstein, de Kooning (as a young man), and Duchamp (both as a young man and in his metamorphosis into Rrose Sélavy), plus a study of Arshile Gorky's mother, an arresting painting of a young Osage Indian girl, and a self-portrait in the raw. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Paintings of outsize and rather threatening-looking dahlias, tulips, lilies, anemones, and other garden flowers, plus a recently done portrait of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, another in this artist's series of our local river crossings. Through July 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 4:30.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—A show of works in a variety of mediums and first exhibited between 1912 and 1917 at Alfred Stieglitz's 291 Gallery. As a complement to this exhibit, several Stieglitz portraits, including some of Walkowitz, are on view. Through Saturday, June 26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ruckus Manhattan—Red Grooms' three-dimensional caricature of New York City, which can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. A benefit. Through July 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and other works (by, among others, William Fares, Michael Vessa, and Nina Yankowitz), all of which are small in size. Through Aug. 13. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **Frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Peter Saul, Michael Isen, and Joan Brown are three of the contributors to an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and other works all taking the Bicentennial as their theme. Through July 30.... **Genesis**, 41 E. 57th St.: The current exhibition of drawings, paintings, and sculptures by contemporary British artists includes works by Hubert Pattison, whose colored drawing of a red-eyed crying young woman stands out, and John Howard, who paints the élite at their cocktails. Through Sept. 11. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **Hammer**, 51 E. 57th St.: "Impressions of New York City" begins (chronologically, at least) with a view of the Plaza, circa 1905, by A. C. Goodwin; moves on through striking vistas of the metropolis by Marin, Guy Pène du Bois, Reginald Marsh, Sheeler, a handful of the Ashcan School, and so on; and winds up with a sidewalk crowd study by Yan Hsia that is a 1976 Photo-Realist echo of Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," which caused all that uproar at the Armory Show here back in 1913. Through Aug. 18.... **Kornblee**, 20 W. 57th St.: Outsize pastel close-ups of apples by Paul Linfante; abstract, cushion-like forms in pastel by Gail Flanery; watercolors done around Roxbury, Connecticut, by Mary Kelsey; and colored-pencil drawings of friends by Polly Kraft are included in this group show of works on paper. Through July 16. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **Midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures by Isabel Bishop, Robert Vickrey, Fred Meyer, and other gallery regulars. Through July 30.... **René**, 6 W. 57th

St.: Latin-American painters and sculptors. Through Aug. 6.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Fred Gutzeit—Large oil paintings that catch the dim iridescence of, say, oily cast-off work gloves and other sidewalk litter are prominent in this first local one-man show by an artist whose painting (also included here) of a large dog sitting on a banana-strewn street was one of the memorable works in last year's crop of group shows. Through Saturday, June 26. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **BONINO,** 98 Prince St.: Among the gallery regulars who are currently being shown are Mary Bauermeister, whose glass-and-wood constructions are called lens boxes; Helaine Blumenfeld, who does sensuous sculptures in marble or metal; and Grace Knowlton, who makes huge spheres of a wire mesh covered with cement and ground stone. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY:** Paintings and sculptures by John Fekner, Tom DeFeo, and other invited artists. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: New works on paper by Tworkov, La Noue, and others. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **KNOWLTON,** 153 Prince St.: Works by four artists who have never shown in New York before. Phyllis Bramson, who makes baroque, expressive dolls, and Ron Isaacs, who makes convincing-looking wedding gowns, work gloves, and camisoles of jigsawed and painted plywood, are both from Chicago. Joan Zalenski, who makes feet (and legs) of clay which are disembodied but give a clear idea of what their possessors are like, and Kathy Karwat, who makes deceptively naïve-looking watercolors, are both from Massachusetts. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS,** 112 Prince St.: A show of drawings by ten artists, nine of them women, including Howardena Pindell, who punches out tiny discs of paper with a hand punch, inks numbers on them, and glues them onto a heavy paper background; Dotty Attie, who makes tiny, expert pencil drawings, many of them erotic and many of them incorporating familiar details from classical works; and Nancy Grossman, who specializes in depictions of men bound up in leather restraining devices. Through Saturday, June 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Minoru Niizuma—Fourteen pieces of abstract marble sculpture that offer subtle sermons on the relationships between the rude, unfinished stone and the polished surfaces that can be obtained from it, plus a tall bronze column of a style and aspect that remind one that the artist was born in Tokyo. Through July 24. (Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St., which is down Lafayette and around the corner from Mr. Papp's Public Theatre. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Eric Sloane—Oil paintings and pen-and-ink drawings, most of them depicting rural America. Through Friday, July 2. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Michael Todd—Three welded-steel sculptures through which it is possible to walk. Through Sept. 4. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

James Abbe (1883-1973)—Fashion photographs made in the twenties. Through July 23. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Edouard Boubat—More than a hundred prints by a contemporary French photographer who concentrates on portraits of women and children. Through July 31. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

William Eggleston—Color photographs (figures, still-lifes, landscapes) taken in Tennessee and northern Mississippi. Through Aug. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Laton Huffman (1854-1931)—Photographs of the American frontier. Through July 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

Keith Smith and James Henkel—Hand-colored prints and other works. Through Saturday, June 26. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—A large show of gravures from *Camera Work*, and vintage prints from the twenties and thirties, including some of Steichen's most celebrated portraits. Through Saturday, July 3. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Karen Tweddy-Holmes—Work from the last ten years, including portraits and architectural subjects. Through Saturday, June 26. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **HARLOW,** 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A show of portraits, including examples by Nadar, Carjat, and Adam-Salomon. Through July 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Four exhibits are on view through July 11. One show, "The Alaska Gold Rush," consists of prints made from the original glass plates of photographer E. A. Hegg. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Eighty photographs selected from the more than three thousand works acquired by the Department of Photography since January, 1974. Through July 13. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: Civil War photographs, some of them taken by Mathew Brady. Through July 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.: An exhibit made up of submissions to Volume III of "The Black Photographers' Annual." It includes works by Mickey Mathis and James Van DerZee. Through July 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Eight Goya paintings, selected to represent the high points in the artist's career, on loan from the Prado. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶"American Ephemera" is a show of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 15. . . . ¶A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Aug. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Five taxicabs, new in design, built by two American and three European car manufacturers to specifications developed by the museum. Also a 1968 London cab. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶More than eighty paintings as well as a group of drawings are included in a retrospective exhibition of the Surrealist André Masson. Through Aug. 17. A complementary show (ending Wednesday, June 30) is at the Lerner-Heller Gallery, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. . . . ¶Photographs by William Eggleston. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶An exhibition of eighty recently acquired photographs. Through July 13. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of experimental music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naive works. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Contemporary Japanese ceramics, including about twenty-five pieces by Kitaoji Rosanjin, together with sword guards from a private collection. Through Sunday, June 27. This exhibit opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such stones as the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-three Edo period kimonos (1615-1868) from the Kanebo collection, including four made with a tie-dye technique that took two years to complete—one year to tie the kimono in readiness for the dye, and another year to untie it. Through July 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—Opening performances of a nine-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 28—Monday, June 28; Wednesday, June 30; and Friday and Saturday, July 2-3: Alexander Schneider conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶Tuesday, June 29, and Thursday, July 1: Tashi (Miss Kavafian, the Messrs. Serkin and Stoltzman, and Fred Sherry, cello), in an all-Mozart program, with Mr. Schneider, violin, and Daniel Phillips, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8.) . . . **NOTE:** Mr. Schneider will conduct the orchestra in a preview rehearsal (with Miss Kavafian) in Lincoln Center's North Plaza on Monday, June 28, at noon.

Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Jerold D. Ottley directing, with Alexander Schreiner, organ. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, July 1, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Saturday, June 26, at 7:30: Laura Nyro and Tom Rush. . . . ¶Sunday, June 27, at 7:30: Seals & Crofts. . . . ¶Tuesday, June 29, at 7:30: Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie. . . . ¶Friday, July 2, at 7:30: Gordon Lightfoot. . . . ¶Saturday, July 3, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops. . . . ¶Sunday, July 4, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a special pre-season concert of American music, with André Watts, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Friday, June 25, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 27, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists presenting the New York première of "Fables," a chamber opera with music and text (taken from La Fontaine's "Fables") by Hugh Aitken. . . . ¶Saturday, June 26, at 8:30: Brian Priestman directing the Caramoor Festival Chorus and Orchestra, with Berenice Bramson, soprano. . . . ¶Saturday, July 3, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Barry Tuckwell, horn, and Andrea Velis, tenor. . . . ¶Sunday, July 4, at 5:30: A piano recital by Ruth Laredo. (Katonah, N. Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 22. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Friday, June

25, at 7: Judy Collins. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 7: Harry Chapin. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 8:15: Neil Sedaka. . . . ¶ Monday, June 28, at 8:15: B.B. King and Les Paul. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 29, at 7: Seals & Crofts. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 30, at 8:15: Count Basie/Joe Williams Reunion. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 8:15: Stan Kenton and Maynard Ferguson. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8:15: Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, and Ted Curson's quintet (with Nick Brignola). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 8:15: Oscar Peterson and Stanley Turrentine. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by eight soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday, June 29, at 7:30, a benefit performance; Wednesday, June 30, at 8:40; Thursday, July 1, at 3; Friday, July 2, at 8:40; and Saturday, July 3, at 3 and 8:40. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season—Monday, June 28: Bill Evans. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 29: Annabelle Gamson. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 2-3: Pauline Koner Dance Consort. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Evenings at 8.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Pocono International Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, June 27, at 1.

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday and Thursday, June 23-24, at 8. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Friday, June 25, at 8; Saturday, June 26, at 2; and Sunday, June 27, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Monday through Wednesday, June 28-30, at 8:05, and Thursday, July 1, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, July 2, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 3, at 2:15.

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Daily at 1:30; through Monday, June 28. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 26. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 11 and 1:05, and Saturday and Sunday between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **AQUEDUCT**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, June 30, through Saturday, July 31. The Saranac, Wednesday, June 30, and the Tidal Handicap, Saturday, July 3. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 3. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **WOODBINE**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 26.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—Cosmos vs. Rochester, Wednesday, June 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. St. Louis, Friday, July 2, at 7:30. (For tickets, call 484-6010.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

Bicentennial Matters—If you can't beat it, join it: American prints dating from the seventeen-hundreds to the present. Some of the artists are Paul Revere, Winslow Homer, Mary Cassatt, and Saul Steinberg./Early American books and papers, among them two copies of the Declaration of Independence, one printed in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, and the other in Thomas Jefferson's handwriting. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . An exhibit of documents ranging from a letter written by Amerigo Vespucci (1476) to the Proclamation of the Louisiana Purchase, signed by Thomas Jefferson and attested to by James Madison, Secretary of State. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . An exhibition that centers on the Revolutionary War: maps, military buttons, ammunition, tools, present-day photographs of battle sites, and so forth. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . "Farewell to Old England" offers a look (by means of photomurals, newspaper accounts, and artifacts) at the lives of three New York citizens before, during, and after the Revolution. (South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. Daily, noon to 6.) . . . A collection of money and money substitutes used in Colonial America. (American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 3, from 9 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 4.) . . . A show of folk art on paper or made with paper done primarily by New York artists over the last two hundred years. An item of interest is an ink-and-watercolor drawing of New York Harbor that was made for the 1876 Centennial by a Utica schoolboy. (Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Poetry Readings—Charles Bukowski reading from his own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, June 23, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

Auctions—Final auctions of the season—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Wednesday, June 23, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 24, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art, from many owners. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, June 23, from 10 to 5. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 2: European furniture and decorations, from several owners. Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, June 23-24, from 10 to 5.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Paul Rudd and Meryl Streep in **HENRY V**, directed by Joseph Papp. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start on Thursday, June 24, and will run through Sunday, July 25. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Sunday, June 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Metropolitan Opera Concert Productions—Final performances—**CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 23, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "Madame Butterfly," with Lucine Amara, Joann Grillo, Ruben Dominguez, Theodor Uppman, and Andrea Velis; conducted by Jan Behr. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK**, Queens: Friday, June 25, at 8:30 (rain date, June 27), "Aida," with Rita Hunter, Mignon Dunn, Gilbert Py, Cornell MacNeil, James Morris, and Philip Booth; Richard Woitach. . . . **MARINE PARK**, Brooklyn: Saturday, June 26, at 8:30 (rain date, June 27), "Madame Butterfly," with Anna Moffo, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Schmorr; Jan Behr.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 15. (First concert on Wednesday, June 23—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, June 23: The Charlie Daniels band and the Atlanta Rhythm Section. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25: Kenny Rankin and Tom Rush. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26: Jerry Jeff Walker, the Lost Gonzo Band, and the Stanky Brown Group. . . . ¶ Monday, June 28: Shakti (with John McLaughlin), the Sons of Champlin, and Flight. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 30: Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2: J. Geils band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3: Todd Rundgren's Utopia. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **SHOWBOAT**, with Robert Peterson, Barbara Meister, Max Showalter, and Beth Fowler, is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, July 1. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets call 516 221-1000.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Memorial Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rose bushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 8 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

BONWIT TELLER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Murder by Death."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through June 29: "Family Plot" and "Frenzy."
From June 30: To be announced.

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through June 29: "The Missouri Breaks" and "Breakheart Pass."
From June 30 (tentative): "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 29: "La Chienne" and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."
From June 30: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 29: "Family Plot."
From June 30: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through June 24: "Robin and Marian."
From June 25: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Blackbeard's Ghost."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
June 23: "Dog Day Afternoon" and "Little Murders."
From June 24: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 24: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From June 25: "The Omen."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
June 23: "The Missouri Breaks."
From June 24: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Big Bus."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Midway."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Last Woman" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 29: "The Bad News Bears."
From June 30: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder by Death."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 29: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."
From June 30: "The Old Gun."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through June 29: "The Man Who Fell to Earth." (On Monday, June 28, the theatre will be closed, except for a 10:30 P.M. showing of "Silent Movie.")
From June 30: "Silent Movie."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 29: "The Man Who Fell to Earth." (Evening performances only on Monday and Tuesday, June 28-29.)
From June 30: "Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through June 29: "Blazing Saddles" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From June 30: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"All the President's Men."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through June 29: "Lies My Father Told Me." (The theatre will be closed all day on Thursday and Friday, June 24-25.)
From June 30: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Véronique; or, The Summer of My 13th Year."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Tenant."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 29: "The Missouri Breaks."
From June 30: "Family Plot."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
June 23: "The Bad News Bears."
From June 24: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"All the President's Men."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Logan's Run."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through June 24: "Leadbelly."
From June 25: "The Omen."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Midway."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Great Scout & Cathouse Thursday."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through June 24: "The Missouri Breaks."
From June 25: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Blackbeard's Ghost."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"All the President's Men."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through June 29: "Jackson County Jail."
From June 30: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
June 23: "The Missouri Breaks."
From June 24: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties."
Theatre 2: "A Piece of Pleasure."
Theatre 3: Through June 29: "Spasmo." From June 30: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."
Theatre 4: "A Boy and His Dog."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hawmps."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Harry and Walter Go to New York."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through June 24: "Mean Streets" and "Badlands."
From June 25: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Blackbeard's Ghost."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 29: "Blazing Saddles" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From June 30: "Robin and Marian" and "Bite the Bullet."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Murder by Death."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Children of Paradise."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 29: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
From June 30: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 29: "The Missouri Breaks" and "Breakheart Pass."
From June 30: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 25: "The Man Who Skied Down Everest."
June 26: Theatre closed.
From June 27: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" and "Captain Blood."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 29: "Jackson County Jail."
From June 30: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Lipstick." From June 25: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Blackbeard's Ghost."
Theatre 2: "The Great Scout & Cathouse Thursday."
Theatre 3: Through June 24: "Torso" and "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre." From June 25: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother" and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 29: "A Boy and His Dog" and "Dr. Strangelove."
From June 30: "Citizen Kane" and "Rashomon."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"All the President's Men."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through June 29: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."
From June 30: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 29: "Family Plot" and "Frenzy."
From June 30: "Seven Beauties" and "The Angel Levine."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 23: "Ludwig" (1973), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano; and "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook.
June 24: "Johnny Guitar" (1954), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Ernest Borgnine; and "Cat Ballou" (1965), directed by Elliot Silverstein, with Jane Fonda, Lee Marvin, Michael Callan, Dwayne Hickman, and Tom Nardini.
June 25: "Metropolis" (†) and "Destiny." (†)
June 26: "O Lucky Man!" (1973) and "If . . ." (1969), both directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.
June 27: "The Magician" (†) and "The Naked Night." (†)
June 28: "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti; and "Story of a Love Affair" (1950), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Ferdinando Sarmi and Lucia Bosè.
June 29: "Ugetsu" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo; and "Street of Shame" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Machiko Kyo.
June 30: "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski; and "The Servant" (1963), directed by Joseph Losey, with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox.
July 1: "Grand Illusion" (†) and "Forbidden Games." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

June 23: "Stagecoach" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claire Trevor and John Wayne; and "Young Mr. Lincoln" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda, Alice Brady, and Marjorie Weaver.

June 24: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" (1971) and "Pickpocket" (1958), both films in French, directed by Robert Bresson.

June 25: "Chaplin Revue" (†) and "The Kid." (†)

June 26: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (†) and "The Taming of the Shrew." (†)

June 27: "Orchestra Wives" (†) and "The Glenn Miller Story." (†)

June 28: "Quai des Orfèvres" (†) and "La Prisonnière." (†)

June 29: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Dishonored." (†)

June 30: "Drums Along the Mohawk" (†) and "The Grapes of Wrath." (†)

July 1: "Not a Pretty Picture" (1976), directed by Martha Coolidge, with Michele Manenti and Jim Carrington; and "Wanda." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

June 23: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada; and "The Collector." (†)

June 24: "Ulysses" (†) and "Tropic of Cancer." (†)

June 25: "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975), directed by Dick Richards, with Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling; and "The Yakuza" (1975), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Robert Mitchum, Takakura Ken, and Richard Jordan.

June 26: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (1969), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Jane Fonda and Michael Sarrazin; and "Klute" (1971), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.

June 27: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya.

June 28: "Three Days of the Condor" (1975), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Robert Redford, Faye Dunaway, Max von Sydow, and Cliff Robertson; and "Medium Cool." (†)

June 29: "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccolo; and "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

June 30: "The Sword of Doom" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Kill!" (†)

July 1: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "Putney Swope" (1969), directed by Robert Downey.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through June 26: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954), directed by Walter Lang, with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "Call Me Madam" (1953), directed by Walter Lang, with Ethel Merman, George Sanders, Donald O'Connor, and Vera-Ellen.

June 27-29: "The Flame of New Orleans" (†) and "A Foreign Affair." (†)

From June 30: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "Vigil in the Night." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 24 at 2:30: "The Cohens and the Kellys" (1926), directed by Harry Pollard, with Charlie Murray and George Sidney; French and Flemish inter-titles. . . . ¶ June 24 at 6: "Speedy" (1928), directed by Ted Wilde, with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ June 24 at 8:30: "My Best Girl" (1927), directed by Sam Taylor, with Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2:30: "Get Your Man" (1927), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers; some footage missing and no inter-titles. . . . ¶ June 25 at 6: "Rookies" (1927), directed by Sam Wood, with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. . . . ¶ June 26 at noon: A program of short comedies of the twenties, with Charley Chase, Lloyd Hamilton, Lupino Lane, and Snub Pollard. . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30 "Get Your Man.". . . ¶ June 26 at 5: "The Nickel Hopper" (1926), directed by F. Richard Jones, with Mabel Normand, Oliver Hardy, and Theodore von Eltz; and "Orchids and Ermine" (1927), directed by Alfred Santell, with Colleen Moore and Mickey Rooney. . . . ¶ June 27 at noon: A program of five Laurel & Hardy short films. . . . ¶ June 27 at 2:30: "Cradle Snatchers" (1927), directed by Howard Hawks, with Louise Fazenda, J. Farrell MacDonald, and Franklin Pangborn; some footage missing. . . . ¶ June 27 at 5: "Les Amours de la Reine Elisabeth" (1912), a French silent film, directed by Louis Mercanton, with Sarah Bernhardt; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ June 28 at noon: A program of short comedies of the twenties, with Charley Chase, Lloyd Hamilton, Lupino Lane, and Snub Pollard. . . . ¶ June 28 at 2:30: "The Nickel Hopper" and "Orchids and Ermine." . . . ¶ June 28 at 6: "The Cohens and the Kellys.". . . ¶ June 29 at noon: A program of five Laurel & Hardy short films. . . . ¶ June 29 at 2:30: "Feel My Pulse" (1928), directed by Gregory LaCava, with Bebe Daniels, Richard Arlen, and William Powell. . . . ¶ July 1 at 2:30: "That Certain Thing" (1928), directed by Frank Capra, with Viola Dana and Ralph Graves. . . . ¶ July 1 at 6: "Feel My Pulse.". . . ¶ July 1 at 8:30: "Spite Marriage" (1929), directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 27: Video program by Willie Boy Walker. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting June 29: Video programs by Christina Patoski and Terry Fox. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—June 24-27: "Musical Holdouts" (1975), directed by John Cohen; and "Maybe Next Week Sometime" (1974), directed by David Boatwright. Showings Thursday through Sunday at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. The idea has mouth-watering possibilities, but they aren't developed. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting June 25.)

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films; stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. With Errol Flynn slinging a deer across his shoulders, almost impossibly pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, and, for villainy, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains. Michael Curtiz and William Keighley directed; Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score. (Regency; starting June 27.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (1/13/75) (Thalia; starting June 30.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (4/12/76) (Columbia I, U. A. East, Waverly, and Symphony.)

The Angel Levine (1970)—Bernard Malamud's fable about an elderly Jewish tailor who is too skeptical to accept a black Jewish angel whom God has sent to help him. Unfortunately, the audience also has a hard time accepting the angel (Harry Belafonte). Uninspired. With Zero Mostel and Ida Kaminska. Jan Kadar directed. (Olympia; starting June 30.)

Badlands (1973)—Set in South Dakota at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who go on a murderous spree. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (Festival; through June 24.)

The Bad News Bears—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; June 23. . . . ¶ Plaza; through June 29.)

The Big Bus—A comedy, with Stockard Channing and Joe Bologna, directed by James Frawley. (Sutton.)

Bite the Bullet—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Playboy; starting June 30.)

Blackbeard's Ghost (1968)—From the Disney studios, with Peter Ustinov and Dean Jones, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting June 25.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (First Avenue Cinema, and Playboy; through June 29.)

A Boy and His Dog—A futuristic film with Don Johnson, directed by L. Q. Jones. R-rated. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through June 29.)

Breakheart Pass—A mystery set in the Old West, based on the Alistair MacLean novel. With Charles Bronson, Ben Johnson, Richard Crenna, and Jill Ireland; directed by Tom Gries. (12th St. Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through June 29.)

Buffalo Bill and the Indians—With Paul Newman, Joel Grey, Kevin McCarthy, Harvey Keitel, Geraldine Chaplin, and Burt Lancaster; directed by Robert Altman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich; starting June 24.)

Captain Blood (1935)—Flynn swashing his buckle for the first time. He plays a doctor pressed into becoming a pirate, spliced up for a time with Basil Rathbone but enamored of the very genteel Olivia de Havilland. (Regency; starting June 27.)

Chaplin Revue—Mementos from the silent past: "A Dog's Life," "Shoulder Arms," and "The Pilgrim." The last two are excellent. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 25.)

La Chienne (1931)—Jean Renoir's story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (5/3/76) (Cinema Village; through June 29.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Paris.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (New Yorker; starting June 30.)

The Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (Elgin; June 23.)

Destiny (1921; called "Between Two Worlds" when it opened in the U.S. in 1924 in a chopped-up version)—This magical fantasy-spectacle by Fritz Lang has a love story (Lil Dagover is the girl) and episodes set in ninth-century Baghdad, seventeenth-century Venice, and a whimsical China—where a magician creates a miniature army and a flying horse to entertain the emperor. The film has a German folkloric quality; the figure of Death suggests the work of Grünewald. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 25.)

Dishonored (1931)—Dietrich, directed by von Sternberg, ecstatically plays the piano in a death cell. Absurd, but the best von Sternberg, and *echt* Dietrich. She seems always to come from another planet, and to be the only inhabitant of it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 29.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (New Yorker; through June 29.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Murray Hill; June 23.)

Drums Along the Mohawk (1939)—One of John Ford's uninspired epics, this lavish color version of the Walter D. Edmonds novel never seems to get going. No one appears to know why the picture is being made, or what its point is, exactly. Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are the young couple who go to the Mohawk Valley of upstate New York and are caught up in the Revolutionary War; there are scraps with Indians and various upheavals, but one gets more involved in Colbert's spotless gowns—a tribute to pioneer laundering—and the fussy, dainty interiors, full of Early American decorator touches. The enormous cast includes Edna May Oliver, John Carradine, Ward Bond, Dorris Bowden, Jessie Ralph, and Mae Marsh. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 30.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (First Avenue Cinema, and Playboy; through June 29.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

Family Plot—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris plays a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The posh villains are played by Karen Black and William Devane. (4/19/76) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Olympia; through June 29. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting June 30.)

The Flame of New Orleans (1941)—The first of the four amiable, far from great features René Clair directed in this country, and not the best (which was the 1943 "It Happened Tomorrow"). This one is a harmlessly empty-headed romantic melodrama written by Norman Krasna and set in the antebellum South. Marlene Dietrich is Claire, a good-bad girl posing as a countess while she cruises the rich men of the bayous. Roland Young is an eligible bachelor, but Bruce Cabot is the handsome sailor who makes her eyes light up. Dietrich needs more than that brief spark: these were the years when Hollywood didn't know how to use her. She's charming here, even droll, but the sensual mystery is gone. With Mischa Auer, Laura Hope Crews, Franklin Pangborn, and Eddie Quillan. Shot by Rudolph Maté. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 27-29.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and a peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. A harshly ironic classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 1.)

A Foreign Affair (1948)—This deliberately cynical political farce by the team of Charles Brackett (producer) and Billy Wilder (director) often seems on the verge of being funny, but the humor is too clumsily forced. (The next picture Brackett and Wilder made was "Sunset Boulevard;" the jump was enormous.) As Phoebe Frost, a spinster congresswoman from Iowa investigating the morale of the American forces in Occupied Berlin, Jean Arthur looks far from her best; she hasn't much to do but look primly shocked at corruption, and then, turning womanly, get into a glittering evening gown, put a flower in her hair, and go after an Army captain—lacklustre John Lund. It's a formula that suited her better some years earlier, and so Marlene Dietrich, as Phoebe's rival—worldly-wise Erika von Schlutow, former mistress of a high-ranking Nazi and now a singer in a cellar called the Lorelei—comes off rather better, though her songs are unmemorable. With Millard Mitchell, and, in a bit part, Freddie Steele. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 27-29.)

Frenzy (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through June 29.)

The Glenn Miller Story (1954)—Blandly dull big bio, with James Stewart as a pedantic Glenn Miller; it's like a Hollywood version of the life of an inventor, with Miller trying to discover "his own sound." June Allyson plays the all-American square he marries; right after the ceremony, she is taken up to Harlem, where Gene Krupa and Louis Armstrong get into a jam session (they do "Basin Street Blues"), and it's typical of the family-films format that we're expected to identify with her getting tired and sleepy. And, in truth, the music in this film has a soporific quality. Miller's famous numbers, such as "Tuxedo Junction" and "Little Brown Jug," have been re-created (Joe Yukl dubs Stewart on the trombone), and they don't quite swing. The director, Anthony Mann, seems out of his element. With Henry Morgan, Sig Ruman, George Tobias, Charles Drake, Carleton Young, Frances Langford (as a blonde), and the Modernaires, the Archie Savage Dancers,

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After 200 years

and the Mello-Men. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 27.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 1.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—One of John Ford's classic pictures, based on Steinbeck's novel about people trekking from the dust bowl to California during the Depression. Some of the exterior locations look dated and wrong, but the passion is still there, and Henry Fonda is very fine. There is a certain amount of innate conservatism in Ford's humanization of Steinbeck's economic ants into champions of agrarianism. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 30.)

The Great Scout & Cathouse Thursday—With Lee Marvin, Oliver Reed, Robert Culp, and Elizabeth Ashley; directed by Don Taylor. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Music Hall.)

Hawmps—A comedy of the Old West, when the Cavalry tried using camels. With James Hampton, Christopher Connelly, and Slim Pickens. Directed by Joe Camp, who made "Benji." (Guild.)

Jackson County Jail—With Yvette Mimieux, directed by Michael Miller. (8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; through June 29.)

The Kid (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features, and perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the child to his garret, and five years later, the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. A little girl named Lita Grey (known as Lolita), later to be Chaplin's wife, appears in a dream sequence set in Heaven. A valentine masterpiece. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 25.)

Kill! (1968)—A rousing samurai film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto in a modern style influenced by Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 30.)

The Last Woman—Directed by Marco Ferreri, of "The Grande Bouffe." Another of the many films of our time that are about male chauvinism, and yet made by men, with the chief male characters as the most fully explored ones. The film has a horrific ending: be warned. Before that, like "The Grande Bouffe," it is a hyperbolic fiction about appetite on the rampage—in this case, male sexual appetite, not appetite for ornamentally prepared food. This is a portrait of masculine swinishness as a cartoonist might draw it, with Gérard Depardieu as a hero whose stomach seems swollen with pride and wine, and Ornella Muti as the sweet-natured latest of his string of mistresses, who looks after his baby son borne of another woman and ministers to his jealous demands for toddler care for himself. In French. X-rated. (6/21/76) (Fine Arts.)

Leadbelly—Directed by Gordon Parks in banal color. The story of the famous guitarist who became a folk hero in spite of imprisonment. Good-natured but not very distinguished. Still, a sincerely told piece. (Loews Ciné; through June 24.)

Lies My Father Told Me—Set in Montreal in the twenties, about a seven-year-old Jewish boy, his grandfather, and his father. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Columbia II; through June 29. The theatre will be closed all day on Thursday and Friday, June 24-25.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through June 24.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Murray Hill; June 23.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the start of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (Cinema Village; through June 29.)

Logan's Run—An adventure film set in the twenty-third century. With Michael York, Jenny Agutter, Richard Jordan, and Roscoe Lee Browne; directed by Michael Anderson. (Loews Orpheum.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 27.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. He has learned Cockney English by long-range television, which makes him an even odder alien in Middle America. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Cinema I; through June 29. The theatre will be closed on Monday, June 28. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through June 29. Evening performances only on Monday and Tuesday, June 28-29. . . . ¶ Plaza, and Paramount; starting June 30.)

The Man Who Skied Down Everest—An Oscar-winning Japanese documentary about the celebrated skier Miura, who toiled most of the way up Everest with a caravan of Sherpas and scientists, and then skied down part of it, at a hundred miles an hour. Six Sherpas died. Was it really worth six men's lives for anyone to demonstrate a singular, Oscar-winning accomplishment? There is a difference between an endeavor and a feat. (6/7/76) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Regency; through June 25.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (Festival; through June 24.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Elgin; June 28.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe has ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the financing for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," "The Blue Angel." (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 25.)

Midway—Henry Fonda, Charlton Heston, and Robert Mitchum in a noisy, flag-waving film, directed by Jack Smight, about a key Pacific maneuver of the Second World War. Doddering chauvinism, which unlikably mixes its belligerent and silly fiction with real newsreel footage of the battle. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

The Missouri Breaks—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. (5/31/76) (Eastside Cinema, and Greenwich; June 23. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through June 24. . . . ¶ 12th St. Cine-

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ma, 72nd Street East, and Cinema Studio; through June 29.)

Murder by Death—A comedy by Neil Simon. With Eileen Brennan, Truman Capote, James Coco, Peter Falk, Alec Guinness, Elsa Lanchester, David Niven, Peter Sellers, Maggie Smith, Nancy Walker, and Estelle Winwood; directed by Robert Moore. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Art, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Naked Night (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Groenberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous Harriet Andersson is his mistress. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 27.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting June 25.)

The Old Gun—With Philippe Noiret and Romy Schneider, directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Coronet; starting June 30.)

The Omen—With Gregory Peck, Lee Remick, and David Warner; directed by Richard Donner. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné; starting June 25.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (34th St. East; through June 24. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema, and Cinema Studio; starting June 30. . . . ¶ 12th St. Cinema; starting June 30, tentative.)

Orchestra Wives (1942)—Livelier than the title (which sounds like a statistical classification) suggests. It's the swing era, the band is Glenn Miller's, and the screenwriters, Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware, use the shopworn love triangle of the innocent small-town girl (Ann Rutherford) who marries a musician (George Montgomery) and then comes up against his old flame, the band's vocalist (Lynn Bari), as a framework for all the snappy repartee they can pile on. Archie Mayo directed this musical for Twentieth Century-Fox, and the picture has a seedy, unassuming pungency. Best of all, the moviemakers were prepared to jettison the story line for the sake of entertainment: suddenly, at the end of the picture, the Nicholas Brothers, that great team of dancers, come out of nowhere and do one of their most dizzying acrobatic tap routines, to "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo." The number is such a feat of sustained high flying that one holds one's breath in tense admiration. The cast includes Glenn Miller, Jackie Gleason, Carole Landis, Cesar Romero, Virginia Gilmore, and Mary Beth Hughes; the tunes include "Serenade in Blue" and "At Last." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 27.)

A Piece of Pleasure—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous life together, apparently. Country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (6/21/76) (Quad Cinema.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue (1975)—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (Thalia; starting June 30.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot, of "The Wages of Fear," wrote and directed this story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 28.)

Quai des Orfèvres (1947; released in the U.S. as "Jenny Lamour")—A stunningly well-made entertainment, this detective film by Henri-Georges Clouzot features the master actor Louis Jouvet in the role of a police inspector. His world is contrasted with that of the music hall, represented by the full-blown, hypersexual Suzy Delair. When this voluptuous slut sings "Avec Son Tra-la-la," she may make you wonder if the higher things in life are worth the trouble. With Bernard Blier (who studied with Jouvet) as a worshipful masochist, Charles Dullin in the role of a hunchback, and, as a lesbian photographer, Simone Renant, at the time said to be the most beautiful actress in Paris. The film took the grand prize at Venice in 1947, but in this country it never got the audience it deserved. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 28.)

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Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through June 30.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed from James Goldman's script; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Kips Bay; through June 24. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting June 30.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Coronet; through June 29. . . . ¶ Columbia II, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 30.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Paramount; through June 29. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 30.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (Thalia; through June 29. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting June 30.)

Silent Movie—With Mel Brooks, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Sid Caesar; directed by Mr. Brooks. (Cinema I, and Cinema II; starting June 30.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, and the birds and the flowers. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting June 25.)

Spasmo—With Suzy Kendall and Robert Hoffman, directed by Umberto Lenzi. (Quad Cinema; through June 29.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Paramount; through June 29.)

The Taming of the Shrew (1967)—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Thalia; through June 29. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting June 30.)

The Tenant—With Roman Polanski, Isabelle Adjani, Melvyn Douglas, Jo Van Fleet, and Shelley Winters; directed by Mr. Polanski. (Loews Tower East.)

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre (1974)—With Marilyn Burns, directed by Tobe Hopper. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through June 24.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Ziegfeld.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Elgin; June 24.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Elgin; June 24.)

Véronique; or, The Summer of My 13th Year—With Anne Teyssèdre, directed by Claudine Guilmain. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Vigil in the Night (1940)—This adaptation of an A. J. Cronin novel was a mistake from the word go, but the director, George Stevens, plodded ahead valiantly, dressing up the hopeless. Given the most resplendent makeup and lights, Carole Lombard glows with foolish nobility in the role of a trained nurse who takes the blame for a frivolous—and fatal—mistake by her student-nurse kid sister (Anne Shirley), also lighted phosphorescently; you expect the two girls to rise to Heaven by their cheekbones. After a solemn while, a busload of people are maimed, and eventually the beautiful nurses and Brian Aherne, as the doctor Lombard loves, become involved in an epidemic of cerebrospinal fever. With Robert Coote, Peter Cushing, Brenda Forbes, Doris Lloyd, and Ethel Griffies. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 30.)

Wanda (1971)—Barbara Loden wrote, directed, and stars in this story of the minimal love affair of a passive, bedraggled girl from a mining town and a nervous wreck of a small-time crook (Michael Higgins). The director shows great strength—she never falls back on coy tricks or clichés—and the performances are admirable, but the movie is such an extremely drab and limited piece of realism that it makes Zola seem like musical comedy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 1.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best, and Burton's best is extraordinary. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

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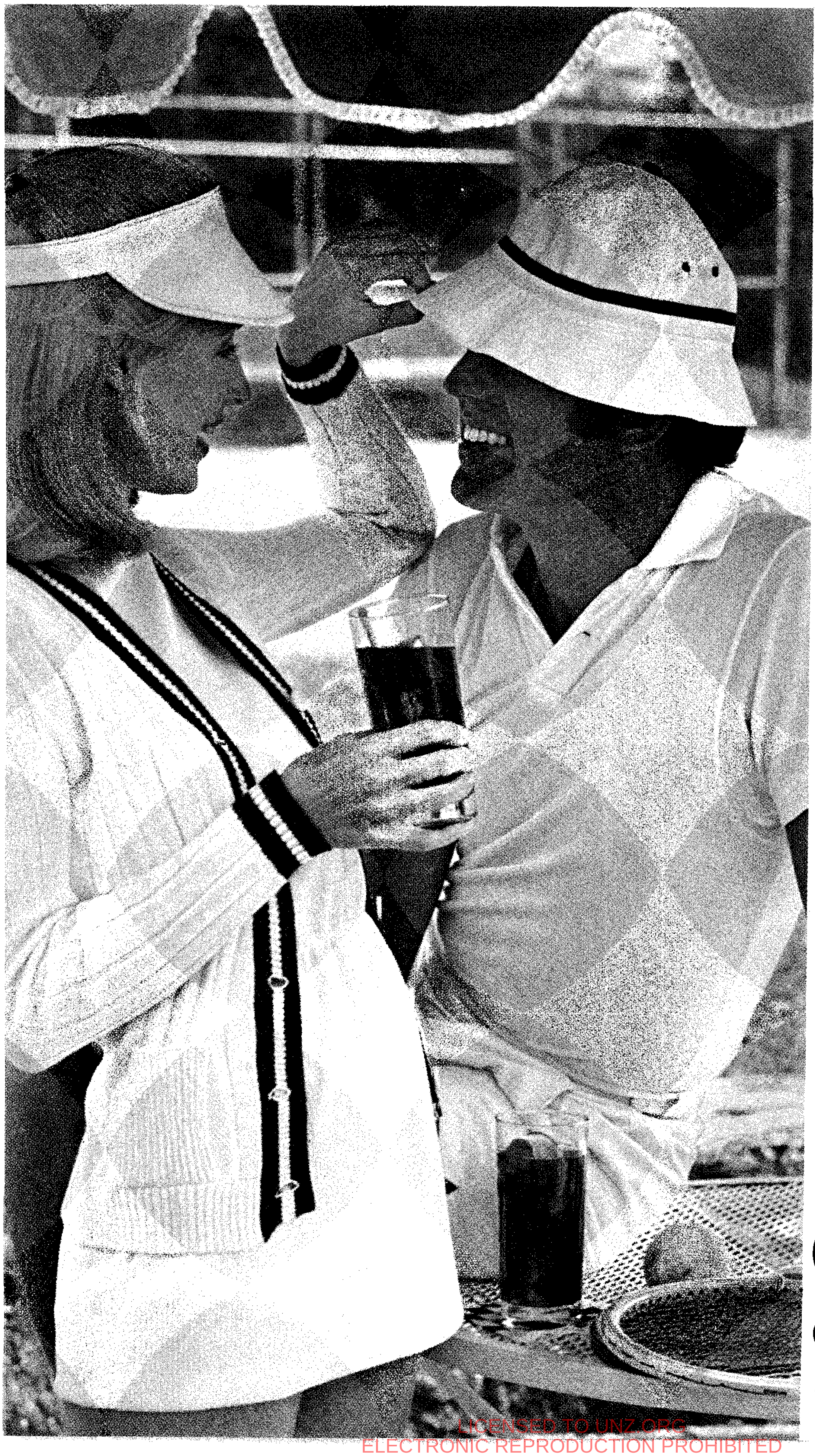

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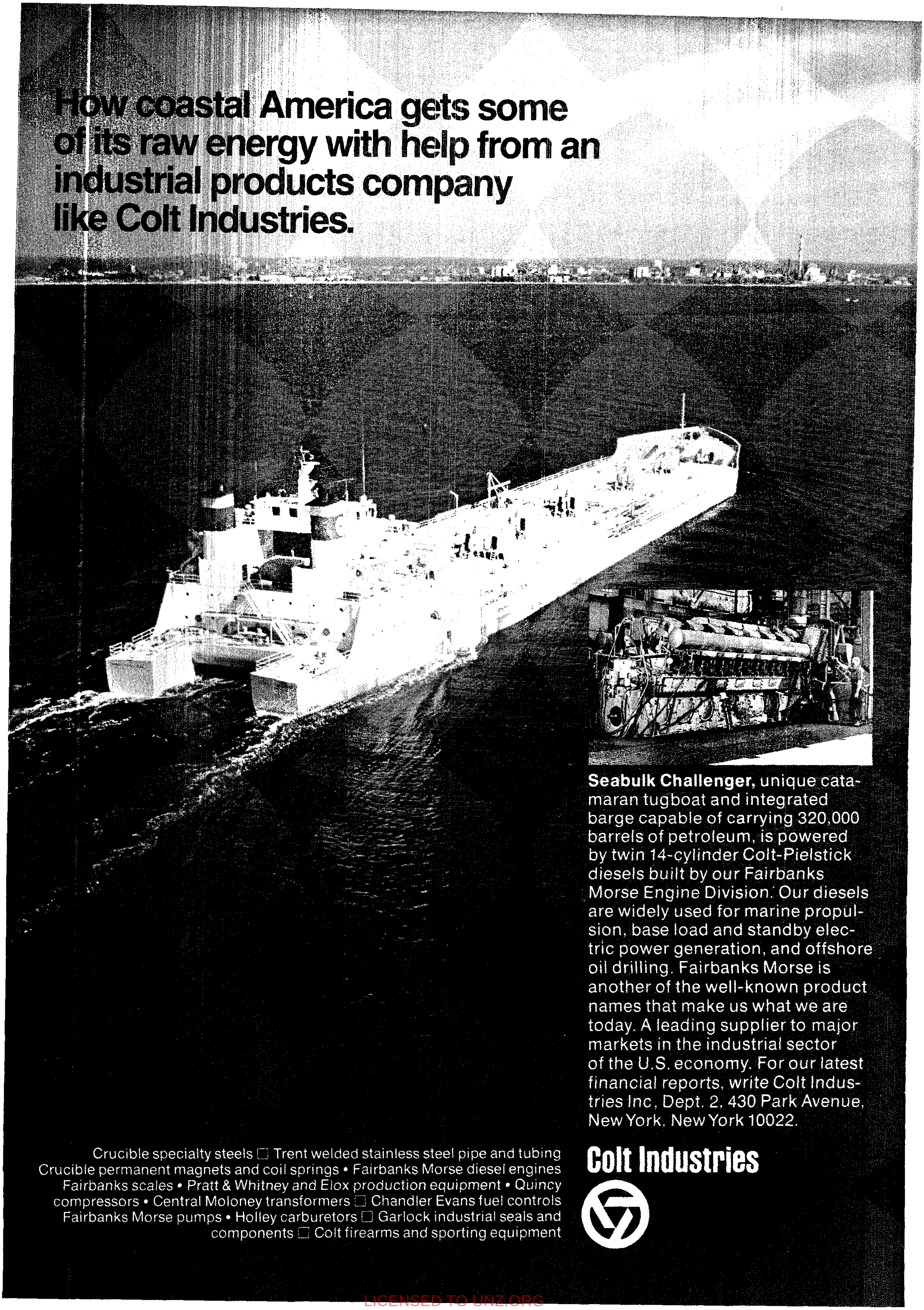

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

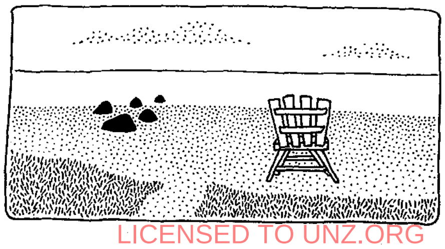
Notes and Comment

A Claustrophobic friend who did time in the hospital briefly this spring has written to let us know she's on her feet again:

The nurses were kind and the food wasn't bad, and I got so many flowers the room looked like a cabin on the QE 2, which is about how much it cost, but, despite the best efforts, there was a perceptible absence of *joie de vivre*, and I didn't sleep well. Early in the mornings, I could hear the harshly musical cries of itinerant blue jays that had spent the night in the hospital garden, checking out, flocking north with the spring. I couldn't wait to go home. As soon as they let me out of solitary, I began to go to the sunroom, where, through binoculars, I was able to watch a small white tree come into blossom and molt on the grass, mindful of how A. E. Housman, when he wrote "Loveliest of trees, the cherry now . . . ," knew that, of his threescore years and ten to look at things in bloom, twenty would not come again, and I was well into my second score, my birthday having fallen halfway through the stay. I was a model prisoner, and they sprang me early. However, I saw from the taxi window that the crab-apple trees along Riverside Drive, which had looked bare as walking sticks on the trip up, now formed a pink-and-white frieze for twenty-five blocks, and would soon be at the peak of their flowering, while I felt far from mine. Home, I collected my mail and, climbing three flights without too much trouble, was greeted by the un-antiseptic smell of Lemon Pledge and Joy, sun on the pink carpet, and a get-well note from Laura, who had made a special visit to clean up. I telephoned for groceries from the Jefferson Market and medicine from the Bigelow pharmacy, and lay down to read "The Final Days."

When the setting sun began to gild my bedroom walls and I heard no rattle of dinner carts, it occurred to me I didn't have to stay inside any longer. The Sixth Avenue sidewalk was jammed with workers coming home and night people—some of them weird-looking types—coming out. I had to keep close to the buildings to avoid being jostled, conscious of how stiff, fragile, vulnerable to attack I still was, and what it was going to be like being old. By the First Presbyterian Church, which has dubbed itself the Church of the Patriots for the Bicentennial (where did traitors worship?), it was quieter, and I was stopped dead by the sight of a dozen flowering trees in the churchyard, some with very fancy blossoms and a lot of dark-red buds still to open. Through the black iron bars came an austere whiff of fragrance. (Cherry trees have none.) That night, I slept better, but I woke to find myself groping for the button to call a nurse.

It was a warm day, and I decided to walk as far as the recycling center on the triangle at Seventh Avenue and Greenwich, though I hadn't any empties to bring in yet. As I approached it, I heard the jolly clangor of bottles being reduced to shards by a man in a Plexiglas mask. Next to the recycling sheds and behind a green chain-link fence, there is grass and a garden, where jonquils, narcissi, and daffodils with orange trumpets were flourishing in a huge golden ring, somewhat tarnished but bright and nectarous enough to attract a few pale cabbage butterflies. I hoped these were visible to patients behind the blank windows of St. Vincent's Hospital, across the street. Some people were coming out of St. Vincent's as I returned; two women stood on the hospital steps beside a vase of irises and daffodils, the younger one holding a baby concealed in a white receiving blanket, having their picture snapped by a man with a Polaroid SX-70 camera, who squatted on the sidewalk next to a basket of Pampers with some used flashbulbs on top. As I waited to watch the picture develop, the baby squirmed and its mother adjusted the blanket. "She doesn't like the sun—she's only three days old," the mother said. I wished the baby a happy life and, outside Milligan Place, bought myself a pot of hyacinths to take upstairs.



Then we had a cold spell. My heavy coat made my shoulders ache, and I was nearly killed by a shopping cart at the A. & P., so I mostly stayed in my corner room, watching people turn blue at the bus stop, surprised at the number who were out—I've worked so long in an office I always had the idea that everybody went uptown when I did. One morning, I ran into the mailman filling the boxes. "Did you enjoy your vacation?" he asked, and put up a hand. "No, don't tell me. I know where you were. Didn't you see how I stopped forwarding your mail so you'd have some the day you said you were coming home?" The temperature fell to twenty-five degrees that night. Tuesday, spring was back, and I went for a walk with a friend who is always home in the daytime. A bearded gardener in a blue windbreaker was putting in seedlings near the fence at the recycling-center garden. The yellow flowers behind him looked weather-beaten, and we asked if the frost had done much damage. He said, "Well, we'd just put the geraniums in the shed, and last night I told my wife I couldn't sleep until I went down to check on them. I was ready to bring smudge pots and blankets if necessary. But they were out of the wind, so one night wouldn't ruin them." We strolled a way down Perry Street beside a row of recently

"Quit dillydallying. Get to the hard news."

• •

planted apple trees hung with large pink flowers like paper carnations and with dark-green, silky leaves and then had coffee and croissants at Sutter's.

Wednesday, before Passover was to begin, the sun was very strong. A man in a grocer's apron was sitting on an orange crate outside the Jefferson Market eating a sandwich, and the smell of sawdust and orange juice wafted from the open doors. I found that I could walk farther, but standing tired me, and everywhere I went I had to wait: Jerri's Cleaners & Launderers, where I took my winter clothes; the post office (an urgent letter to get off); the bank, where customers were lined up to buy the new two-dollar bills; the laundromat, which could not locate my laundry; the stationery store (a run on Passover and Easter cards); and the Xerox place. Every writer in the Village was having his manuscript copied in triplicate, in order to apply for the same state grant. As I crossed Eleventh Street, a man ran after me yelling, "Miss, Miss!" I had left my wallet in the stationery store a half hour before. I thanked him and promised to be more careful, though I doubted I would be. There was time to walk to the river before sunset, but I decided first to lie down for a minute, and when I opened my eyes the full moon was up and another spring day over, so I had one day less to look at things in bloom—but a lot more than A. E. Housman, now.

Thursday, I took a taxi to the hospital and the doctor removed the stitches and told me to do anything I wanted. I wanted to ride the bus to Central Park, but when it got there the rain started, freshening the flowers but dampening my plans to look at them. It brought out the flowers on the plane trees beside the old Sephardic cemetery next door to my building. Friday morning, they cast dime-shaped shadows on the sidewalk. Uptown, I got my hair washed and cut and walked over to the Central Park Arsenal for my tennis permit. The air in the Park was hazy and spiced with the cidery smell of the apple trees, which flashed white and pink wherever I looked, their reflections shimmering in the pond. My ears rang from the sounds of birds wildly stating their emotions in the Bird Sanctuary. Human couples were doing the same thing, more discreetly, on the benches near the water, where I saw a young fisherman hook a fish that looked very much like a sardine. When I came out at Central Park West, I checked my watch: only an hour had passed and it had seemed like three. Downtown again, I heard voices from the Church of the Patriots singing "There Is a Green Hill Far Away." I entered the churchyard and, stepping out of my exercise sandals, walked over the soft cool grass to ogle the trees, their petals beginning to drift a little in the breeze. "Would you like to know what they are?" asked a tall, blond man who'd been sitting on the church-house porch and now produced a map that showed the trees and their scientific names: *Malus eleyi*, *malus almey*. These sounded appropriately ecclesiastical, absolving.

By Saturday noon, the temperature had shot past ninety degrees. My strength was coming back fast, but spring was getting here faster, so I hightailed it up to Riverside Park, where an offshore breeze mitigated the heat some. The crab apples were looking a little like stale cotton candy around the edges, but being under the trees was like being inside a waterfall, and I walked as far as I could, looking at the blue sky through the petals, then hopped a bus over to Central Park, where I made my way to my favorite bench in the Ramble and came to rest in front of a patch of bluebells. Any remaining *malus almey* could finish its flowering without me.

Easter Sunday was my last day home. I prowled the old back streets of the Village, peeking through gates and over walls at people's gardens—the owners had either left town or were indoors. It was even hotter than the day before, and I didn't seem to have yesterday's pep. In fact, I found that I had to pause frequently, and kept wishing I could sit down, too. The gate to the St. Luke's schoolyard on Hudson Street was open and I could see benches, so I went in. Around the corner of the school, I smelled a familiar sweetness; I looked up, astonished to see grapy clusters of flowers among the heart-shaped leaves of a lilac bush. It isn't supposed to bloom until May. Then I spotted the green-white flowers of an even more precocious dogwood tree. It was at one corner of the garden I now came into, dominated by an enormous white apple tree in the center and several others in bloom by the brick walls. "The garden isn't open," said a woman in a sequined veil who was sitting on one of the wooden benches, but everything in it was—things that are not usually seen together, forced by the unseasonable warmth: apple and viburnum, tulips and daffodils (these nearly prostrate), a Shocking-pink redbud tree, periwinkles, hyacinths, azaleas. It looked almost unreal, like the garden on a get-well card. A lawn sprinkler swished on the grass and water trickled over the flagstones in a miniature brook. I walked to the wall that hides the garden from Hudson Street, and as I reached toward the viburnum—something I couldn't have done a week earlier—I realized that my weakness might have something to do with the long walk and the heat (later, I learned the temperature had reached ninety-six degrees) rather than lingering disability. I sat down and looked at the benign hulk of the Christopher Street post office, which loomed against the mottled sky, and remembered the postman who was so proud that I'd had mail when I came home—and other protectors: the mother shielding the baby's face; Charlie the stationer, who'd returned my wallet; the gardener who worried about the geraniums; and the custodians of this garden, who were kind enough to leave a gate open. Then, for a moment, I thought of prisoners and patients everywhere and of how I wished I could guarantee them all a good homecoming, an easy convalescence. "Convalescence"—what a beautiful word.

* * *

Loud

WE ran into Susan Blond, the sensible cable-TV star and person-about-town, at a rock-and-roll party on a Monday night, and she gave us this telegraphic evaluation of what was in front of her face and ours: "Kind of loud . . . some new faces . . . distinguished people . . . a few gorgeous girls . . . new place . . . big presidents."

This was fair, we thought. The part about big presidents was possibly in need of amplification. Susan pointed out Irwin Segelstein, who is not so much a president as an executive vice-president, of the NBC Television Network, in charge of programs, and Ron Alexenburg, who isn't really president but is senior vice-president and general manager of Epic Records and "runs the whole thing," according to Susan. The third big president needed no pointing out. A few feet away, in a dark corner of the room, Eugene McCarthy stood calm and alone, eating a bit of cold baked sea bass. We thought of going over to have a word with him, but at that moment a rock band called Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes struck up an earsplitting chord, rendering conversation unthinkable. Thus did one of the less interesting legacies of the nineteen-sixties obliterate one of the more interesting.

Not that Johnny and the Jukes were themselves around in any meaningful way during the sixties, but the vein they are mining did run out of ore well before the end of that decade. No doubt it's unfair to single out any one band, but as the tricentennial hurtles toward us the question will increasingly have to be asked: Does it have to be all that loud?

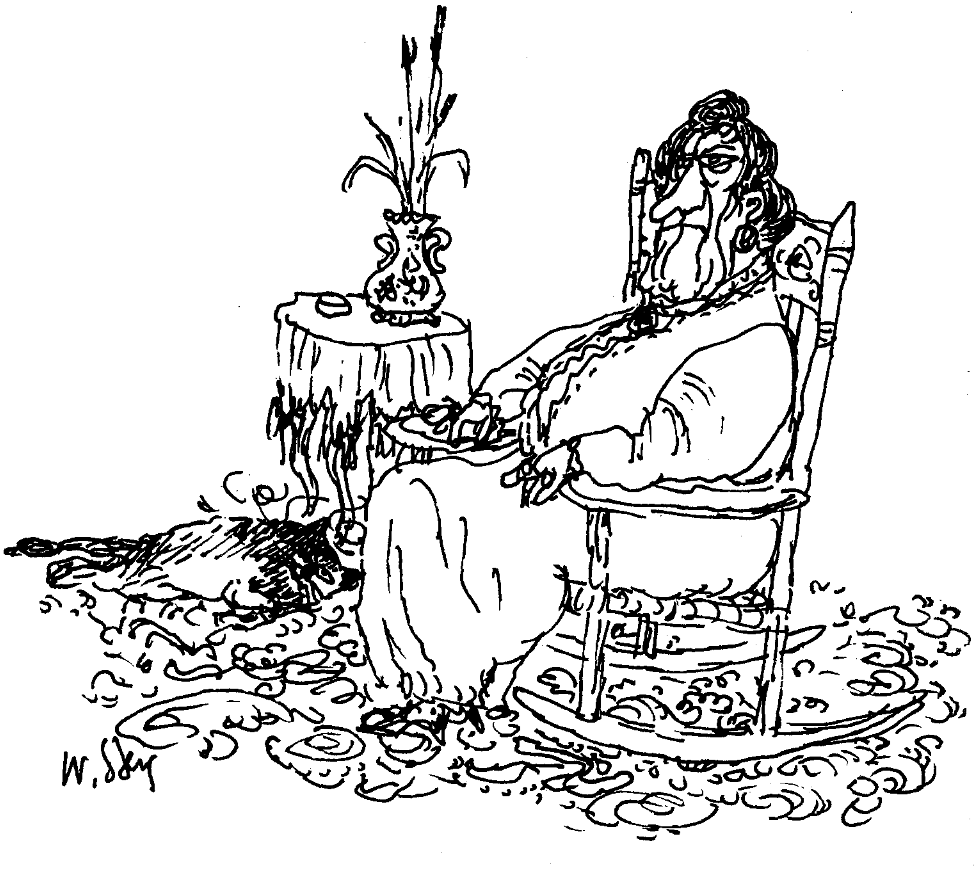
The party was at an upstairs gallery of the Public Theatre, formerly the Astor Library, on Lafayette Street, and it was occasioned by the tenth anniversary of a rock magazine called *Crawdaddy*. Like some of its competitors, the magazine contains many long "atmospheric" articles written in the present-historical tense, with interminable direct quotations from rock stars which make the reader wish the tape recorder had never been invented. Several subjects of such articles wandered about the party, including Bruce Springsteen (a recent example of the *Time-Newsweek* cover jinx), Ian Hunter (of Mott The Hoople), and Phoebe Snow, as did various contributors to the magazine—most notably William Burroughs, who was accompanied by a number of dangerous-looking youths.

During a pause in the music, a man wearing a white suit, a bow tie, and glasses stepped to the microphone and said, "My name is Alf Knobler and I'm the publisher of *Crawdaddy*. If you wonder how that happens to be, let me tell you a little bit about it. I was born . . ." The burden of Mr. Knobler's remarks was that he is a product of the nineteen-thirties. Later, the editor of *Crawdaddy* also made a speech. His name is Peter Knobler. He spoke of the nineteen-sixties, of which he is a product. It remained unclear whether the father had put the son on the magazine or vice versa. What was clear is that thirties nostalgia and sixties nostalgia have become indistinguishable in emotional tone.

We found Susan Blond again. She told us that she would soon be acting in a new movie—Andy Warhol's "Bad." Although Susan has been an Andy Warhol Superstar for many years, this will be the first time she has been in an actual Andy Warhol movie. "I play a madwoman who throws her baby out the window of a high-rise," she said. "I said to Andy, 'Why do I have such a small part?' He said, 'Don't worry. Everybody will remember it.' " Susan added that she and her intended, Gary Kenton (of Island Records), have set the date: September 11th, at the Roslyn Country Club. "It's been announced at the C.B.G.B., at The Other End, and in Danny Fields' column in the *Soho Weekly News*, but apart from that you're the first to know," Susan said.

The Bicentennial Beat

ALTHOUGH the main strength of the Morgan Library lies in its collections of European, English, and



Woman Recalling a Spurned Suitor

ancient Near Eastern literature, history, and art, such was the enthusiasm of the Morgans—Junius S., Pierpont, and J. P.—for Americana that this red-white-and-blue year finds their East Thirty-sixth Street monument able to mount two Bicentennial displays with the greatest of ease—i.e., without straying much from the premises. The first of these shows was an exhibition of two hundred and sixty-seven drawings by Benjamin West and his son Raphael Lamarr West; the second, now on view until the end of next month, a discriminating assemblage of autograph manuscripts, books, maps, globes, drawings, proclamations, and relics, is called "America from Amerigo Vespucci to the Louisiana Purchase." Of its hundred and fifty "significant reminders of the growth of the American nation," all but ten belong to the Library. Two of the *most* significant were provided by friends—a first printing (one of fifteen surviving copies) of the Declaration of Independence, lent anonymously; and the manuscript of the original proclamation of the Louisiana Purchase, signed by the purchaser, Thomas Jefferson, lent by Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard. "Upon this proclamation," the show's catalogue states, "the size of the United States more than doubled. At about four cents an acre, the purchase added nearly a million square miles."

The author of this real-estate note, and, indeed, the selector, label writer, and installer of the show, is Herbert Cahoon, the Library's curator of autograph manuscripts. As a labelist, Mr. Cahoon is full of surprises. "The greatest intellectual of his time and also the most nauseous personality," he says of Cotton Mather, under a Mather account of deaths in the colony of Massachusetts: "We are Dying! may we be so happy as to finish well, and be preserved faultless by our Great Saviour in the presence of God with exceeding Joy." Cahoon on Thomas Morton, the author of an "impious account of the Puritans" published in 1637: "His satire of the settlers' social life is amusing but probably inaccurate." Cahoon on the Reverend Michael Wigglesworth's 1669 "Meat Out of the Eater," a collection of religious meditations: "[It] is lugubrious, monotonous, and in very small print."

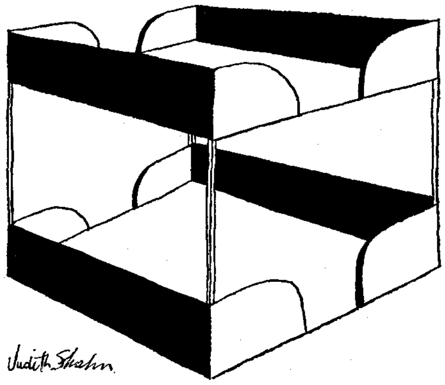
Occasional oddities pepper the show—"Hair from the head [sic] of General and Mrs. Washington and two stars from his uniform"—but manuscripts, many of them autographs, are the thing. A 1476 letter, the only one of which there is a record in an American collection, in Latin, to the author's father, signed "Emericus Vespucius." The earliest (1524) known description of the North American mainland, penned by a scribe and annotated by Giovanni da Verrazano, the discoverer of New York Bay and precursor of the Bridge. A land-grant document in Dutch signed by Peter Stuyvesant. Three Washington letters (out of the Morgan's hundred plus), one James Madison (out of twenty-three), a Button Gwinnett (the only known letter in his hand), a Rochambeau, a John Paul Jones, a Lafayette, a Benedict Arnold. Lord Cornwallis's letter to Washington asking for surrender terms. Printed matter to beat the band, including a 1751 book of "Observations on the inhabitants, climate, soil, rivers, productions, animals, and other matters worthy of notice," which includes the passage:

> An Englishman when very drunk will fall fast asleep for the most part, but an Indian, when merry, falls to dancing, running, and shouting, which violent action probably may disperse the fumes of the liquor, that had he sat still or remained quiet, might have made him drowsy.

Visitors may rent an Acoustiguide, a forty-minute guided-tour dialogue between Mr. Cahoon and Mr. Alistair Cooke. "Hello, I'm Alistair Cooke and I'd like to welcome you to the Pierpont Morgan Library," this starts out, and there we are, neither Upstairs nor Downstairs but right on the Ground Floor.

Arrangements

WHEN the Democratic National Convention opens at Madison Square Garden on July 12th, upward of seventeen thousand people will be on hand—an indeterminate number of security guards, cleanup men, concessionaires, telephone repairmen, Democratic National Committee staff members, and aides to Presidential and Vice-Presidential aspirants, together with three thousand delegates, two thousand alternate delegates, eight thousand of their relatives and guests, and four thousand journalists. Four thousand journalists! They will outnumber the actual delegates by four to three, and if the Convention turns out to be as sewed up then as it seems to be now, the reporters may outnumber their combined viewing, listening, and reading audience. Once we learned of these figures, we fell to wondering how all these people were going to be cared for, so we got in touch with the Democratic National Committee's local office, and were switched to the person in charge of the Convention's "arrangements," Mrs. Azie Morton. She immediately arranged to meet us early the next morning in front of the Statler Hilton Hotel, half a block from Madison Square Garden, and when we arrived we found her to be an attractive black woman of forty, who was wearing large silver hoop earrings, a pretty white dress decorated with delicate blue flowers and quail, and an unruffled manner. "This is my first Presidential nominating convention as manager—*and* my last," she told us. "I've been in New York since September making arrangements. Moved up from my home, outside Washington, where I served as special assistant to Bob Strauss, chairman of the D.N.C. Now that Convention time is drawing near, I dream of it all night long every night, and get up time after time to make notes on things still to be done."



We crossed Seventh Avenue, and as we headed west on Thirty-third Street toward the Garden, Mrs. Morton explained that New York City had contracted to give the D.N.C. free office space, free use of Madison Square Garden, installation of necessary facilities, extra air-conditioning, and police security outside the Garden. "Under the new election law, we get up to two million two hundred thousand dollars from the federal government to run the whole Convention," she went on. "If we spend more than that, we commit a federal crime." Back in February, other D.N.C. staff people began arriving here to help out, she said, and now there were twenty of them, plus twenty volunteers, who went to work the week before. The group's responsibilities were to reserve up to eighty per cent of the rooms in fifty-one of the city's hotels and to assign state delegations to them on the basis of a lot-drawing system; to arrange for private bus transportation for Conventioneers from airports to hotels, as well as from hotels to the Garden and back again before and after each of the four working sessions to be held from the twelfth through the fifteenth of July; to set up a communications network

that will provide each delegation with two telephones (one for communicating between delegations, in order to cut down congestion in the aisles, and one for each delegation's chairman, so that he or she can speak directly to officials on the podium); to house Presidential candidates and their retinues in separate hotels of their own choice; to hire security guards; to house the clergymen chosen to deliver invocations at the start of each session and the clergymen chosen to deliver benedictions at the end of each; to provide music for each day's program; to reserve caucus rooms for delegations when they try to decide what moves to make and when; to seat delegations by another lot-drawing system; to issue credentials and passes for everyone attending the Convention; and to oversee the design and construction of all the facilities being installed within the Garden.

"Four thousand journalists," we muttered as we followed Mrs. Morton through an employees' entrance at the ground floor of the Garden, past a guard's desk, where she registered, up an elevator to the arena floor, down a long cinder-block-walled corridor with numbered dressing rooms (to be used as D.N.C. staff offices, she explained), and then onto the floor of what would soon be Convention Hall. We sniffed. A powerful astringent odor was everywhere, and when we asked about it Mrs. Morton explained that the circus had moved out only a couple of weeks before and the place was still being disinfected. The main platform was a small stand of pine—two-by-four trunks with a few interlacing branches. To the left and right of this platform—the podium, Mrs. Morton called it—were similar stands at about the same stage of construction, and she said that they were for television camera crews, and that there would be a third one, not yet started, directly in front of the podium. Then she pointed up to the galleries, where carpenters were nailing slabs of Sheetrock onto wood frames, and told us that these structures—three of them, looking like modern houses precariously built on a steep hillside—were TV-anchorman booths. Just then, a yellow open-bodied truck rolled into the arena carrying a load of Sheetrock, and we followed Mrs. Morton into what had formerly been a large open area, known as the Rotunda, and was now being transformed into a maze of Sheetrock-walled offices. She led the way from one end of the corridor, at the outer edge of the Rotunda, past rooms designated for D.N.C. officials, candidates' staffs, communications, ABC, NBC, independent radio and TV, CBS, A.P., and, finally, "The Writing Press." Underneath the more pungent odor of disinfectant, the whole place smelled pervasively of animals, and when we mentioned this Mrs. Morton nodded. "This is where they were kept during the circus," she said. "There are circuses and there are circuses."

THE CAPTURED WOMAN

THE captured woman asks if I will take her picture.

I shoot four rolls of 35 mm. and then go off very happily to the darkroom. . . .

I bring back the contacts and we go over them together. She circles half a dozen with a grease pencil—pictures of herself staring. She does not circle pictures of herself smiling, although there are several very good ones. When I bring her back prints (still wet) she says they are not big enough.

“Not big enough?”

“Can you make enlargements?”

“How big?”

“How big can you make them?”

“The largest paper I have is twenty-four by thirty-six.”

“Good!”

The very large prints are hung around her room with pushpins.

“Make more.”

“For what?”

“I want them in the other rooms too.”

“The staring ones?”

“Whichever ones you wish.”

I make more prints, using the smiling negatives. (I also shoot another half-dozen rolls.) Soon the house is full of her portraits, she is everywhere.

●

M—— calls to tell me that he has captured a woman, too.

“What kind?”

“Thai. From Thailand.”

“Can she speak English?”

“Beautifully. She’s an English teacher back home, she says.”

“How tall?”

“As tall as yours. Maybe a little taller.”

“What is she doing?”

“Right now?”

“Yes.”

“She’s polishing her rings. I gave her a lot of rings. Five rings.”

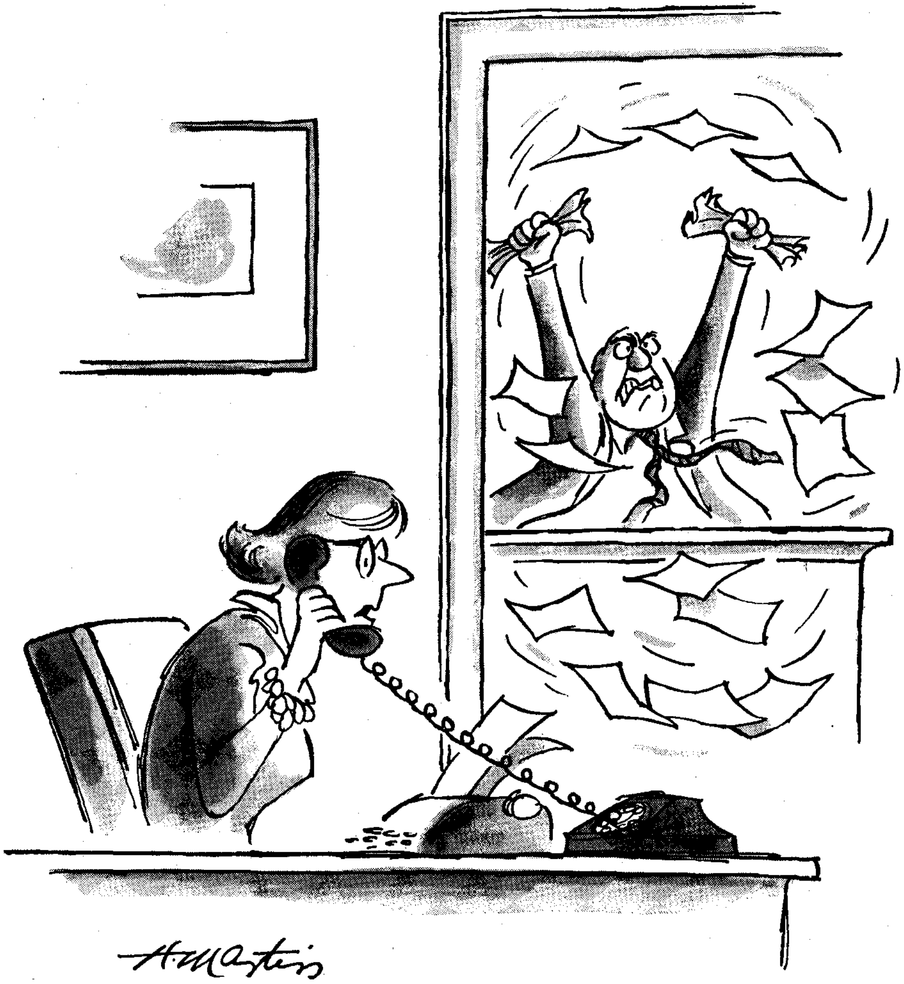
“Was she pleased?”

“I think so. She’s polishing like a house afire. Do you think that means she’s tidy?”

“Have to wait and see. Mine is throwing her football.”

“What?”

“I gave her a football. She’s sports-minded. She’s throwing passes into a garbage can.”



“Mr. Stewart is out of his gourd at the moment. May I take a message?”

“Doesn’t that get the football dirty?”

“Not the regular garbage can. I got her a special garbage can.”

“Is she good at it?”

“She’s good at *everything*.”

There was a pause.

“Mine plays the flute,” M—— says. “She’s asked for a flute.”

“Mine probably plays the flute too but I haven’t asked her. The subject hasn’t come up.”

“Poor Q——,” M—— says.

“Oh come now. No use pitying Q——.”

“Q—— hasn’t a chance in the world,” M—— says, and hangs up.

●

I say: “What will you write in the note?”

“You may read it if you wish. I can’t stop you. It’s you after all who will put it in the mail.”

“Do you agree not to tell him where you are?”

“This is going to be almost impossible to explain. You understand that.”

“Do you love him?”

“I waited six years to have a baby.”

“What does that mean?”

“I wasn’t sure, I suppose.”

“Now you’re sure?”

“I was growing older.”

“How old are you now?”

“Thirty-two last August.”

“You look younger.”

“No I don’t.”

She is tall and has long dark hair which has, in truth, already some gray in it.

She says: “You were drunk as a lord the first time I saw you.”

“Yes, I was.”

When I first met her (in a perfectly ordinary social situation, a cocktail party) she clutched my wrists, tapping them, then finally grabbing, in the wildest and most agitated way, meanwhile talking calmly about some movie or other.

She’s a wonderful woman, I think.

●

She wants to go to church!

“*What?*”

“It’s Sunday.”

“I haven’t been inside a church in twenty years. Except in Europe. Cathedrals.”

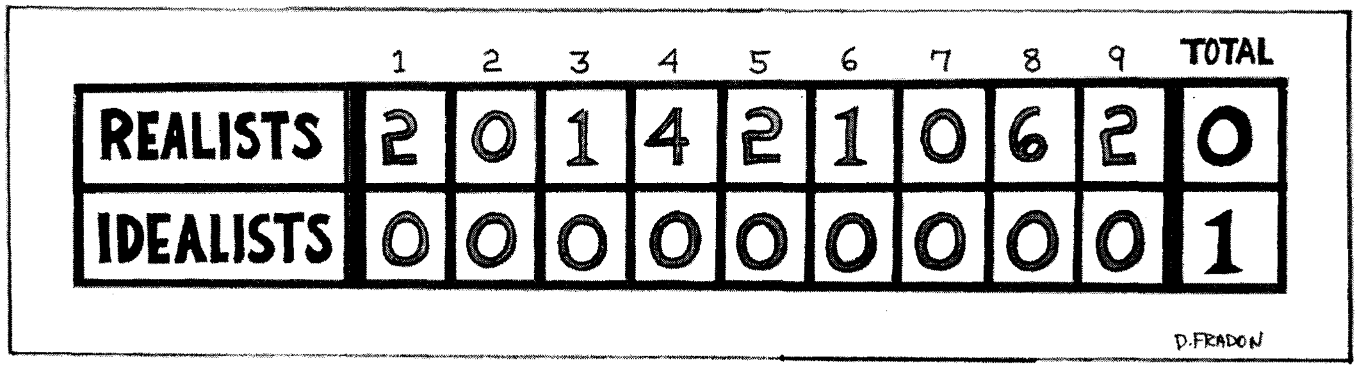
“I want to go to church.”

“What kind?”

“Presbyterian.”

“Are you a Presbyterian?”

“I was once.”



• •

I find a Presbyterian church in the Yellow Pages.

We sit side by side in the pew, for all the world like a married couple. She is wearing a beige linen suit that modulates her body into a nice safe Sunday quietude.

The two ministers have high carved chairs on either side of the lectern. They take turns conducting the service. One is young, one is old. There is a choir behind us and a solo tenor so startlingly good that I turn my head to look at him.

We stand and sit and sing with the others as the little mimeographed order-of-service dictates.

The old minister, fragile, eagle beak, white close-cropped hair, stands at the pulpit in a black gown and white thin lacy surplice.

"*Sacrifice*," the minister says.

He stares into the choir loft for a moment and then repeats the thought: "Sacrifice."

We are given a quite admirable sermon on Sacrifice which includes quotations from Euripides and A. E. Housman.

After the service we drive home and I tie her up again.

•

It is true that Q—— will never get one. His way of proceeding is far too clumsy. He might as well be creeping about carrying a burlap sack.

P—— uses tranquillizing darts delivered by a device that resembles the Sunday *Times*.

D—— uses chess but of course this limits his field of operations somewhat.

S—— uses a spell inherited from his great-grandmother.

F—— uses his illness.

T—— uses a lasso. He can make a twenty-foot loop and keep it spinning while he jumps in and out of it in his handmade hundred-and-fifty-dollar boots—a mesmerizing procedure.

C—— has been accused of jacklighting—against the law in this state in regard to deer. The law says nothing about women.

X—— uses the Dionysiac frenzy.

L—— is the master. He has four now, I believe.

I use Jack Daniel's.

•

I stand beside one of the "staring" portraits and consider whether I should attempt to steam open the note.

Probably it is an entirely conventional appeal for rescue.

I decide that I would rather not know what is inside, and put it in the mail along with the telephone bill and a small ($25) contribution to a lost but worthy cause.

•

Do we sleep together? Yes.

What is to be said about this?

It is the least strange aspect of our (temporary) life together. It is as ordinary as bread.

She tells me what and how. I am sometimes inspired and in those moments need no instructions. Once, I made an X with masking tape at a place on the floor where we'd made love. She laughed when she saw it. That is, I am sometimes able to amuse her.

What does she think? Of course, I don't know. Perhaps she regards this as a parenthesis in her "real" life, like a stay in the hospital or being a member of a jury sequestered in a Holiday Inn during a murder trial. I have criminally abducted her and am thus clearly in the wrong—a circumstance that enables her to regard me very kindly.

She is a wonderful woman and knows herself to be wonderful—she is (justifiably) a little vain.

The rope is forty feet long (that is, she can move freely forty feet in any direction) and is in fact thread—Belding mercerized cotton, shade 1443.

What does she think of me? Yesterday she rushed at me and stabbed me three times viciously in the belly with a book, the Viking Portable Milton. Later I visited her in her room and was warmly received. She let me watch her doing her exercises. Each exercise has a name and by now I know all the names: Boomerang, Melon, Hip Bounce, Diamond, Whip, Hug, Headlights, Ups and Downs, Bridge, Flags, Sitting Twist, Swan, Bow and Arrow, Turtle, Pyramid, Bouncing Ball, Accordion. The movements are incredibly erotic. I knelt by her side and touched her lightly. She smiled and said not now. I went to my room and watched television—"Wide World of Sports," a soccer match in São Paulo.

•

The captured woman is smoking her pipe. It has a long graceful curving stem and a white porcelain bowl decorated with little red flowers. For dinner we had shad roe and buttered yellow beans.

"He looks like he has five umbrellas stuck up his ass," she says suddenly.

"Who?"

"My husband. But he's a very decent man. But of course that's not uncommon. A great many people are very decent. Most people, I think. Even you."

The fragrance of her special (ladies' mixture) tobacco hangs about us.

"This is all rather like a movie. That's not a criticism. I like things that are like movies."

I become a little irritated. All this effort and all she can think of is movies?

"This is not a movie."

"It is," she says. "It is it is it is."

•

M—— calls in great agitation.

"Mine is sick," he says.

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know. She's listless. Won't eat. Won't polish. Won't play her flute."

M——'s is a no-ass woman of great

style and not inconsiderable beauty.

"She's languishing," I say.

"Yes."

"That's not good."

"No."

I pretend to think. M—— likes to have his predicaments taken seriously.

"Speak to her. Say this: My soul is soused, imparadised, imprisoned in my lady."

"Where's that from?"

"It's a quotation. Very powerful."

"I'll try it. Soused, imprisoned, imparadised."

"No. Imparadised, imprisoned. It actually sounds better the way you said it, though. Imparadised last."

"O.K., I'll say it that way. Thanks. I love mine more than you love yours."

"No you don't."

"Yes I do."

I bit off my thumb, and bade him do as much.

•

The extremely slow mailman brings her an answer to her note.

I watch as she opens the envelope.

"That bastard," she says.

"What does he say?"

"That incredible bastard."

"What?"

"I offer him the chance to rescue me on a white horse—one of the truly great moments this life affords—and he natters on about how well he and the kid are doing together. How she hardly ever cries now. How *calm* the house is."

"The bastard," I say happily.

"I can see him sitting in the kitchen by the microwave oven and reading his *Rolling Stone*."

"Does he read *Rolling Stone*?"

"He thinks *Rolling Stone* is neat."

"Well . . ."

"He's not *supposed* to be reading *Rolling Stone*. It's not aimed at him. He's too old, the dumb bastard."

"You're angry."

"Damn right."

"What are you going to do?"

She thinks for a moment.

"What happened to your hand?" she says, noticing at last.

"Nothing," I say, placing the bandaged hand behind my back. (Obviously I did not bite the thumb clean through but I did give it a very considerable gnaw.)

"Take me to my room and tie me up," she says. "I'm going to hate him for a while."

I return her to her room and go back to my own room and settle down with "Wide World of Sports"—international fencing trials in Belgrade.

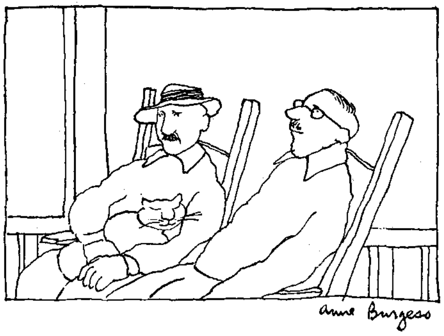
•

This morning, at the breakfast table, a fierce attack from the captured woman.

I am a creephead, a vain preener, a watcher of television, a blatherer, a lollygagger, a monstrous coward who preys upon etc. etc. etc. and is not man enough to etc. etc. etc. Also I drink too much.

This is all absolutely true. I have often thought the same things myself, especially, for some reason, upon awakening.

I have a little more Canadian bacon.



"And a skulker," she says with relish. "One who—"

I fix her in the viewfinder of my Pentax and shoot a whole new series, *Fierce*.

The trouble with capturing one is that the original gesture is almost impossible to equal or improve upon.

•

She says: "He wants to get that kid away from me. He wants to keep that kid for himself. He has captured that kid."

"She'll be there when you get back. Believe me."

"When will that be?"

"It's up to you. You decide."

"Ugh."

Why can't I marry one and live with her uneasily ever after? I've tried that.

"Take my picture again."

"I've taken enough pictures. I don't want to take any more pictures."

"Then I'll go on Tuesday."

"Tuesday. O.K. That's tomorrow."

"Tuesday is tomorrow?"

"Right."

"Oh."

1949

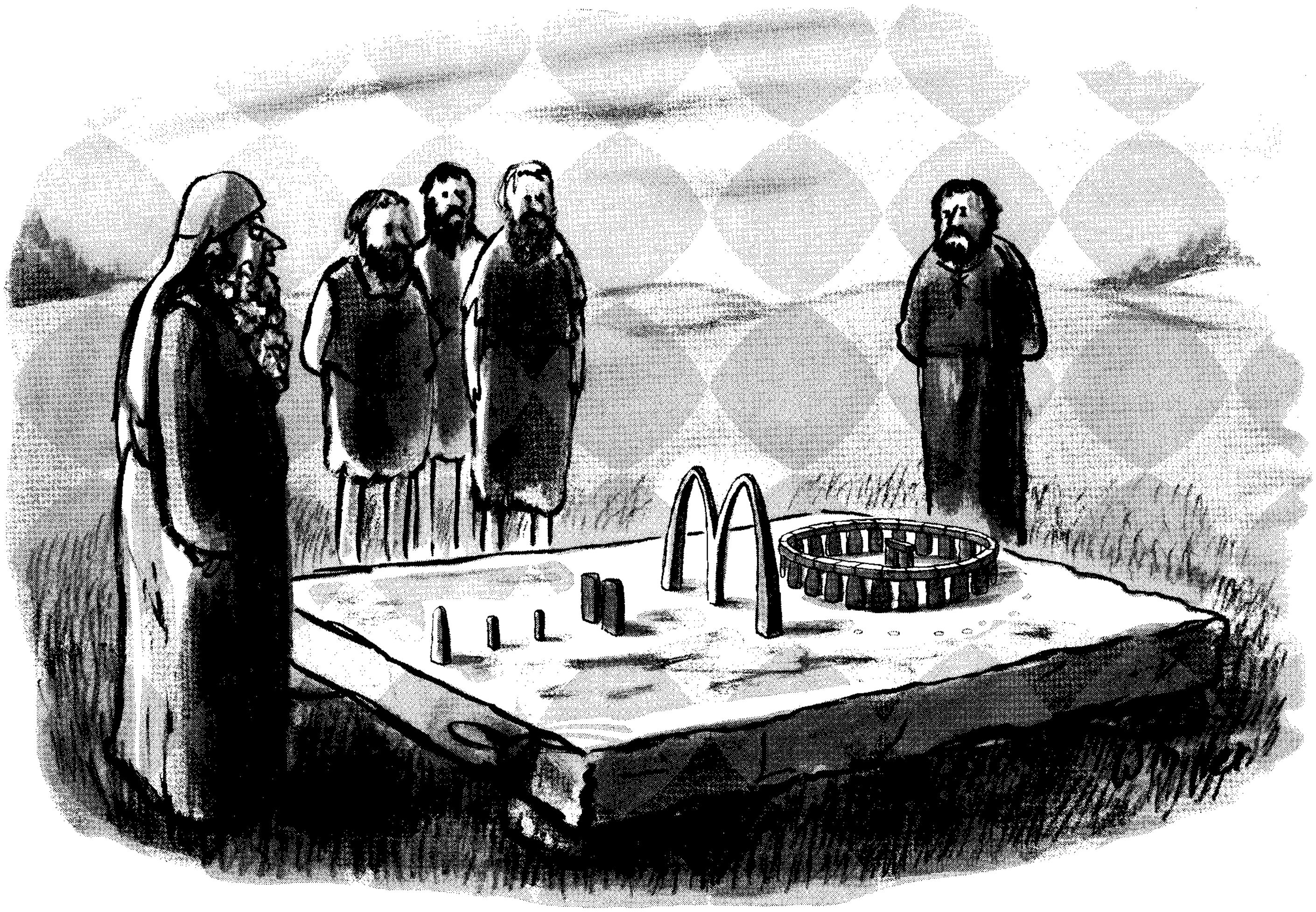
1

Under the arbor
Renée
in your red-and-white striped shirt
you don't mind
do you
if I kiss you?
Two or three birds
in a small flurry
rise to the other world at the tops of the trees—
I like your lips
(warm, red)
and the hoops that dangle golden from your ears.

2

Come on in, Griselda,
the water's fine,
black mud bottom
O.K. when you get used to it
and no bloodsuckers—
not in this old pond.
Hovering at the center, I
can look up at the sky's
pale circle rimmed with treetops—
come on in, Gris,
let your big breasts float
free on the dark water;
I want to see them swaying
and all that red hair, too,
in the three-o'clockish sun
as you come
splashing in. We'll
see the shadows later.

—FREDERICK MORGAN



"Like the concept. Like the whole thing. But take out the arches."

• •

She takes the football and pretends to be about to throw it through the window.

"Do you ever capture somebody again after you've captured them once?"

"Almost unheard of."

"Why not?"

"It doesn't happen."

"Why not?"

"It just doesn't."

"Tomorrow. Oh my."

I go into the kitchen and begin washing the dishes—the more scutwork you do, the kindlier the light in which you are regarded, I have learned.

•

I enter her room. L—— is standing there.

"What happened to your hand?" he asks.

"Nothing," I say.

Everyone looks at my bandaged hand for a moment—not long enough.

"Have you captured her?" I ask.

L—— is the master, the nonpareil, the O. J. Simpson of our aberration.

"I have captured him," she says.

"Wait a minute. That's not how it works."

"I changed the rules," she says. "I will be happy to give you a copy of the new rules which I have written out here on this legal pad."

L—— is smirking like a mink, obviously very pleased to have been captured by such a fine woman.

"But wait a minute," I say. "It's not Tuesday yet!"

"I don't care," she says. She is smiling. At L——.

I go into the kitchen and begin scrubbing the oven with Easy-Off.

How original of her to change the rules! She is indeed a rare spirit.

"French Russian Roquefort or oil-and-vinegar," she says sometimes, in her sleep. I deduce that she has done some waitressing in her day.

•

The captured woman does a backward somersault from a standing position.

I applaud madly. My thumb hurts.

"Where is L——?"

"I sent him away."

"Why?"

"He had no interesting problems. Also he did a sketch of me which I didn't like."

She shows me the charcoal sketch (L——'s facility is famous) and it is true that her beauty suffers just a bit, in this sketch. He must have been spooked a little by my photographs, which he did not surpass.

"Poor L——."

The captured woman does another somersault. I applaud again. Is today Tuesday or Wednesday? I can't remember.

"Wednesday," she says. "Wednesday the kid goes to dance, after which she usually spends the night with her pal Regina because Regina lives close to dance. So there's really no point in my going back on a Wednesday."

•

A week later she is still with me. She is departing by degrees.

If I tore her hair out, no one but me would love her. But she doesn't want me to tear her hair out.

I wear different shirts for her: red, orange, silver. We hold hands through the night.

—Donald Barthelme

LOOK AT A TEACUP

SHE bought the teacup in 1939, of all years. It was on sale downtown, because it was a discontinued pattern. Even on sale, it was an extravagance as far as her new in-laws were concerned; it set her apart. She used to say how she just put the money down on that counter and let Aunt Gert sigh as loud as she pleased.

1939. My mother was buying dishes that had come from Czechoslovakia, because they made the best china and she was marrying an American Czech. Most of the teacups are still unbroken. They're mine now, because I'm her daughter and she cleaned out her china cabinet last week. Each piece has a tiny "Czechoslovakia" stamped on the bottom. The cup is thin—you can almost see through its paleness when it's empty; right now, there's tea in it, and its level can be gauged from the shadow outside. The cup is the palest water-green imaginable. Sometimes, in certain lights, it is so pale it doesn't seem green at all, just something not white. It is shiny, and there are thin bands of gold around the edges of the saucer and cup, and again midway down the bowl of the cup and at its base, which is subtly formed into a semi-pedestal. There is also a band of gold on the inner circle of the saucer, but it has been worn away, after so many years, except for a dulled, blurred line. There is no other decoration on the outside of the cup—a bland precision of lines and curved light.

But inside the cup there are flowers, as if someone had scattered a bouquet and it had tumbled into separate blossoms, falling in a full circle around the inside. Some have fallen faster to the bottom of the cup, while some are still floating. The blossoms don't seem to be pasted on the surface like decals, they really appear to be caught in motion. And now, for the first time, alone in my own house (I've never been alone with one of these cups before; they were her company dishes), I see that no two flowers on the cup or the saucer are the same. Each a different flower—different colors, different altitudes of falling, nothing to create a pattern. Yet the cup and saucer together are pure light, something extremely delicate but definite. As refined as a face.

My mother's face, which has fallen into sadness. Nothing tragic ever happened to her—"nothing big," she'll say. I am the one who has wanted something big.

"I know the most important thing in the world," I told her when I was ten.

"Well, what is *it?*" she asked.

"Work. Work is the most important thing."

Her face showed fear. "Oh, no," she said quickly, trying to sweep away the thought. "No. Family is the important thing. Family, darling." Even then, her voice was sounding a farewell, the first of all those goodbyes mothers say to their daughters.

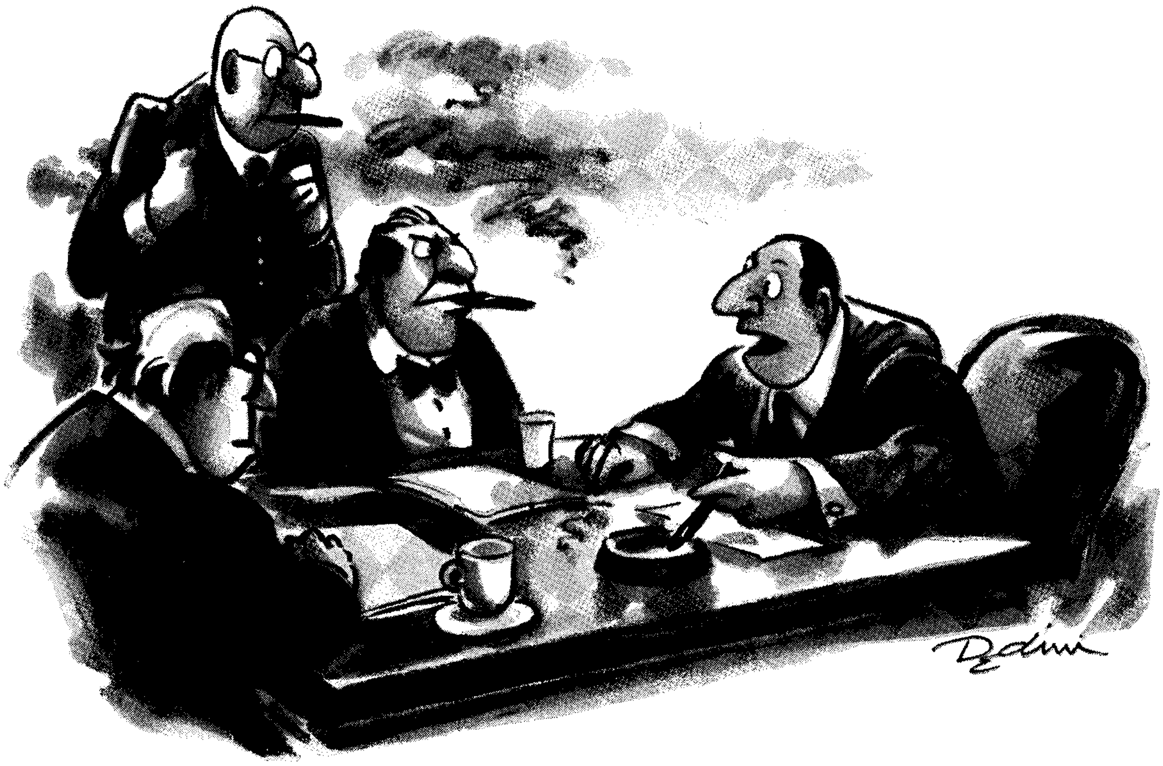
Or maybe our parting began one day when Dad came up behind her in the kitchen. He kissed her on the back of the neck. She thought they were alone, but my brother and I had followed him into the kitchen. He kissed her neck just where the hair stops. She turned from the sink like a swaying stem, with her hands all full of soapsuds, and put her stem arms around his neck. Her eyes were closed, her arms heavy and soapy. Pure and passionate soap arms of my mother. He drew her down suddenly in a swooping joke of an embrace—a Valentino bend, an antic pose for us giggling kids. He swept her in his arms and gave her lips a clownish kiss. We giggled, and our father laughed and turned to grin at his audience. "My dahling, I *luff* you!" he said to her soulfully. Her body struggled awkwardly, her eyes flew open, and she tried to rise from his clownish embrace.

"No, no," she said. No, no to any joke. She stood at the edge of her red-petalled life. There are buds that never open. "Just let me up," she said. "I've got these dishes to do. Let me *up*." And she plunged her hands back into the dishwater. Every night, she swam with her thoughts in that small sea.

IN the cup, amid the bundle of pastel falling flowers at the bottom of the bowl there is another firm, thin gold circlet. It shines up just below the most deeply submerged flower, like a shoreline submerged by a momentary tide of morning tea. The engulfed flowers become oranges and violets—those colors. Above the tea-line there are green leaves and several jots of blue flowers, not deep and

"*It's perfectly simple. You want to be loved. I want to be loved. Mobil Oil wants to be loved.*"

bright like cornflowers but a powdery, toneless blue, a monochrome without shadow or cloud. Also, there is the shape of the flowers. Some are plump, all curve and weight. There is a pale lavender rose on the saucer, with a rounded, balled-up cabbage head of petals; and on the opposite side a spiky, orange dahlia-like flower. None of the flowers looks real. They are suggestions, pale, almost unfinished, with occasional sparks of brightness, like a replica of memory itself. There is a slur of recollection about them, something imprecise, seductive, and foggy but held together with a bright bolt of accuracy—perhaps a piercing glance from a long-dead uncle, whose face, all the features, has otherwise faded and gone.



"Sure he's a crackpot, but let's not underestimate the crackpot vote."

In 1939, in Chicago, my mother was a bride. That was the first year of the war, when Europe began to eat itself raw. In the newspaper picture announcing the marriage, her head had a halo. A golden light was around her head.

"I wasn't one for buying a lot of stuff," she tells me. "You only need so much. I bought what I needed when I got married." In the past few years, she's been giving me many of those things, piece by piece. Every time I go over to visit, she says, "Well, you might as well take the yellow tablecloth." Or there will be a pile of silverware she'll want me to have. These teacups. I'm always walking off with something.

I try to get her to talk about her life, but she won't do that. It's not that she thinks I'm prying. "Well, honey, what do you want to know?" she says. "I mean, what's there to say?" And she pushes her hair, which is still more blond than anything else, away from her face, and she looks really beautiful. I start talking fast, saying how everybody *knows* the world has changed a lot since the Second World War ended, and she was alive when Hitler was in power, for God's sake, and she's lived through something, and it's part of history.

"It wasn't *that* long ago," she says, and flips her honey hair again and lights a cigarette. "Besides, you'd have to talk to somebody from Europe about all that. They lived through it." Once she told me that in high school she'd had an assignment to write an essay about why Hitler was good for Germany. "Personally, I never liked him," she said. "We were always Democrats. But we had that assignment."

So I go over to visit, and we talk and I ask all these questions and she says, "You sound like one of those oral-history projects," and I say, "No, really, I'm interested." I'm always telling her, anything you can remember, any detail—it's really important. Everybody's life is important, I say. I'm interested. I can't even explain why.

Sometimes she says things like "You know, I bet you won't believe this, but we girls, way back—and this wasn't in the country, either—we used to use cotton strips all bundled up, instead of Kotex. And we'd wash them out and use them over again." Or, "The first pair of nylon stockings I bought, they lasted two years. Then stockings started not lasting." Once, she looked across the kitchen table at me and said, almost experimentally, as if she wanted to hear how it would sound aloud, "You know, one time your father came home, just an ordinary day, and I looked up and I wasn't even thinking, it just darted into my head: Someday he'll walk in and I just won't be here, I'll just leave. But it never happened."

None of it amounts to anything, though. Her details don't add up to a life story. Maybe that's why she's been giving me all these things the past few years—her possessions, everything she bought in 1939, the year of her marriage. This teacup, which I look at closely, for a long time, sitting at my own white-and-yellow kitchen table, alone, across the city from her.

The teacup was made in a country far away, of which other countries knew little. An English politician (but you can't go just blaming *him*, my mother says) shook a nation away as he tightly furled his black umbrella. A country lost its absorption in peaceful work, lost its pure science of flinging flowers onto the sides of teacups.

I tell her I believe that something could have been different. What would have happened if someone with an important black umbrella had considered the future of teacups, if powerful men bowed their heads at the difficulties of implanting the waxy tulip on porcelain? Old questions—certain people have tried to answer them, there are books. But many of us still live with the details; the souvenirs of some places are never broken. This cup is a detail, a small uncharred finger from the mid-century bonfire.

I VISIT my mother. We sit in her blue-and-white kitchen. My mother stands up for the future. "Life goes on, you can't keep going over things," she says. "It's the *flow* of life that counts." She wants me to ride forward into the golden light that she says is the future and all its possibility. "Look ahead," she tells me.

I try, but everything drives me into the past that she insists is safely gone. How can I ride forward on her errand when all the world, even the smallest object, sends me back, sets me wondering over and over about our own strange life and country, always trying to understand history and sexuality. Details, however small, get sorted into their appropriate stories, all right, but I am always holding out for the past and thinking how it keeps coming back at us. No details are disparate, I tell her. Mother, the cups were discontinued because a country was discontinued.

"Oh, but now you're talking politics," she says, and clears off the kitchen table. "Over my head, over my head," she says.

But it's not. That's what makes me mad. She *knows*. They all do, those brides who chose their china in 1939. Many things fell that year, for those brides—not only flowers into teacups. Their bodies fell, paired with other bodies, on beds together for the first time. "But that was no tragedy," she says, smiling, with her hands on the back of a chair. Smiling because she knows after all our talks that I think something was wasted when she first fell. Because I have refused to fall. "Some people just don't want to get married—I know that," she says broadmindedly. But she knows I'm saying marriage isn't *there* anymore; the flowered flannel nightgown isn't being hung on a peg in a closet next to a pair of striped drawstring pajamas anymore. We don't get married anymore, Mother. Don't blame me; I didn't think it up.

"Don't talk like a sausage," she'll say. "Some people—there are always some people who do not *want* to get married. I understand this. I understand you. You don't want to get married. Fine. That's just fine. It's fine. Many people live . . . that way."

Her own marriage, I agree, was no tragedy. It was the old bow pulled across the cello, making its first sexual sound again. Another generation joining the long, low moan. The falling of flowers down the sides of teacups, the plunging bodies on white sheets—I know people could take any amount of this pain. But the falling of the other bodies, the rain of bodies in Europe, that happened that year too, Mother.

FOR A CHILD GOING BLIND

I have awakened her
when the sky was at its blackest,
all stars erased, no moon to speak of,
and led her down the front path
to our dock, where we'd swim to the raft,
finding it by touch
fifty or sixty strokes from shore.

And sit
listening to things, the movement of water
around us drawing us closer, a hunched
double knot of child and father
hearing all there is to hear,
close beneath bats who see without sight,
whose hunger is fed by darkness.

The neighbors see her often in the woods,
on hands and knees, smoothing the moss
where it spreads in the shade, marvelling
at the tongues of birds, the stained petal
of the dogwood, the vein of color
skirting the edge of an upturned stone.

This morning she awoke to the first flash
of the magnolia, and will save the petals
as they fall, their purpled lids
curling white on the lawn.

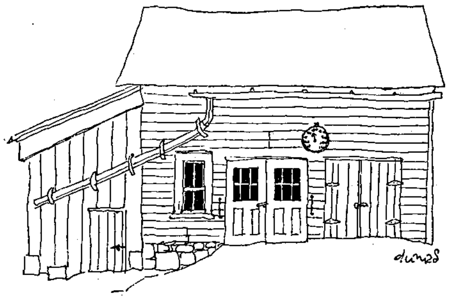
We meant to tell her how the rainbows come,
how they close into shadows,
how we would be there nonetheless;
we meant to tell her before
they arrived at supper this evening,
rimming everything in sight.

She wonders if we see them
cupping the stars, the kitchen lamp,
each other's face, and we say
we do.

—DAN MASTERSON

• •

Marriage, that's one thing; we agree that for her it was no tragedy, wasn't the end, really. But Europe was already broken, broken for good; there was no replacing a nation of glassblowers. Bodies fell that year in Madrid, too. In the cities of Spain, women looked up at the sky in terror. In Barcelona, almost for the first time in history, a woman carrying home a branch of forsythia wrapped in waxed paper ran for cover, hiding from the air. In that war, bombs fell on women from the air, and it was planned.



My mother says she can't get over how I'm always connecting things.

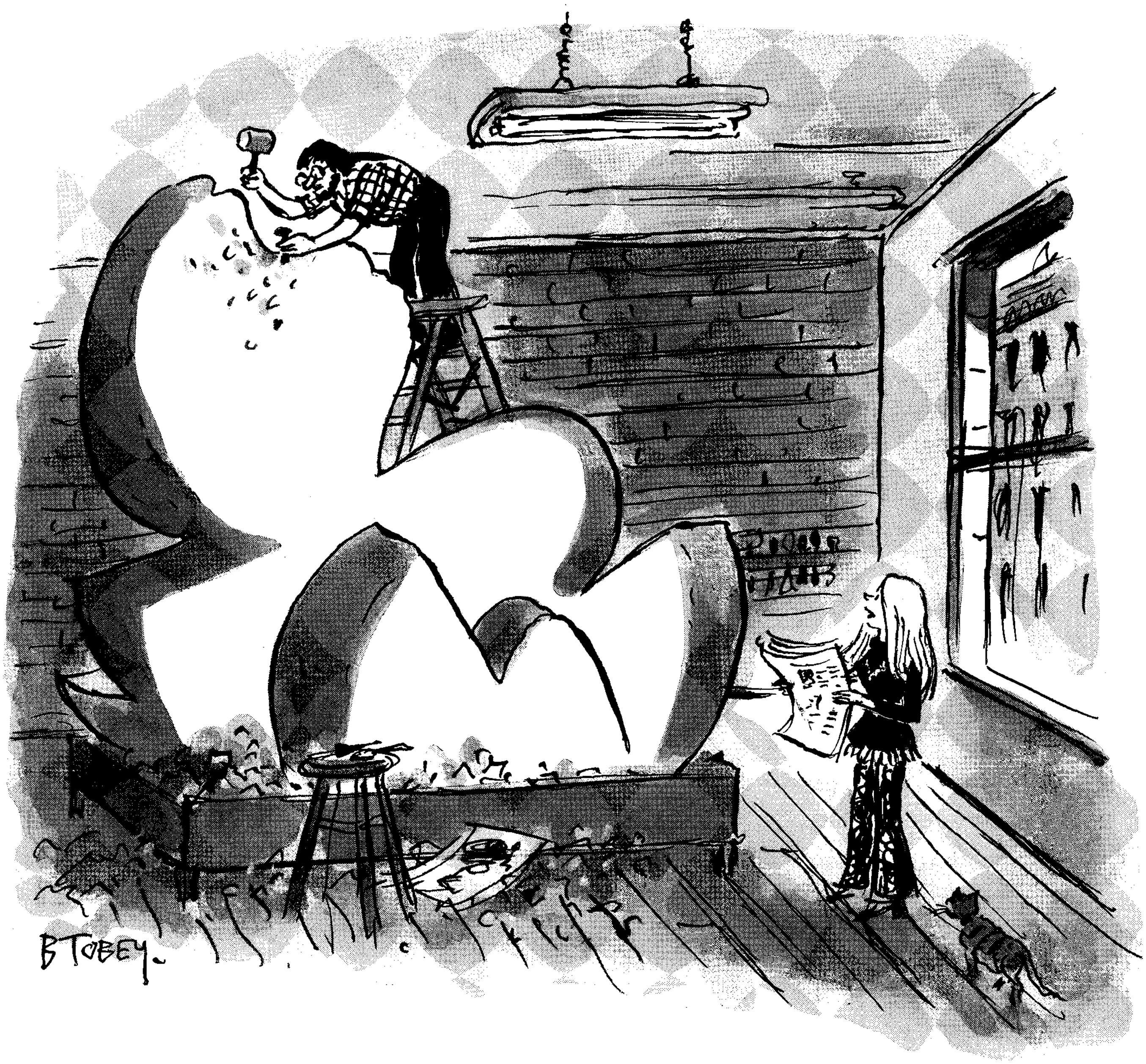
"Everybody I know talks this way," I say. "Does it embarrass you?"

"No. Just—well, tell the truth."

"I will. I'll try to."

The only real difference between us, between my mother and me, is all the talking I do. Her cello voice was drowned somewhere in the sound of falling flowers, in marriage, in the new thought of bombs falling on women with flowers, with teacups. But this particular teacup and its golden shoreline escaped, and she and I have both sat with it in our kitchens. She gave it to me.

Mothers know their daughters go to their bedrooms and try on the



"The feature goes on at six-ten, eight-ten, and ten-ten."

• •

strange clothes women wear and look at themselves in the full-length mirror, trying to understand the future, the lipstick, the bras. Is there a mother who gives a daughter a teacup and thinks it is not also inspected?

"Mother," I said last week when I was over to visit and she was putting red tulips in a vase, talking about how everybody she knew smoked and how she was glad I'd never taken it up. "Mother, everybody I know, they're always talking about their parents, trying to figure out their mothers. Did you do that? My friends, we all do that."

"No," she said. "We didn't, I guess. We didn't talk the way you do. We didn't, you know, have *relationships*." Then she remembered about the teacups, and we changed the conversation.

If she were alone having a cup of tea, as I am now, she would be smoking a cigarette, staring dreamily out the kitchen window, absently rubbing her index finger over the nail of her thumb (she still uses nail polish) in circle after circle. The smoke would be circling around her head of honey-and-smoke hair. Just sitting. I can see her.

This afternoon, though, it is my finger looped in the ear of this European cup. She is not the only submerged figure I see—she and this buoyant cabbage-head rose. There is so much sinking, no hand can hold all that has happened.

We sit around a kitchen table, my friends and I, and try to describe even one thing, but it flies apart in words. Whole afternoons go. Women often waste time this way. But history has to get written somehow. There are all these souvenirs in our houses. We have to wash and dust them. They get handed down when there's no way of explaining things. It's as if my mother has always been saying, Darling, look at the teacup. It has more to say.

—PATRICIA HAMPL

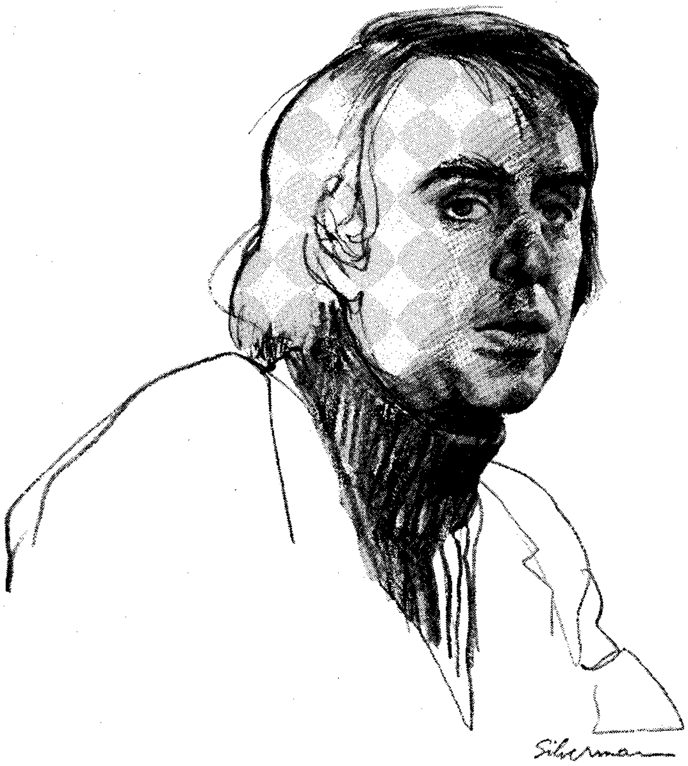
•

Watkins does not provide the rounded, balanced perspective that would enable his readers to make valid independent judgments of the hisoricity of his work. But that was not his purpose. What he does is violate the precept once honored in historical writing that "The historian who aspires to be a jug must try his case by a ode unknown to the defendent."—*Book review in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Not a bad precept to violate.

PROFILES

A RESONANCE WITH SOMETHING ALIVE—II



Carl Sagan

IF all goes according to plan, this July 4th, at about 6:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time, the lander section of Viking 1, the first of two unmanned American spacecraft scheduled to arrive at Mars this summer, will separate from the craft's orbiter section, which will remain in space, circling the planet, and head down to the surface of Mars—a trip that will take about three and a half hours. When it reaches an altitude of about eight hundred thousand feet, the lander, inside a sort of pod called an aeroshell, should enter the Martian atmosphere, travelling at a speed of more than ten thousand miles an hour and planing with an amount of lift that will keep it from plunging too steeply and overheating. It is expected that the lander will plane for well over three hundred miles across the planet, getting ever closer to the ground; at about twenty thousand feet, when the speed is down to five hundred and sixty miles an hour, the aeroshell will pop off and the craft's parachute will unfurl. The landing site has to be at a low enough altitude so that Mars' rarefied atmosphere will be sufficiently dense to slow the craft by means of the parachute; this has meant the elimination of about three-quarters of the planet from consideration. Inevitably, some promising sites have had to be ignored, but even so the scientists working with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration are far from unhappy, because the low sites are the ones that are most likely to have moisture and thus perhaps life.

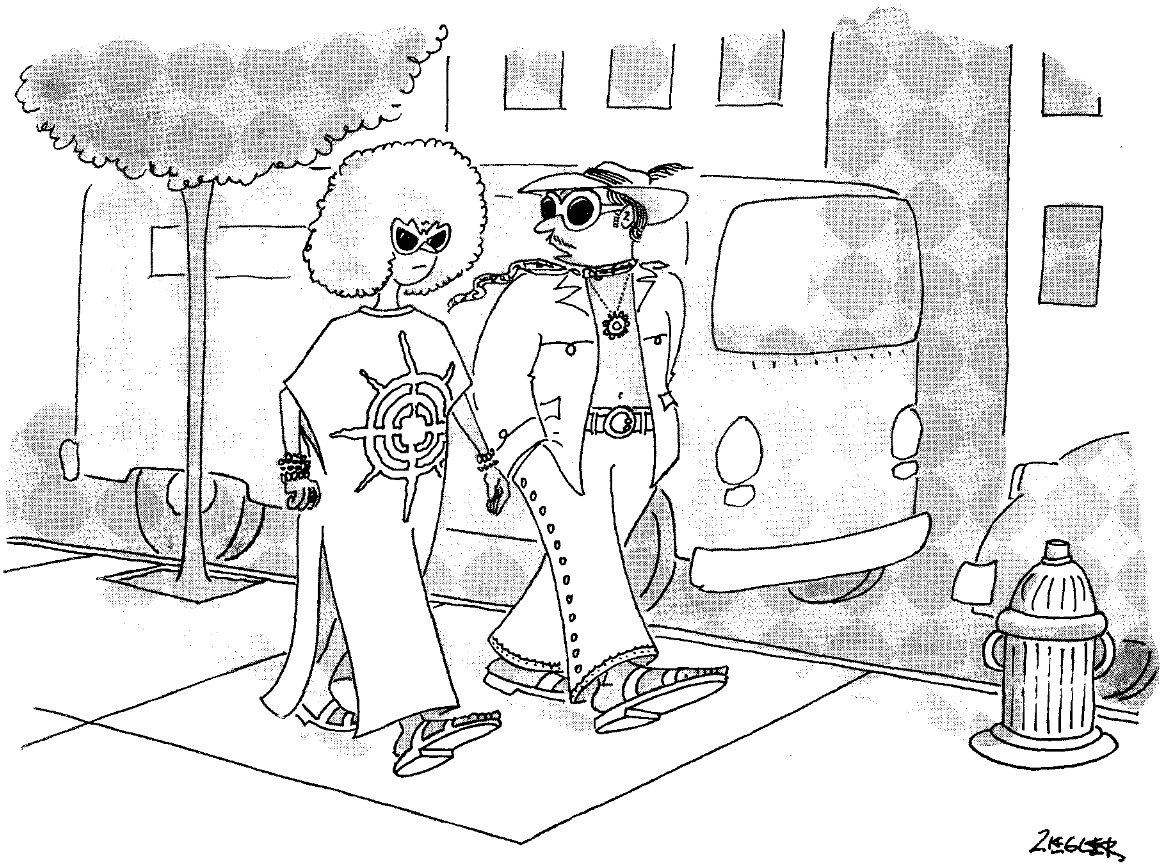
Among the scientists working on the Viking mission, the one who is most deeply preoccupied with the question of whether there is any sort of life on Mars—from microbial on up—is Dr. Carl Sagan, a controversial Cornell University astronomer with a strong background in biology. The forty-one-year-old Sagan, who has been much involved with various space explorations, is currently a member of the lander imaging team—the group of scientists studying visual data sent back by the craft. With a close friend and associate, a Nobel Prize biologist at Stanford University named Dr. Joshua Lederberg, Sagan, who is widely known as an author, editor, lecturer, and television talk-show participant, has long been engrossed with what Lederberg has christened "exobiology"—the study of extraterrestrial life.

Years ago, Sagan and Lederberg suggested that on Mars, which is drier and colder than earth, there might be "microenvironments," or isolated spots, that would be particularly hospitable to life; presumably, they would be low areas, such as the bottoms of chasms, where there might once have been rivers, or where the warmth of the rocks might have melted underground permafrost geothermally to make subsurface pools. Water is essential to carbon-based life, such as we have on earth, and which most exobiologists agree is the kind most likely to turn up on Mars, too. Since it is hard to land spacecraft in chasms, Viking 1, floating on its chute, will head instead for another promising spot, commensurate with a safe landing, on a flat plain in the northern hemisphere known as Chryse, near what look like the mouths of four dried-up streambeds spread out below the spacecraft—Ares Vallis, Tiu Vallis, Simud Vallis, and Shalbatana Vallis, which have their sources in highlands many hundreds of miles to the south. There are a number of such channels on Mars, and they aroused speculation about the possibility of water—and life—there when they were discovered by Mariner 9, our previous Mars mission, which photographed the entire planet from orbit in 1971-72. The names of the streambeds were derived from those of ancient gods of war in Greek and Old English and from the names for the planet Mars in Sumerian and Akkadian—at the suggestion of Sagan, who felt that the nomenclature on Mars should represent a diversity of cultures. One of the streambeds, Simud, appears to originate in a chasm, which, in turn, leads from the Valles Marineris, the great rift valley of Mars; but the three others have their sources in chaotic, broken-up terrain, which many geologists think may be where water once welled up when permafrost was melted geothermally—the only way most geologists now believe there ever could have been liquid water on the surface of Mars. With the permafrost depleted, the ground would eventually have collapsed, to form the chaotic terrain there now. This year, as the day of the landing grew nearer, many scientists, Sagan among them, began hedging their bets about water's having been what carved out the Martian channels; at a scientific conference at the Kennedy Space Center at Cape Canaveral last August, prior to the launch of Viking 1, Sagan himself pointed out that there were at least four other possible explanations for their origin: excavations by wind-transported sand, cracks in the ground, liquid carbon dioxide, and flowing lava. Nevertheless, Sagan and most other scientists still consider water the most likely agent.

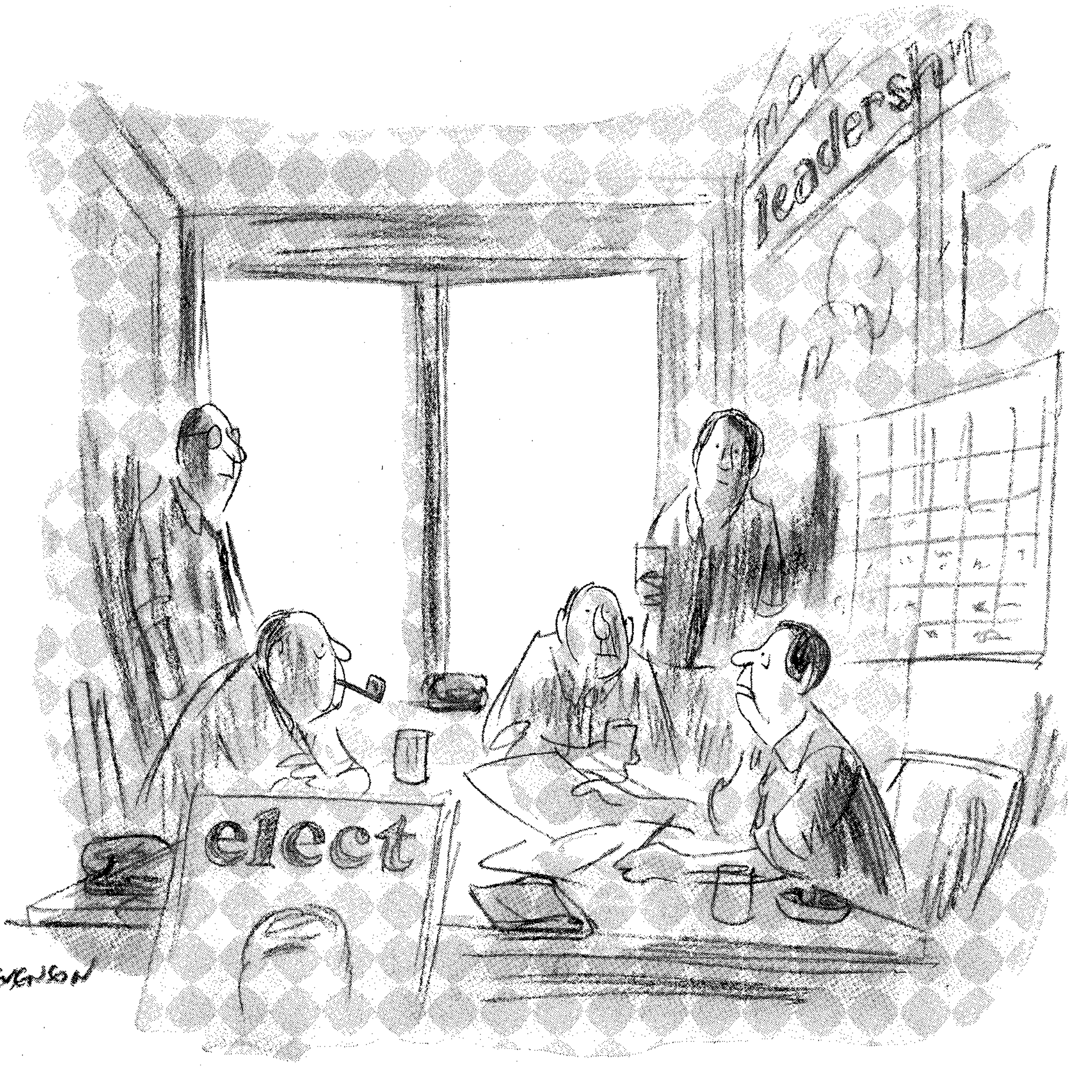
Vikings 1 and 2 will be landing when it is summer in the north of Mars, the best season to look for water and life. The lander of Viking 2, which will touch down about two months after Viking 1, will most probably arrive a thousand miles northeast of Chryse, on a vast lowland called Cydonia, which was selected because it is in a latitude that is more likely than anywhere else in the north to have water at this time of year. (There are alternative sites for both landers. The final decision about where each will touch down will be made a few days before landing.) According to the latest estimates, the rarefied Martian atmosphere is ordinarily one one-thousandth water vapor—a figure that seems to rise to one two- or three-hundredth in summer around noon in mid-latitudes. Dr. Crofton Farmer, head of Viking's water-vapor mapping team, feels that the best explanation for the increment in vapor is that, on top of a layer of permafrost that remains unchanging underground, there may be a second, seasonal layer of frost—he calls it tempafrost—which vaporizes in summer at midday and re-forms as the temperature drops. Cydonia was picked as the site for the Viking 2 landing because it is at a point on that craft's flight path that is near the northern polar region, where the tempafrost should be thickest, yet far enough south so that there will be enough sunlight and warmth to vaporize it. The result would not cause a major flood; at best, for a few hours around noon over a period of maybe a week or two in midsummer there might be some slush just below the surface.

The cameras aboard Viking 1 will not yet be working as it descends toward Chryse, but if they were the visible differences between the surface of Mars and that of the moon would be very apparent: fewer small craters would be seen on the ground below than are seen on an approach to the moon, which is virtually airless; the Martian atmosphere burns up small meteors, letting only the larger ones hit the surface. Moreover, the wind tends to smooth over the craters, further reducing their number. On an approach to the moon, the number of craters appears to increase all the way to the ground, but on an approach to Mars the number would appear to stop increasing at a certain altitude, so that the general aspect of the terrain would remain the same the rest of the way down. Streaks of dust that the wind has deposited in the lee of the larger craters would provide another way for a space traveller to know he was approaching Mars, not the moon. The ground is smoother than a lunar *mare*, and since it is reddish-orange, it will look more like a terrestrial desert. Finally, Sagan suggests that Mars may be less like the moon and more like the earth in a most important way: Life may exist there, even if it isn't evident to an approaching spacecraft. After all, if the spacecraft were landing in the Sahara, another place that appears quite barren even from low altitudes, it would upon closer inspection turn out to contain date palms, camels, Arabs, and oases—microenvironments of a sort. In *Icarus*, a scientific journal Sagan edits, he and a colleague published a paper in 1971 saying that the three earlier American missions to Mars, during which Mariners 4, 6, and 7 flew past and photographed the planet, afforded no chance at all of discovering even a civilization as advanced as our own, and that Mariner 9, whose cameras had a resolution in some areas of a hundred metres—that is, they could make out objects about the size of a football field but no smaller—provided only a "modest" chance of detecting a civilization as advanced as ours, and no chance of detecting anything of lesser visibility. At the scientific conference just before the launch of Viking 1, Sagan showed a photograph, taken by Mariner 9, of what looked very much like a couple of pyramids at the limit of the camera's resolution; although he did not mean to suggest the existence of Martian pharaohs, he said, he did mean to suggest that as spacecraft went ever closer to the surface, achieving ever higher resolution, the scientists should be prepared for surprises.

For example, the Martian atmosphere, which Viking must go through, is a potential area for the unexpected, since NASA, whose Langley Research Center is in overall charge of the Viking project, does not know exactly what is in it. Only recently, for instance, it was ascertained by accident that it might include the gas argon, a fact that caused some scientists to worry about whether Viking's landing sequence (the timing for the parachutes and the retro-rockets) would be affected; although it was not, the new information meant that the sequence of one of the experiments aboard the lander had to be changed. The argon was discovered as the result of the erratic behavior of a vacuum pump during the descent of a Soviet spacecraft that ceased to transmit data upon landing; it is upon such fortuitous events as this that the character of the Viking mission has sometimes depended. The most constant criticism of the project has been



"I don't know what's happening, but lately I've been feeling afraid of my own clothes."

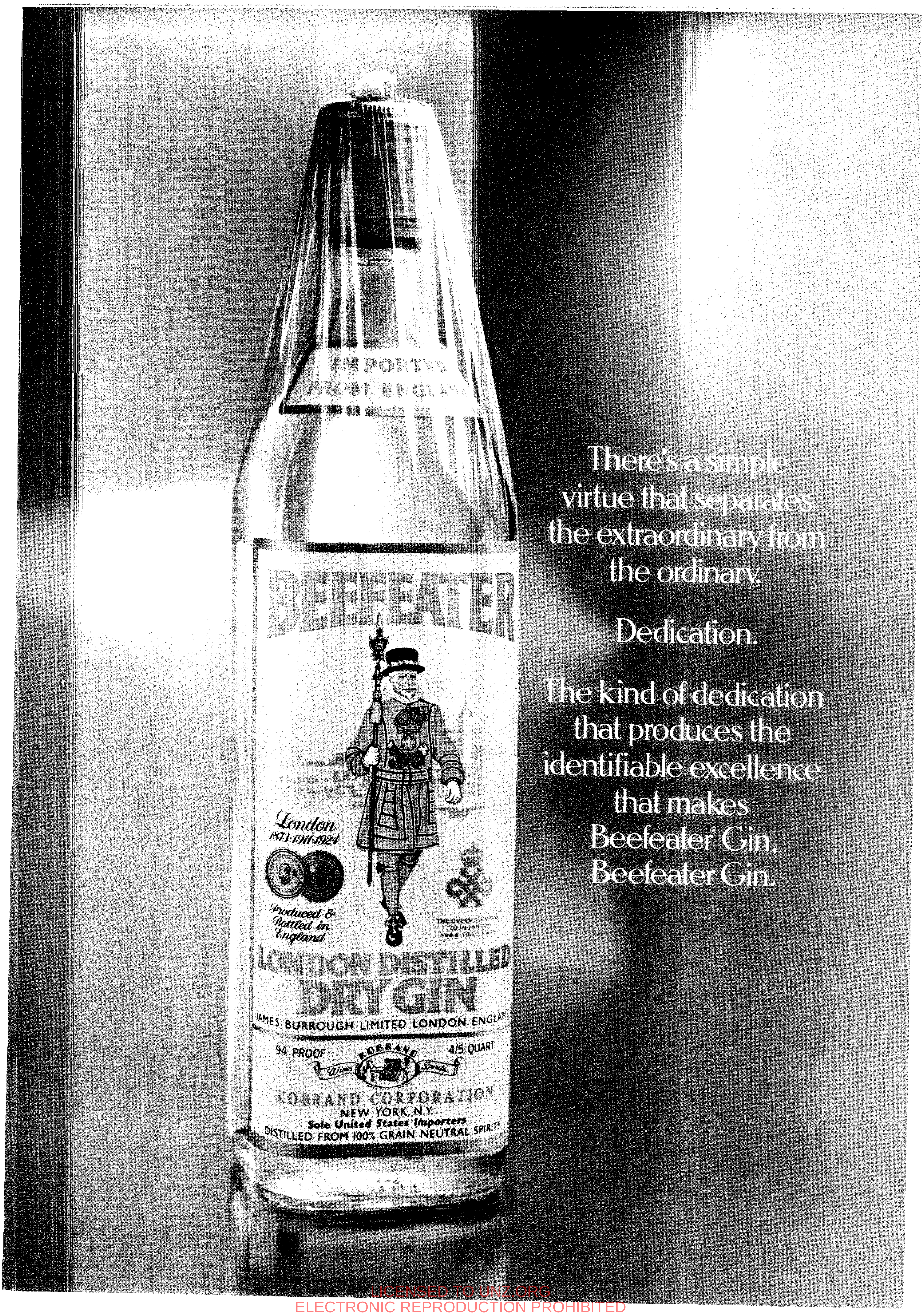


"All in favor of waffling say 'Aye.'"

that it is trying to do too much too soon; that the exploration of Mars should have been conducted in slower stages. One Viking scientist said, "What you need is a rational strategy with steps. Why wasn't the first lander a hard one—that is, one that impacted on the surface and did something like measure the atmosphere on the way down? You need an orderly progression when you go to a new planet, as we did with the moon: First you have a flyby mission; then perhaps an orbiter, followed by impacting a hard lander, which can sample the atmosphere; and *then* you have a soft lander. If we'd gone in steps, we'd know what was in the atmosphere of Mars now, so we'd know what we were doing—and not rely on prayer wheels. The agency could be in deep yogurt on this one."

Viking scientists are understandably nervous about unknown factors on Mars. According to NASA, the Russians have launched at least thirteen craft toward Mars, though they only acknowledge eight. Of these eight, the ones known as Mars 1 and Zond 2 vanished without a trace. Mars 2 achieved orbit, and a lander hit the surface but was not heard from again (the Russians announced that it had taken a pennant to the planet—their way of putting the best face on a failure); Mars 3 landed successfully but died after sending back featureless television data for only twenty seconds. Both these craft arrived during a huge 1971 dust storm, recorded by our Mariner 9, and because our craft could be reprogrammed (although it was only an orbiter with no lander accompanying it), it was able to send back by far the most data to come from any mission thus far. The Russian craft, being entirely preprogrammed, sent their landers uselessly into the storm while their orbiters transmitted pictures of a dust-concealed planet. Mars 4 and 5 were orbiters; the former failed to achieve orbit, and the latter was only slightly more successful; it orbited for ten days, and returned some sixty photographs of the surface. Mars 6 and 7 were simply "space buses" designed to carry landers to the planet. Mars 6 got within moments of landing, but when its retro-rockets were supposed to ignite contact with it was lost; this was the craft whose erratic vacuum pump led to the discovery of the argon. The Mars 7 lander missed the planet completely. The failed craft represented a vast effort on the part of the Soviet Union. Mars 2 and 3, their orbiter-lander combinations, are thought to have weighed more than ten thousand pounds—substantially more than the Viking orbiter and lander, which together weigh not quite eight thousand pounds.

In the wake of the series of Soviet disasters, about all that Viking has going for it is greater flexibility—something that some scientists who have dealt with the Russians believe reflects a basic difference between the two countries rather than a mere difference between spacecraft. The landing sites will be monitored before lander separation by the Viking orbiters and a lander will not be permitted to begin its trip down to the surface until the Site Certification Group—a team of scientists at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena, California, from which the craft are controlled—is satisfied that conditions on Mars are right. The group is not expecting any global dust storms, such as the one that greeted Mariner 9 on its arrival, because these seem to occur only when Mars, in its elliptical orbit, is closest to the sun. Vikings 1 and 2 will be landing when Mars is farthest from the sun. Smaller dust storms are quite possible, though, and the group will be checking on whether there are any in the vicinity of the landing site. Whatever the planet may provide, Sagan has a couple of possible surprises in mind that are making life difficult for the Site Certification Group. One is that winds of six or seven hundred miles an hour can blow up out of nowhere on Mars, at any place and at any time, to destroy a spacecraft during a landing. The chairman of the Site Certification Group, Harold Masursky, is frequently put off balance by Sagan's ideas about the planet, which tend toward the exotic; like most geologists, Masursky, who is a senior scientist at the Branch of Astrogeologic Studies of the United States Geological Survey, in Flagstaff, Arizona, is quite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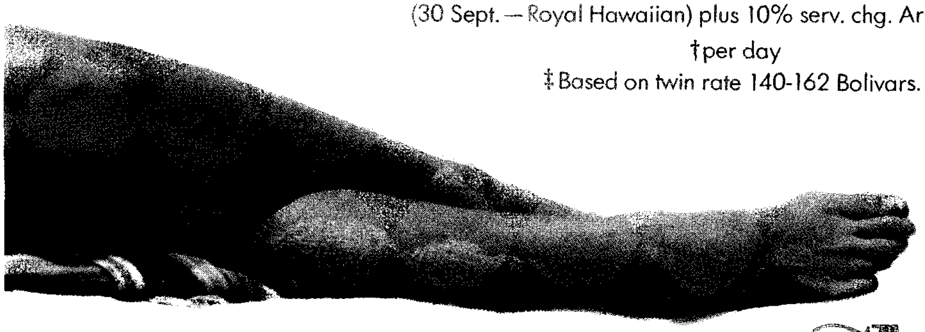

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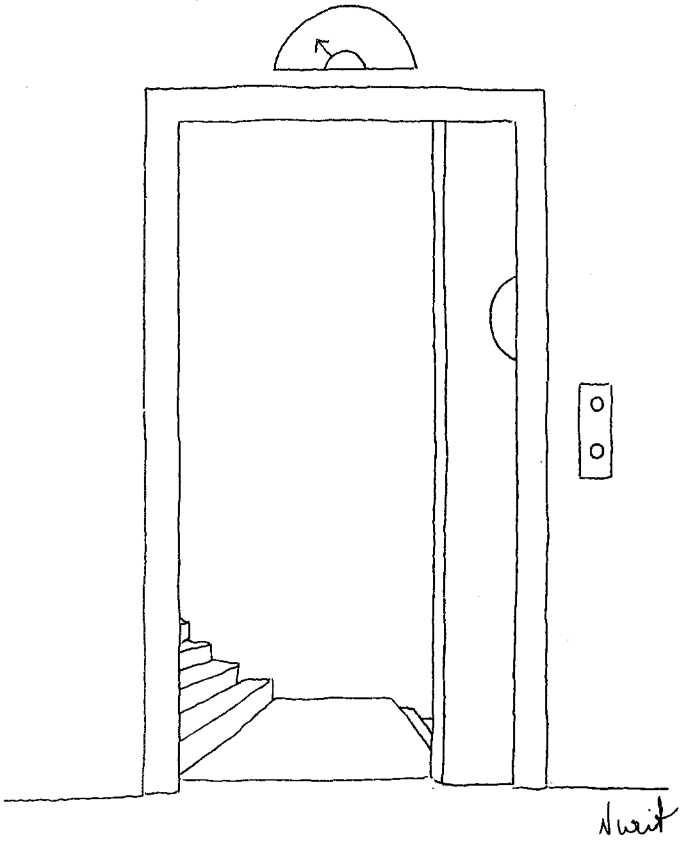
pragmatic about Mars. Masursky was once told by a colleague that he should have got a medal for running a committee—the Mariner 9 imaging team—that included both Sagan and a scientist with whom Sagan nearly always manages to disagree; namely, Dr. Bruce C. Murray, a geologist at the California Institute of Technology. Masursky, as it happens, is not without strong opinions himself, and the three scientists are constantly at loggerheads. Murray, for instance, used to believe that Mars was a cold planet, and Masursky, a sardonic man with long black hair and a thin, alert face, was highly amused when Murray, upon seeing Mariner 9's photographs of calderas—huge volcanic cones—on Mars, shifted to a belief in an awakening Mars instead of to a Mars that had been awake for a long time. "Having said all along that Mars was cold and dead, an awakening planet was the next best thing," Masursky said. (Later evidence indicated that Mars was not "awakening." Several of its volcanoes were formed fairly early in its history.) Volcanoes have important implications for life on a planet. On earth, at least, they are thought to be the source of the atmosphere and, indirectly, of the water in the oceans, which condensed from the atmosphere. Masursky's specialty is volcanism, and years ago, before men went to the moon, he used to argue that it had volcanoes, which proved not to be true; consequently, he regarded the discovery of the volcanoes on Mars, a concept that Murray had long held out against, as a sort of vindication.

As for Sagan's notion that a seven-hundred-mile-an-hour wind might arise out of nowhere and zap the spacecraft as it lands, Masursky's eyes are apt to cross at the mere mention of it. The winds on Mars appear to average between ten and twenty miles an hour most of the time, though most scientists agree that they can get up to two or three hundred. Because the atmosphere is so thin, though, a hundred-mile-an-hour wind on Mars would feel like a ten-mile-an-hour wind on earth, and Viking could land safely in a hundred-and-fifty-mile-an-hour Martian breeze. But Sagan's seven-hundred-mile-an-hour wind would be more than enough to wreck a spacecraft during a landing. Vikings 1 and 2 will be landing at 4 P.M. Mars time, however, a time of day when the winds are apt to be calm. Masursky once told Sagan that if the wind velocity was regularly as high as Sagan thought, Mars would long since have been worn down to the size of Phobos, one of its tiny moons. The speed has to be inferred from such things as the length of the tails of dust in the lee of the craters, estimates of the size of the dust particles, and the density of the atmosphere. "The data on the wind velocities are very squashy," Masursky said recently. "If you take the most extreme circumstances—the smallest-size particles, blowing about in the highest altitudes, where you have the rarest atmosphere—then you will get extremely high wind velocities." Masursky thinks that Sagan sometimes arrives at his theories by picking all the extreme cases and adding them up. The two scientists frequently disagreed at meetings of another committee they served on—the one that selected the landing sites. Masursky, who naturally wanted sites more interesting to geologists, almost managed to designate as a landing site a big highland volcano, Tyrrhenum Patera, which he said would be like landing on the edge of Mt. Rainier. Sagan said that in the Mariner 9 photographs the dust streaks around the mountain were evidence of high winds there—whereupon Masursky pointed out that those streaks were the aftermath of the global dust storm that had been blowing two and a half years before. Sagan, who is very good at thinking up epithets to stigmatize things he doesn't like, then began referring to Tyrrhenum Patera as "Masursky's kamikaze site," and that was the end of that. Sagan feels that in dealing with the unknown the outside chance should never be ignored. A few years ago, he himself was guilty of ignoring a one-in-a-million shot, and he has never forgotten it. After a Russian spacecraft had landed on Venus in 1967, a Soviet scientist, Dr. A. D. Kuzmin, claimed that it had come down on a mountaintop, and Sagan replied that he did not think this was very likely. Kuzmin asked him what he thought the probability was that the first German bomb to land on Leningrad in the Second World War would kill the only elephant in the city's zoo. "I admitted that the chance was very small indeed," Sagan wrote penitently in one of his several books, "The Cosmic Connection." "He responded, triumphantly, with the information that such was indeed the fate of the Leningrad elephant." Even though it was ultimately concluded that the Venus probe had not landed on a mountaintop, Sagan clearly doesn't intend to be caught out again by any Leningrad elephants, on Mars or anywhere else.



AT an altitude of four thousand six hundred feet, forty seconds before Viking touches down, its retro-rockets will fire and its parachute, which has slowed the lander's speed of descent to about a hundred and forty miles an hour, will be jettisoned. In deference to any microbes that might happen to be at the landing site, Viking's retro-rockets are not the single jet of flame upon which lunar modules used to ride down to the moon; those seared the ground for yards around. Viking will ride down, at about six miles an hour, on three smaller rockets, each of which has eighteen little jets, as though the rockets were shower heads. Consequently, any microbes in the vicinity, instead of being fried, will be subjected to little more than a warming wind. The fuel the rockets will use has also been refined in such a way as to minimize the effect of the descent. As the craft settles down, its three legs will compress to absorb the shock, pushing three round footpads slightly outward. Because of the lag between the time a signal is sent from Mars and the time it is received on earth, the scientists and engineers at J.P.L. won't know whether Viking has landed safely until some eighteen minutes after the event.

To Masursky's consternation, Sagan warns that the Viking lander may keep right on going into the ground and sink out of sight. A few scientists, Sagan being vociferously among them, believe that the surface of Mars is strewn in places with soft and loosely packed dust that might not support the spacecraft—an idea that was originally promulgated in relation to the moon, more than a decade ago, by Thomas Gold, the director of the Center for Radiophysics and Space Research at Cornell, of which Sagan is a staff member. The concept is one of a number of old ones about the moon which have been refashioned slightly and transferred to Mars. (In regard to the moon, where there is a strong vacuum, the theory held that the deep dust had been deposited by electrostatic currents; on Mars the responsible agent would be the wind.) Like Sagan, Gold has a flair for the dramatic or the improbable in science, and is not apt to give up easily. Masursky, who was also involved with NASA during the trips to the moon, remembers that at the time of Apollo 11, after several unmanned Surveyors had landed safely, Gold was still insisting that the astronauts ought to wear snowshoes and be equipped with avalanche cords on their helmets, so that they could be pulled up if they sank in. While Masursky was going around to scientific conventions arguing that the moon was hot and volcanic, Gold was following him arguing that it was cold and primitive. (Both men were proved wrong when the Apollo missions revealed the moon to be neither actively volcanic nor completely inert.) Yet only recently Gold was suggesting that the Martian calderas weren't volcanoes at all but pingos, which are mountains thrown up by underground deposits of ice. Though many scientists are frequently irritated by Gold and Sagan, they feel that the two have a special value. "They generate a vast quantity of ideas, a good many of which are wrong, but people are galvanized to disprove them," a geologist who knows them both has said. "Their ideas are so outrageous! Even more outrageous, of course, are the Immanuel Velikovskys and the Erich von Dänikens, who are so far out that few people consider them worth disproving." Velikovsky, a psychoanalyst who strayed into other fields, has argued that ancient catastrophes, such as the flood described in the Bible, may have been the result of planets' straying from their orbits. Von Däniken has suggested that the earth has been visited in prehistoric times by astronauts from other worlds. Sagan, in fact, is one of the chief critics of both.

The geologist went on, "Sagan and Gold, though, are within the circle of those that you have to pay attention to and take the trouble to disprove, for what they say *could* be true, and in disproving them science is advanced. And there's always the chance that they might be right. Considering the number of ideas they throw out, if they were right just one time in a hundred that would be enough to give them a considerable reputation."

MOST geologists don't think much of the notion of deep, soft dust on Mars. "Those who think the spacecraft is going to sink out of sight are full of malarkey, but I can't prove it," one geologist said. "We geologists tend to be earthy about this matter," said Dr. Thomas A. Mutch, a mild-mannered geologist from Brown University, who is the leader of the lander imaging team, and whose mild manners are said to be sometimes subject to great strain. "It is difficult for me to conceive of these exotic fluffy materials that the astronomers and astrophysicists think up. I look at the pictures of Mars from Mariner 9, and I say the ground looks good. Sagan says that the resolution is poor—only hundred-metre objects show up. I say, 'Yes, I know that, but I can extrapolate from what I know of the earth and the moon.' He says, 'Yes, but can you really be sure?' And, of course, I can't."

Sagan, who can't, either, nonetheless has a way of appropriating the unknown to his side of any argument. "Just because deep dust didn't turn up on the moon doesn't mean it won't on Mars," he has said, using his favorite grammatical construction, the double negative, which allows controversial statements to slip down more easily. Sagan says he uses it in order to hold on to an idea in the face of the intolerance that many of his colleagues show toward ambiguities in science. Gold, who is blunter than Sagan and doesn't resort to double negatives, said a while ago, "Deep dust on Mars? Of course Mars has deep dust." And Dr. Frank Drake, a colleague of Gold's and Sagan's, who is director of the radio telescope in Arecibo, Puerto Rico, which Cornell operates for the National Science Foundation, the instrument that has provided most of the radar readings for Mars, says forthrightly, "Some places on Mars turn out, under radar, to be loosely packed dust, and Viking *could* sink up to its eyeballs."

Even Masursky, who, as chairman of the Site Certification Group, is the one who will have to decide what weight to give the Cornell astronomers' warnings, admits that when radar waves are bounced off Mars they give what he and everyone else call "odd reflectivities." Radar signals are like a lot of balls bounced off a surface: if the ground is hard and level the balls come bouncing straight back, but if it's soft fewer of them come back; the others get absorbed, causing what radar experts call "a diffuse echo." "The radar that was bounced off Mars at places near Chryse, the Viking 1 landing site, returned signals that were a little more diffuse than the readings we got on the moon, so the softness of the ground *is* a proper subject to be worried about," Masursky said recently. There are other explanations for diffuse echoes; one is that the surface at the landing site is hilly or rough, so that a number of the hypothetical balls would bounce off at odd angles and not come back. This is the explanation that Masursky and most of the other geologists favor. As it happens, the landing site for Viking 2, Cydonia, is too far north to be examined by radar from earth, and Chryse had not, since the time of its selection in 1974, been in a position in relation to the earth which would make a direct radar reading possible until last week. It has been bracketed by two radar readings, though; the one to the northeast gave a solid echo, but the one to the northwest gave a diffuse one. Masursky's belief that the diffuse signals reflected not soft ground but rough terrain is based on the fact that in the Mariner 9 photographs of the area the terrain to the northwest showed many wind streaks, and so probably consists of sand dunes, which would give a diffuse echo not necessarily because they are soft but because they constitute hilly ground. Sagan, who is adept at taking the other fellow's model—as scientists like to call a concept they are exploring—and making it look worse than his own, has

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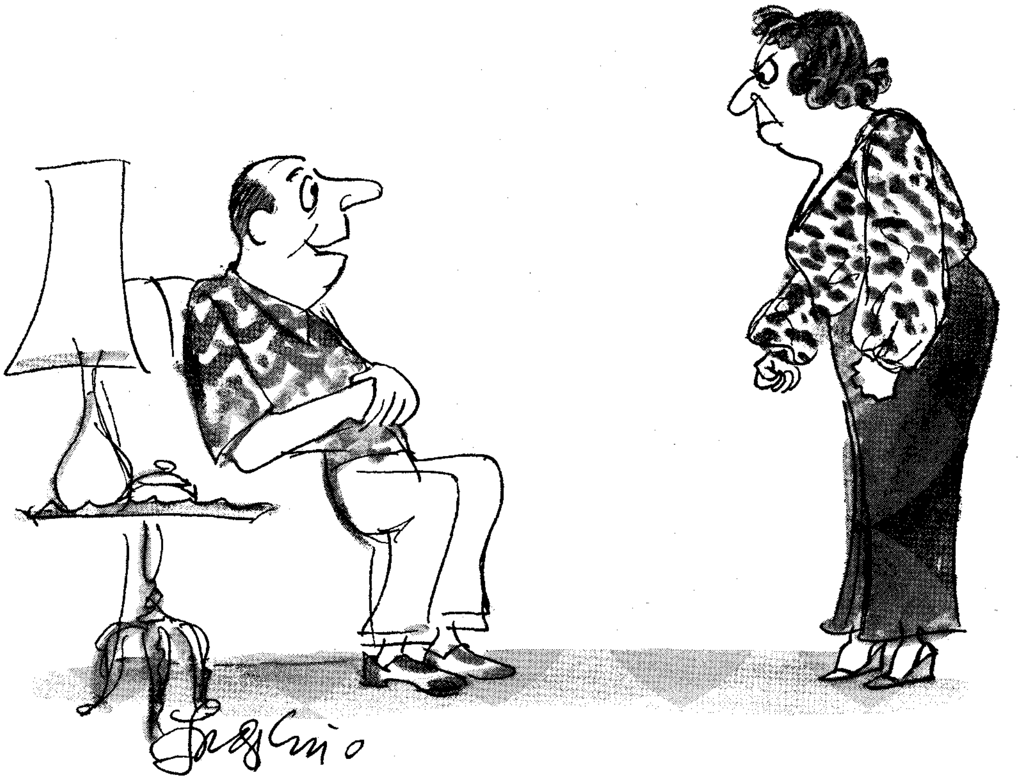

"I love it when you call me Mr. Know-It-All."

• •

said that hilly ground would be as dangerous as soft ground. Masursky replies that two of the unmanned Surveyors came down safely on nineteen-degree slopes on the moon. Viking has had successful landing tests on slopes of twenty-five degrees, and he doesn't think that it will have to contend with anything steeper on Mars. Now that a direct reading is possible, the Site Certification Group is "working like hell," in Masursky's words, to analyze the new radar data before the go-ahead is given to Viking 1 to land at Chryse; data of this sort normally take six months to analyze. Masursky, who is spending a substantial part of his budget on the questions raised by the Cornell astronomers, is using the radio telescope at Arecibo and another at Goldstone, California, to make the necessary rapid analysis. Sagan isn't a member of the Site Certification Group. Some scientists feel that he is so inventive that he is not the best person to have around when options are being narrowed down. "Carl has a way of expanding them," one scientist said.

IF the Viking 1 lander doesn't sink up to its eyeballs, several things will happen as soon as it has landed. A big, dishlike radio antenna will pop up and swivel toward the Viking 1 orbiter, which, with its more powerful transmitter, will handle the lander's communications with the earth. A short arm, with a boxlike weather station at the end, will extend to one side of the lander. (The temperature at the landing site should range between twenty degrees above zero Fahrenheit at noon and one hundred and thirty-five degrees below zero at night.) And exactly twenty-four seconds after touchdown, by which time the dust (if there is any) kicked up by the rockets should have settled, one of two cameras perched side by side on top of the lander will start taking the first picture of the surface. The Viking lander is a low, sleek, squat craft, designed to be proof against the winds and storms of Mars. It is painted a battleship gray, and, like a battleship, its superstructure is covered with odd bumps and turrets, which have been smoothed in order to present no rough edges to the wind; they screen fuel tanks and instruments. Viking's main hull is a six-sided aluminum box, eighteen inches deep. Its sides are alternately forty-three and twenty-two inches, and it is held nine inches off the ground by the three legs. The two gray cameras look like a pair of funnels on a ship; in front of them, where they will be able to photograph what it is doing, is the main sampler arm—a shovel on an extendable pole, which at touchdown will be coiled inside its housing. Between the cameras, like ventilators on a ship, are three gray hoppers, into which the sampler arm will later drop Martian soil. The hoppers will convey the soil below decks, where three main instruments will analyze it: the X-ray fluorescence spectrometer, which will assay the soil for inorganic material; the gas chromatograph mass spectrometer (GCMS), which will analyze the Martian atmosphere and also play a part in the search for life by looking for organic compounds (those based on carbon); and the biology package, which is itself divided into three instruments for detecting living microbes. Behind the cameras is a seismometer, housed in a low rectangular box.

The scientists at J.P.L. are eager to get the first picture back to earth quickly, before the orbiter, which relays it to earth, gets out of the lander's range; since the only Soviet craft that made a successful soft landing on Mars ceased to send signals twenty seconds after touchdown, it seems that speed may be important, although the cameras work very slowly. They are of a type known as "facsimile" cameras, which the Russians used in their lunar and Venus landings. The lenses are behind long, narrow slits; a mirror inside the slit moves up and down, reflecting the view through the lens line by line onto an array of light-sensitive diodes as the camera slowly revolves; later, at J.P.L., the picture will emerge in vertical strips, a little as if a man were papering a billboard. (If dust gets on the glass pane covering the slit, a small jet of gas can clean it off, and if dust gets beneath the camera, so that it is unable to swivel, a tap from the sampler arm can set it going again.) The first picture will be just a small patch of ground around one of Viking's front footpads. Immediately after that, a second picture, a panorama of the horizon, will be taken; both will be in black and white, which can be transmitted faster than color; on the following day, or "sol," as the flight controllers call a Martian day, which is thirty-seven minutes and thirty-three seconds longer than a terrestrial one, the cameras will start photographing in color, and two days later they will begin taking stereoscopic pictures. Because the sunlight on Mars is much weaker than that on earth, the quality of the color photography may well be poor for the first few days, until the engineers at J.P.L. adjust the cameras to the unusual light—something they will do with the aid of a color chart on a windscreen behind one of the cameras. On the windscreen behind the other camera is the undulating star of the Bicentennial emblem. As the cameras—which are mounted low on the deck to take advantage of the spacecraft's warmth—rotate from color chart to Bicentennial emblem, their

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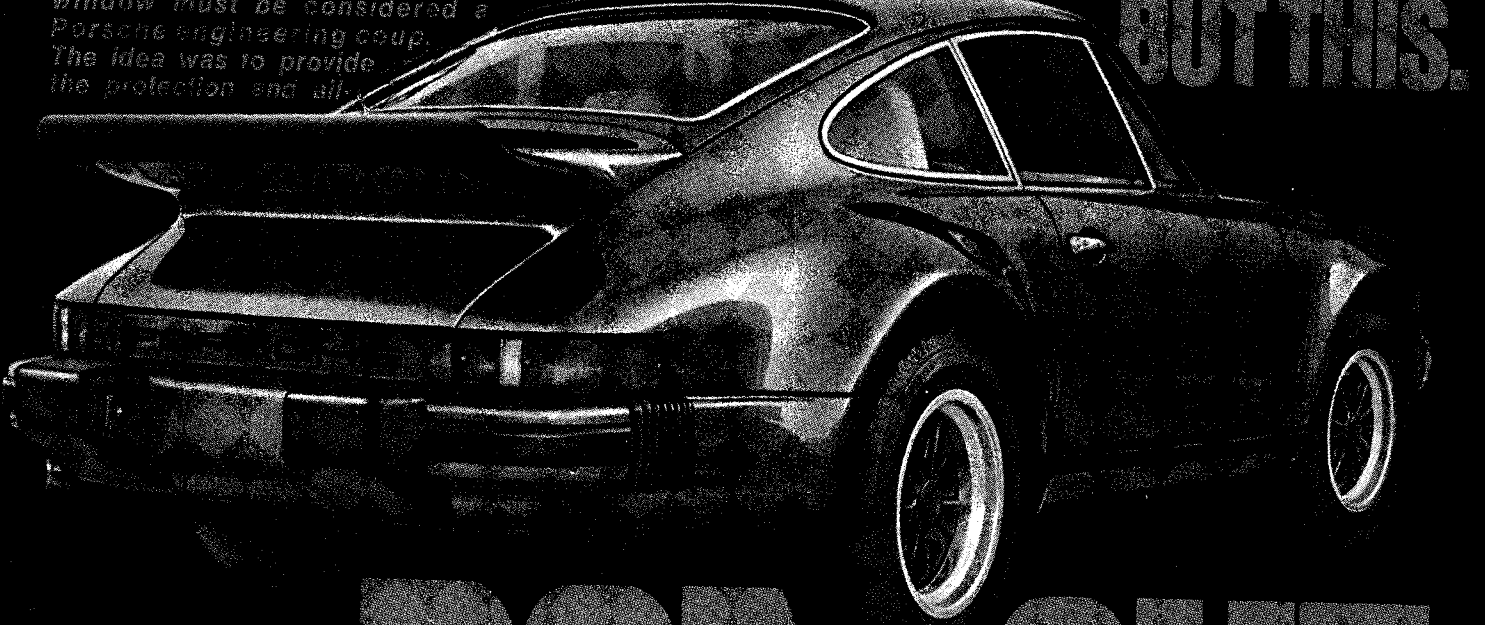
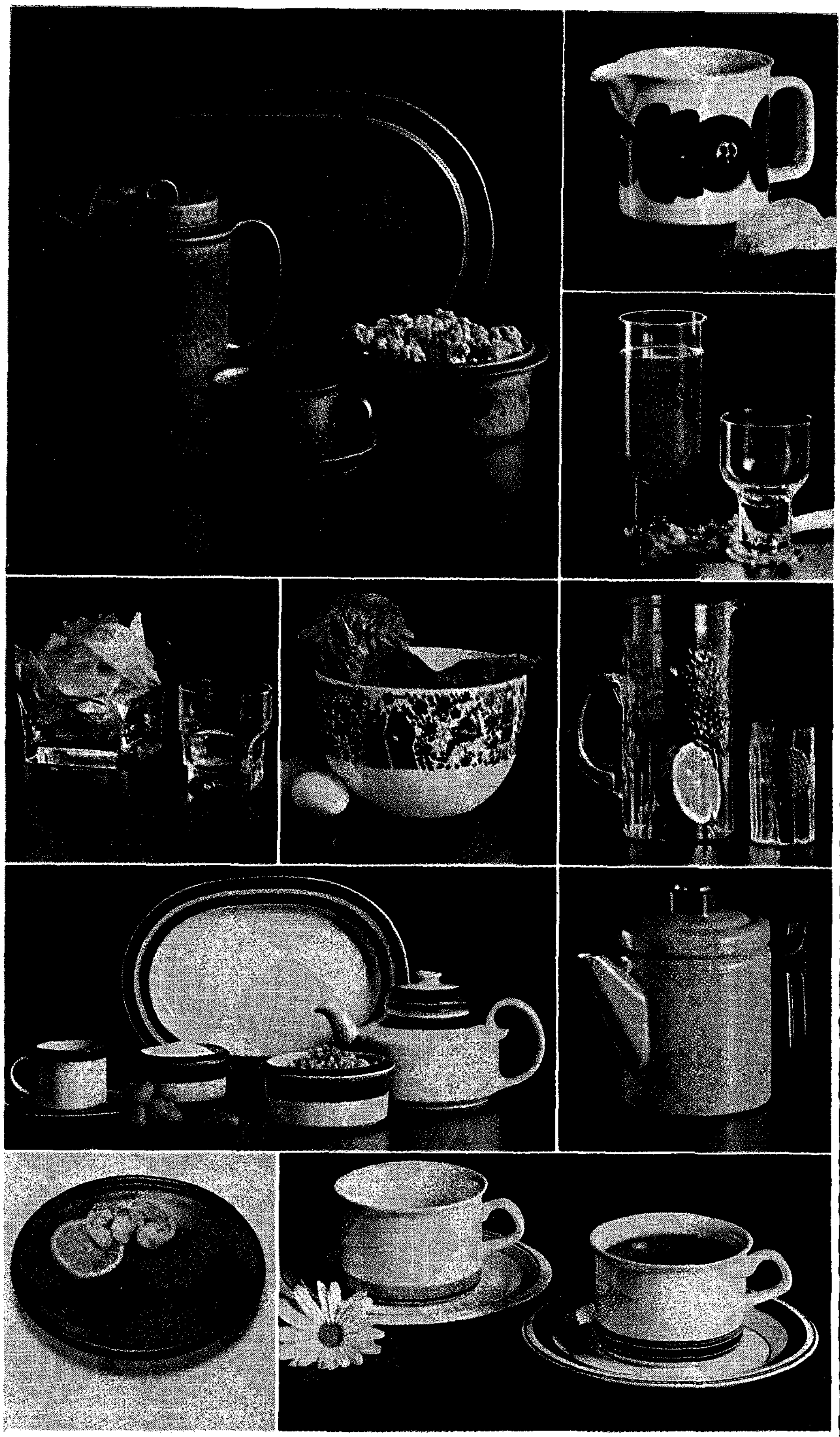


PORSCHE

view of Mars will be cut into by all the different knobs, funnels, and hoppers; consequently, the first view of Mars we get will be a furtive one, as though we were peering out at an enemy from a gun turret. As the pictures are pasted into a mosaic at J.P.L., the scientists and engineers will most likely see a rolling desert of reddish-orange sand or dust, heaped here and there in dunes. There may be a very few small craters visible, and the rims of larger ones may be seen farther off, as low, flat plateaus. In the distance, against the horizon, there may be wisps of windblown dust against a deep-blue sky. (The sky is bluest at the horizon, where the atmosphere appears thickest; overhead, the blue quickly darkens to indigo and then to the black of space, where stars twinkle even in daytime.) Mars' two moons may pass overhead, perhaps making streaks on the photographs as they move across the sky. Yellow clouds of dust or white clouds of ice crystals may drift by, and from time to time a snowflake of carbon dioxide may make a blur on the picture.

THOUGH most of the scientists say that as soon as they get a chance to look at the first photographs from Mars they will search them for any sign of life, most of them are prepared to give up the quest not long after they have scanned the flat, barren-looking landscape. Sagan, though, and probably his friend Joshua Lederberg, who is a member of the team in charge of the biology instruments, will continue to examine the photographs for indications of living things, because they think of the cameras as being a fifth instrument—in addition to the three biology instruments and the GCMS—for finding life. "*Someone* should look for these things," Sagan says. Since the Viking cameras cannot detect microscopic life forms, Sagan will be looking for what he calls "macrobes." This is a term he once coined to describe any life visible to the naked eye (as opposed to microbes, which are not), and since the cameras have about the same resolution as the eye, he finds the term useful to describe what he will be looking for on Mars. One of his major complaints about Viking is that it is not mounted on wheels or tractor treads (something that apparently could have been done at little extra cost if it had been thought of early enough). "I keep having this fantasy that there, twenty feet away, will be this tree or something, and we can't get to it," he said recently. Lederberg shares this concern, for he believes that if the Martian deserts are anything



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like earthly ones, and have vegetation on them, it will be in the form of widely scattered bushes and oases. Still, the trees and bushes—if they exist at all—might well be invisible to even completely mobile cameras, because a model for Martian trees which is popular with some biologists (though not with Lederberg) has them underground, to avoid the ultraviolet rays of the sun and the extremes of temperature, with long taproots descending to a remote water table or permafrost, with perhaps just a flat segment at ground level, like a manhole cover, which can absorb energy from the sun.

One of Sagan's arguments for the possibility of macrobes on Mars is that in cold, dry climates, where an animal must retain warmth and moisture, the bigger he is the better, because a larger creature has less surface area in relation to volume, and, of course, it is from an animal's surface that heat and moisture are lost. "Organisms with an interest in the conservation of heat and water thus may select larger sizes. (This is one reason why there are large mammals preferentially in the terrestrial Arctic)," Sagan wrote in another of his books, "Other Worlds." Next to these words is an aerial photograph of a polar bear sauntering across a snowfield, where he is almost as difficult to spot as he would be on a Martian ice cap—suggesting, the inference may be, why similarly protectively colored macrobes on Mars (if they exist) have not been detected so far. "Other Worlds" is a mixture of text, photographs, drawings, and poetry whose overall purpose is to incline the reader toward a greater receptivity to extraterrestrial life—an idea whose time, Sagan feels, has come. Where the black type covers the white snowfield and even impinges slightly on the back of the polar bear, he wrote, first allying himself with opponents of excesses such as those of Percival Lowell, the turn-of-the-century astronomer who thought Mars had canals built by a highly technological civilization:

> Some people are nervous about the possibility of life on Mars, even simple life. There have been so many premature and unsupported speculations on this topic that some scientists and newspaper editorialists often take the most conservative viewpoint they can imagine. They are sometimes found supporting the curious principle: "When faced with two alternatives, in a subject about which we know nothing, choose the least interesting."

No reader of "Other Worlds" is ever likely to make such a mistake. After pointing out that too little is known about Mars to exclude anything—a proposition that is normally used to make the opposite point—Sagan continues:

> When asked to picture what will be uncovered by the first few Mars landers, many scientists will admit the possibility of microscopic organisms (microbes), but will deny vehemently the possibility of macroscopic organisms (macrobes)—that is, beasts discernible to an unaided human eye on the surface of the planet.

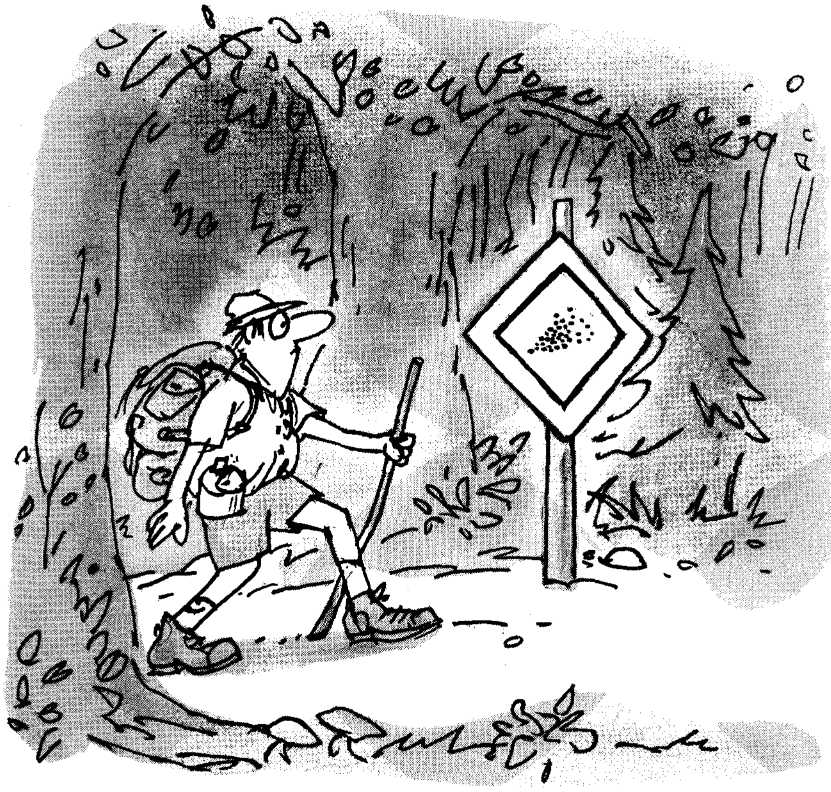
Though many scientists do indeed admit the possibility of microbes on Mars, they also argue that Mars is so cold and so dry, and its atmosphere so rarefied, that the possibility is not great; consequently, their lack of enthusiasm over the possibility of macrobes is actually less of an example of hidebound conservatism than Sagan implies. Sagan passes quietly close to, if not exactly into, the realm of Lowell:

> In fact, there is no reason to exclude from Mars organisms ranging in size from ants to polar bears. And there are even reasons why large organisms might do somewhat better than small organisms on Mars.

Not quite into the realm of Lowell, of course, because Sagan, by means of the double negative, has never once committed himself to the proposition that large animals do exist on Mars; he has merely held it up as an enticing possibility. Most scientists don't think that Sagan bears much resemblance to Lowell. "He is far too sophisticated a scientist, for one thing," a colleague has said. "But if Lowell hadn't existed, Sagan might have invented him."

The reason most scientists are willing to exclude the possibility of macrobes on Mars is that on earth organisms large enough to be seen are a result of perhaps four billion years of luxuriant evolution—an abundance that not even Sagan claims for Mars—and, even so, macrobes didn't appear on earth until six hundred million years ago, or within the last fifteen per cent of this planet's extremely active life span. For almost three billion years before that, life on earth had consisted of single cells that lived entirely in water; life apparently required a long incubation period in the ocean—a condition that was highly unlikely on Mars—before it evolved into multicellular forms. Lederberg, who had a hand in the original conception of the macrobes, does not appear to put as much weight on the idea as Sagan. "I don't know which of us arrived at the idea first, but it started with the notion that the harsh conditions on the surface of Mars might make it hard for small things, so big things were more likely to flourish there," he has said. "It's hard to imagine life starting off with a bang with, say, a giraffe, but if conditions on Mars were more hospitable long ago small organisms might have evolved into big ones. And in the Arctic you do have polar bears." However, Lederberg sounded as if he were trying to stretch his imagination in order not to be too earthbound in his thinking. Sagan and Lederberg by no means always agree; Sagan says that the older scientist is harder-nosed and less romantic than he is himself. Other biologists are less charitable about the macrobes. Dr. Norman Horowitz, of the California Institute of Technology, is a geneticist whose major theoretical contribution—that one gene governs one enzyme—is as central to the understanding of the development of life as Lederberg's—that bacteria reproduce sexually—and he is extremely pessimistic about life on Mars. He has pointed out that although there are polar bears in the Arctic, there are big animals in Africa, too, and, conversely, in the coldest, driest regions of the earth—certain valleys of the Antarctic—there are no higher forms of life at all. The last survivors in such areas are microorganisms, he notes, which, with respect to cold and dryness, are the most adaptable, and in the very coldest Antarctic valleys, which are a paradise compared to Mars, even these may well be dormant. Some of Sagan's colleagues say he lives in a dream world. "He's charming, he's bright, but he's totally uncritical," one scientist said recently.

If Sagan is pressed, he will admit that the concept of macrobes on Mars isn't a very likely one. Some of his colleagues say that he is overstressing it mainly with an eye to adding a bit of excitement to Mars, Viking, and the entire space program. Certainly, NASA values his public-relations abilities highly, as well it should, and sometimes consults him on matters concerning the press. Sagan finds NASA's publicity on Viking rather lacklustre—the agency plays up the nuts and bolts of the spacecraft instead of emphasizing the more dramatic qualities of space exploration, he says—and this deficiency is one that he, intentionally or not, has rectified almost single-handedly. It is his exposure on radio and television that is the source of more criticism from



other scientists than anything else he does. "Hell, Carl doesn't have *any* compulsion to find life; life's the most pizzazzing idea around, that's all," one scientist has protested. Another of Sagan's Viking associates said, "It's hard for many of his colleagues to see his appearances on the Johnny Carson show or the 'Today Show' as justified by science; they feel that popularizing science is incompatible with *doing* science. I don't feel that to be true myself." He added, after a moment's reflection, "A certain amount of jealousy enters into their judgment. Heck, we'd all like to be on the Johnny Carson show." As representative of a modern phenomenon, the highly visible scientist, Sagan figured not long ago in a study (by Dr. Rae Goodell, a postdoctoral fellow at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology) of some forty scientists well known to the public—a list that also included Margaret Mead, Barry Commoner, and Paul Ehrlich. All are masters of the art of mass communication, the study found, and they inevitably make many of their colleagues think of them as publicity grabbers as much as scientists. Some of Sagan's associates, though, profess themselves to be glad he is doing what he is doing. "He is a very sophisticated public-relations man, and he gets the issues before the people," one said recently, "and I'm delighted that he is spending his time this way." Sagan himself has said that the kind of science he likes to do requires money—the public's money—and someone has to take the scientists' case to the people. He is very effective: after a television appearance in which he talked of the possibility of life on Titan, the largest moon of Saturn and the only satellite in our solar system that is known to have a substantial atmosphere, Congress approved money to include it on NASA's next planetary mission, which will be launched next year and is scheduled to reach Jupiter in 1979 and Saturn and Titan in 1981. Some of his colleagues feel that Sagan is especially valuable to NASA now that the excitement generated by the Apollo program has abated, because he keeps the possibility of extraterrestrial life in the public eye. Viking cost a billion dollars, of which a hundred million went for the instruments to detect organic compounds and life. Many people feel that the science has got fouled up as a result; if there were *no* Viking mission, they argue, there wouldn't be such a tremendous effort to make Mars appear habitable. They liken it to the construction of an expensive cyclotron designed to look for a certain particle: the builders have to maintain a belief that that particle is there, because they'd be in an awful fix otherwise.

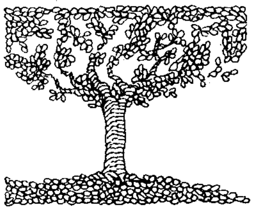
Sagan would most likely have thought of the macrobes on Mars even if there had been no extraneous reasons. "I think he's sincere," said one scientist who has known him for years. "He really calls it the way he sees it." The macrobes are a model that Sagan may take less seriously than his audience, however; some of Sagan's models may simply be metaphors for what might be. He believes that conditions on Mars, let alone those on some of the more remote planets, are so different from those on earth that if life exists there it will be bound to take forms we consider unlikely, and therefore, instead of restricting our imaginations, we should let them go.

THE idea of the macrobes might appeal to a science-fiction writer as well as to a scientist, and Sagan is something of both. The borderline between what is a literary or an artistic imagination and what is a scientific imagination has never been properly defined. Some of the more reflective scientists who write feel that the capacity for scientific thought is an integral part of a person, just as the capacity for art or music is, and that science and the arts are not two separate worlds, despite a current tendency to isolate science from ourselves and blame it for society's ills, as though it were an external demon. They feel that the creative thought that goes into solving a problem in science may be of the same order as the thought that goes into writing a poem. At best, both share aptness, neatness, and simplicity—what some scientists call "elegance." Currently, the lines between all sorts of disciplines are breaking down—biologists and geologists are becoming chemists, for example—and perhaps the barriers between science and the humanities are beginning to break down, too. Fiction sometimes inspires science by anticipating such things as space voyages to the moon or communications satellites—as was done by Jules Verne and Arthur C. Clarke. There are still important differences between science and the humanities, though, for in science if imagination outstrips fact by too great a degree, or if the two get mixed together without a clear definition of where one leaves off and the other begins, there can be confusion and misunderstanding. Sagan is highly imaginative, and he has a great gift for making his imaginings seem scientifically plausible—something that science-fiction writers have, too. Indeed, the more speculative parts of Sagan's books "The Cosmic Connection" and "Other Worlds" can be taken either way, in spite of the fact that science fiction is usually in narrative form. It may be that as long as the study of extraterrestrial life has no subject matter, literature or art is as good a way as any to get at it—rather

as physicists describe the properties of the particles they cannot see in metaphorical terms. In a television film that Sagan is collaborating on with Francis Ford Coppola, Sagan is for the first time turning to science fiction directly, for the script is a narrative of what would happen on earth if mankind received a radio transmission from a more advanced civilization in space.

Sagan and a number of other scientists have formulated a theory of extraterrestrial civilization which is as elaborate as anything Lowell thought of. To begin with, most astronomers would agree that most stars probably have planets orbiting them. Sagan and others believe that there might be several hundred billion planets in our galaxy alone which have environments suitable for the development of intelligent civilizations capable of transmitting messages by radio; that such civilizations would try to make contact with other civilizations; that the civilizations that succeed in contacting us will be more intelligent than ours, because we have only recently invented radio; that they will probably be using a radio frequency of 1420 megahertz, which is the same frequency that hydrogen, the most abundant atom in the universe, emits ("They know we know it," Sagan wrote in "The Cosmic Connection." "They know we know they know it. And so on"); that the signal will be easy to differentiate from the ordinary hydrogen emissions of the stars because it will be regular; that it will be easy to decipher because it will have been intended that way (it may, indeed, be in the form of television, where words can be illustrated, as in a primer); that the advanced civilizations will be either benign or intelligently governed, for otherwise they would long since have destroyed themselves, perhaps with atomic weapons; and that some of these civilizations may be beaming signals directed at emerging technologies such as our own, advising them how to keep from blowing themselves up with their infant knowledge of nuclear power. One evening in Florida, mulling over possible dénouements for his film script, Sagan talked about what he thought might be the reaction of earth's inhabitants to such a message. "They would understand that the earth is an island in a cosmic ocean with other islands," he said. "They would see that there was a clear practical benefit to listening to societies more advanced than their own. All they would have to know is that the more advanced civilization had solved Problem X; that would mean that they could, too, if they invested the proper resources. In a way, mankind would be brought closer together, not by any threat, but because we would know that whoever the senders were they could not be *human*, and this would give us a sense of our own differentness. The receipt of such a message could ultimately imply a rich galactic civilization, in which a great number of advanced civilizations took part, and this, in turn, would mean the end of our own civilization as we began to merge slowly with it." This version of the scenario has a Lowellian, messianic ring to it—the sort of sentiment that Lowell himself expressed in voicing his hope that knowledge of the advanced civilization on Mars, where intelligent creatures had learned to cooperate on a planetary scale in the utilization of water resources, might someday "redound to a better knowledge of our own." It is, in short, utopian, and if Lowell wasn't the first to use distant planets as sites for ideal civilizations Sagan probably won't be the last. Ideas like this have made Sagan into something of a cult hero among the young, for it is very attractive to believe that there is a galactic civilization running a rescue service for erring adolescent civilizations like ours. These ideas may be as much a product of our time as Lowell's were of his; after all, Lowell, who lived in a great era of canal building on earth, knew little about radio, which was just being developed when he was making his observations, and if he had known about it his ideas might have been quite different. Perhaps, however, it wasn't until the youth movement of the nineteen-sixties came along—with its concern about nuclear weapons and an empathy between various peoples and cultures—that the time was ripe for the idea of a benign galactic culture that would save us from our problems. Before the nature of extraterrestrial life is known, if it ever is, our picture of it will most likely change many times, and if it *is* known the chances that such life will be anything like what anybody imagined are remote, to judge by the inaccuracy of scientific guesses, including Sagan's, about such things as conditions on the moon—none of which is to denigrate the attempts of people like Sagan, or even Lowell, to determine ahead of time what the unknown might be like. Such men are the poets of science, who give scientific endeavors a focus and purpose they might not otherwise have.

Unlike Lowell, Sagan is distinctly aware of the possibility that his and other people's ideas of extraterrestrial life can be wrong: that, contrary to what molecular biologists believe, organic compounds may *not* get together easily to form life, or that if there are advanced civilizations they may *not* be interested in talking to backward civilizations like ours but only in talking to each other, perhaps using some method we know nothing about. He prefers to think otherwise, however. He has said, "You could say that it is well known that adolescent societies like our own are in danger of hurting themselves; you could say that there are solutions to these problems that could easily be passed on, and that a few of the civilizations out there would want to pass them on, even if most did not." These beliefs notwithstanding, Sagan feels that he has received his first serious setback. In June of 1975, he and Frank Drake spent a week at the Arecibo radio telescope listening, at the 1420-megahertz frequency, for intelligent signals not just from individual stars in our own galaxy, which he had done a number of times before, but from entire galaxies, some of which contain several hundred billion stars. "We heard no signal," he said before the Viking 1 launch in Florida. "I know a week is a short time, and the likelihood of success was small, but still I found myself depressed. It was an actual feeling of depression, not just disappointment: there was no one on any of those stars trying to reach us in the most obvious way." Sagan, for all his flexibility, clearly believes in his model, or his scenario, more than he chooses to admit.



NOBODY, of course, can say there *aren't* any macro-organisms on Mars, and if one assumes that there are some the next problem will be to recognize them, for they surely will not look like anything known on earth. This, as Sagan points out, is certain, because any example of life on earth is the result of so many thousands of random, almost accidental turns during its evolution that the chances that any form of life on another planet would follow an identical path are virtually nil; it couldn't even happen on earth if this planet were to start all over again. "Never again, in any other place, will there be people or cows or grass," Sagan said the other day. The individuality of life on earth is the only respect in which many scientists today regard that life as unique. Consequently, if a rabbit, say, turns up on the photographs from Mars, the imaging team will be certain that it got there somehow from earth, and, conversely, an earthling might stare right at a photograph of a Martian macrobe and so different might it be from one of our own that he would not know it was something alive.

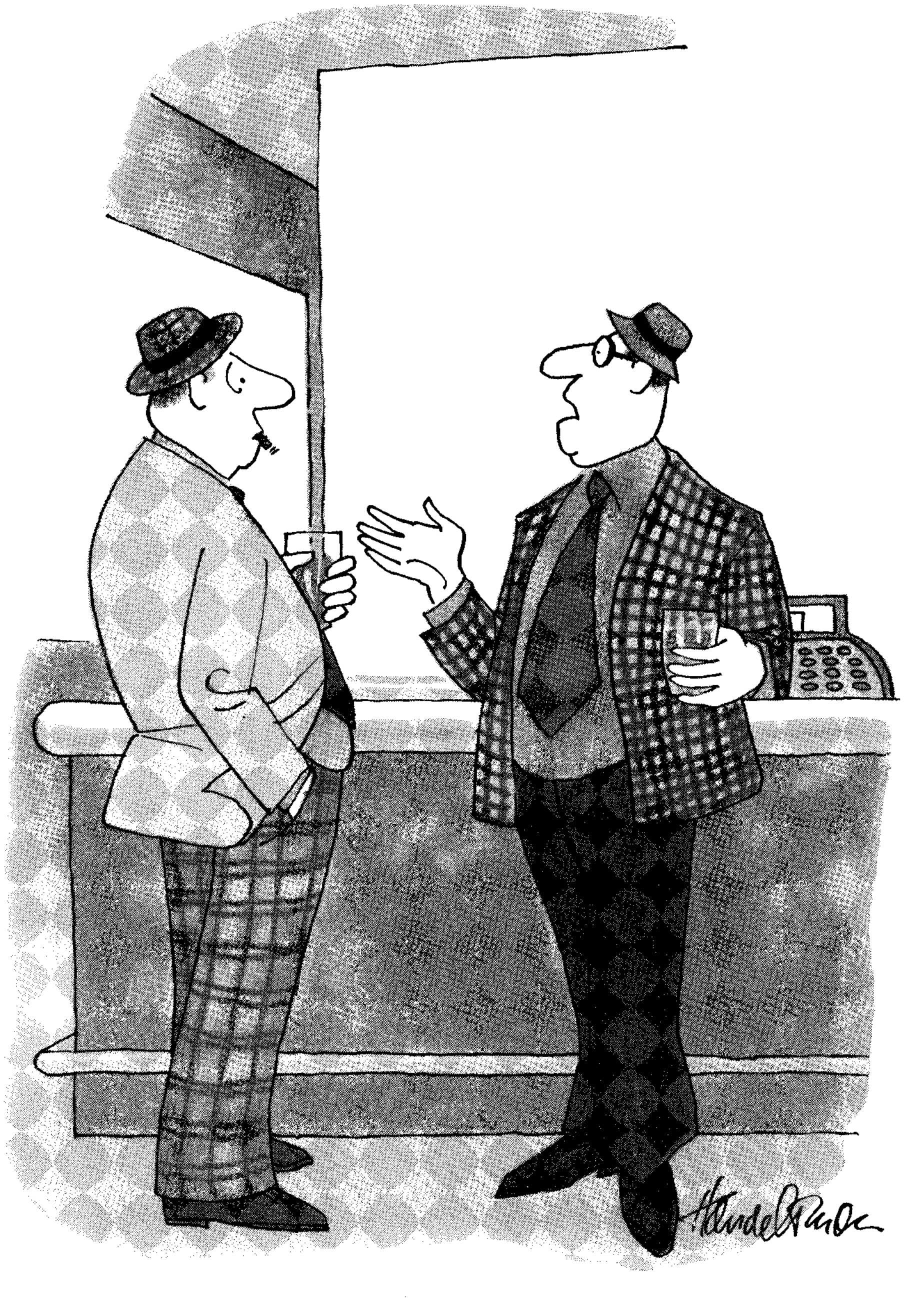
Sagan thrives in totally novel situations like this; from the point of view of both science and science fiction, they offer fascinating possibilities. They necessitate a definition of what one is looking for—which in this case is life itself. Oddly, there has not been a time when the Viking scientists sat down and asked themselves what life is, and what the best ways to look for it are—at least, not since a conference that the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences sponsored in 1964 and 1965, which examined the prospects for biology on Mars. The biology package itself came into being in a sort of ad-hoc way. Most biologists admit that the definition of life has become increasingly elusive since the days when a living object was tentatively described as one that did such things as eat, drink, metabolize, breathe, grow, reproduce, and possibly move. "All those old definitions don't really fit," Sagan said. "My automobile eats and breathes and metabolizes and moves. Crystals grow, and even reproduce." Though Sagan may be quite freewheeling about life, especially extraterrestrial life, he has probably thought more about its attributes—with the aim of devising a definition useful for identifying it, wherever it may be found—than anyone else ever has. He wrote the article under the heading "Life" in the current edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and it is probably the most lucid account of current thinking on the subject; in it he states that evolution by natural selection is the feature that distinguishes living matter from nonliving. He has said, "There is no other foolproof way to get at the complexity of life, for most biologists have come to the conclusion that the only certain thing they can say about life is that it is something that *evolves*."

Unfortunately, Viking scientists can't sit around for thousands of years waiting for macrobes to evolve in front of the cameras, so Sagan has had to find another criterion for examining the photographs Viking transmits from Mars, and one he has settled on is a relatively new one—thermodynamic disequilibrium. This is a theory that argues that any major departure from the most likely chemical or physical situation may be due to biology. "Living things frequently depart from thermodynamic equilibrium," Sagan said. "A tree, as long as it is alive and growing, will stick up in the air because its roots will hold it up; sooner or later, though, after it dies it will be flat on the ground. The same is true of a cow, which is heavy on top and is held up by four spindly stilts; it should be flat on the ground, and sooner or later it will be, but as long as it isn't you suspect it's alive. If it were nonliving, a cow-shaped *rock*, for instance, gravity plus erosion would collapse it. If we see a herd of cow shapes on Mars, I'll bet they won't be rocks, but some kind of animal. At least if they were rocks they'd have to be of relatively recent origin—perhaps artifacts *produced* by some kind of animal. There is a wide variety of disequilibriums, and they're easy to recognize. Suppose a fourteen-foot squamous purple ovoid with thirty tentacles came floating through the air, and Viking got a picture of it. We'd identify it as alive even though we'd never seen it before and didn't know its chemistry, simply because it was so improbable." Improbability, though it may be a quality of life, is no surefire test for it. Thomas Mutch, the leader of the imaging team, who will be using the camera to study not macrobes but the terrain and any geological features, and who, like most geologists, doesn't think much of the chances for any sort of life on Mars, likes to display a photograph of a group of rocks called ventifacts, which he believes could well turn up in the pictures from Mars, because they are peculiar to windblown deserts. What is more, if they do, he and Sagan may well find themselves in strong disagreement about them, because ventifacts are unlikely-looking objects in distinct thermodynamic disequilibrium; they have been carved and abraded by windblown sand, and, because the heavier and more abrasive bits of sand blow along closer to the ground, the rocks have been worn away to a greater extent at the bottom, so they are distinctly top-heavy; moreover, they have been worn by the wind into weird and wonderful shapes—surreal triangular faces emerging from the ground like Easter Island sculptures, perhaps—and, because they are frequently found in large groups, like the Easter Island statues, they could well be taken for a delegation of curious Martians come to greet Viking.

Should Sagan and Mutch have any doubts about whether an object is an animal or a mineral, there is another test they can apply to the potential macrobe, and that is motion. The lander's cameras are a variety of still camera, not television cameras, but an object that was present in one picture and absent in a later one, or had changed position, would be known to have moved, though whether it had moved itself or been moved by the wind would not be immediately clear. With luck, the cameras might catch something in the act of moving. When the imaging team tested one of the cameras in a particularly Martian-looking stretch of Colorado desert in the Great Sand Dunes National Monument, a few hours' drive from the Martin Marietta Aerospace plant in Denver, where the lander was built, Sagan rented from a pet store a garter snake, a chameleon, and two tortoises, which he let loose in front of the slowly rotating optics. If the reptiles were moving in the same direction that the camera was turning they became elongated, whereas if they were moving in the opposite direction their images were compressed. (The chameleon was too fast for the sedately moving mirror inside the camera to capture, but as it skittered away it left in the sand a handsome set of tracks that Sagan claimed would speak volumes if they were transmitted from Mars.) When the scientists posed for a joint portrait, they were able to leapfrog to the right just ahead of the camera's movement, so that their images are repeated over and over, and they look like a crowd posing for a class photograph. Several Carl Sagans crouch in front, and several Thomas Mutches, all of them tall and spindly and wearing glasses, loom in the background.

Sagan was dissatisfied with the cameras' ability to detect motion on Mars, since the most important evidence depended so strongly on a macrobe's being at the right place at the right time. He was pleased by the addition of a feature called a single-line scanner, which enables the cameras to repeat the same swath over and over again. That way, anything that moves past will be caught as a blur against a constant background, the cameras recording the motion, though not the object itself, the way a man peering through a slit in a fence might see the blur of a car going by. The value of the single-line scanner depends on how often it can nod up and down in the same place, just as the likelihood that a man looking through a crack in a fence will see a car whiz by improves the longer he watches. Though the lander is supposed to be operated from J.P.L. while it is on Mars, a program of events covering its activities during its first two months on the surface will be fed into its computer ahead of time, in case J.P.L. loses control of the craft. Sagan has lately been annoyed because the number of preprogrammed single-line scans has continually been cut down; Viking's abilities are strictly limited, and the scientists have to compete for its time. "Carl wanted to rev up the camera in order to see rabbits hop by," a geologist said with more than a trace of consternation. "I had to admire Mutch for not shooting him. Carl's the greatest menace since the black plague." Up until the launch of Viking 1, the geologists didn't see a great deal of Sagan, but whenever he had anything on his mind he managed to keep in touch by mail. His letters tend to be a bit peremptory. When he heard that the single-line scanner would repeat its action only thirty times when it was operating in its preprogrammed mode, he dashed off a five-line note to Mutch saying that thirty repeated scans were too few, that the situation alarmed him, and that he would appreciate a clarification. "Carl is a great provocateur," Mutch said one day in his office at Brown, tossing the letter into a drawer. "He's brilliant. Sometimes he's right, as he and his associate James Pollack were about the seasonal patterns on Mars being caused by dust blown at varying wind speeds, and so on. And he may turn out to be right about life in space, which will be his great vindication."

BEFORE the launch of Viking 1, Sagan made one of his rare appearances at a meeting of the lander imaging team at the Kennedy Space Center—primarily because he had heard that the preprogrammed sequences, including the use of the single-line scanner, would be discussed. He arrived forty-five minutes late and took an empty seat next to Mutch, who was chairing the meeting. Sagan is almost always late—a habit that infuriates his colleagues. He never wears a watch, and he has explained, "When I'm do-



"What's wrong with me? For thirty years I never gave a thought to the Panama Canal. Now suddenly I can't live without it."

ing something I like, I hate to break it off because I have to go somewhere else. It's more fun to keep on." As soon as he took his seat, a telephone on the table in front of Mutch rang; the call was for Sagan, and he spent the next five minutes deep in conversation.

Sagan had arrived in the middle of a presentation by Terry Gamber, an engineer from Martin Marietta Aerospace. (Engineers have more control over the cameras than the scientists have, and during the meeting the scientists professed to find it difficult to communicate with them.) Sagan asked about the status of the single-line scans, and Gamber told him there would be twenty or thirty repeated swaths taken after some of the photographs had been completed. Gamber added that the repeated swaths had been included as extra margin—that is, in the event that the whole picture couldn't be put on the spacecraft's tape recorder for transmission to earth, they would be dropped. Sagan was irritated. "But on days you don't have that problem?" he asked. (Though his manners are often courtly, they can verge on the imperious.) Gamber replied that even then there was no guarantee that the single-line scans would be transmitted from Mars; other data might have a higher priority. (As the instruments gather more information than can be transmitted to earth, the scientists will be competing to get their data back.) Sagan tensed and asked whether the engineers who were running things had any idea of the importance of single-line scans. Gamber said he had told them. "Any chance we can make the arguments personally?" Sagan demanded acidly.

"We'd all like to do that," said Mutch, moving in to smooth things over. "But I don't think the engineers are wallowing in ignorance about what we want to do, Carl."

In spite of the inclusion of the single-line scanning technique, Sagan has continued to worry about the cameras' ability to detect life. "I keep having this recurring fantasy that we'll wake up some morning and see on the photographs footprints all around Viking that were made during the night, but we'll never get to see the creature that made them because it is nocturnal," Sagan said. "I wanted a flashlight on Viking, but I didn't get it." Mutch had tried to get Sagan his flashlight. Though it might not illuminate nocturnal macrobes, Mutch thought, it could still show the formation of frost, which he was interested in. He was unsuccessful, in part because any change at all in Viking, no matter how small, always seemed to wind up costing a hundred thousand dollars just for the paperwork, and also because, with only two thirty-five-watt generators to operate the lander, there wasn't enough electricity. "I don't really feel too cut up about it," said Mutch, who has a relaxed, gently mocking manner, which colleagues consider useful in curbing Sagan's irrepressibility. He went on, "Carl, by the way, also talked about putting out bait." This was a proposal to paint the outside of the spacecraft with a variety of nutrients, to see which ones the Martians liked best, so that if NASA sends another craft to Mars it can dispense the right foods.

Even Lederberg doubts whether a flashlight would be much use in detecting life. "Since it's so cold on Mars, I don't expect anything to be nocturnal; it would be coldest at night, and most macrobes would be asleep then, trying to conserve their warmth," he said. "I don't know how serious Sagan is about this anyway."

Sagan says he *is* serious about the flashlight, and he takes issue with Lederberg on the matter of Martian macrobes' all being asleep at night. "Some animals on earth, such as Arctic fish, have elaborate antifreezes, and some organisms even have glycol, so that they can survive in temperatures five or ten degrees below freezing, and there are even lower antifreezes—insects, I believe, have the lowest," he said the other day, piling one extreme life form on top of another in order to come up with a model of a nocturnal Martian macrobe. "Now, if you're a Martian organism and you don't want to freeze at night, even without antifreeze you could still heat yourself metabolically. And if you're a predator what better device would there be than to go around at night with a heat sensor, eating Lederberg's sleeping organisms? If there are organisms sleeping at night, they're sitting ducks for predators. Yes, I can imagine such an ecological function." (Sagan seemed annoyed that Lederberg was too hard-nosed to go along with nocturnal macrobes, which may be one reason Sagan's macrobes devoured Lederberg's so voraciously.) Most biologists, however, point out that though there may be some organisms on earth that have adapted, with antifreezes and other methods, to extreme cold, they can hardly be said to have taken over even our Arctic tundras, let alone our Antarctic valleys—and this on a planet that has a rich and abundant corpus of life continually pushing into all sorts of exotic ecological niches. The chance that such organisms developed on Mars, where there is at best a much poorer stock of life—if there is any at all—is regarded by most biologists as incalculably remote.

BEWARE
OF
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"Carl sees himself as an intellectual gadfly," one colleague said recently. "His talent is speculating, more than data analysis or collection. He works that talent—he theorizes, and gets people to admit things they wouldn't admit earlier. He creates an expansive view of man and the universe. But the fact that he can be quite passionate in his arguments makes people mad." There is, of course, very little evidence in exobiology—and the less evidence there is the more passionate are the feelings people have about it. The scientists themselves are coming to recognize that, much as they may strive for objectivity, they are in fact no different from other human beings—that, indeed, they, like other people, may perform better when they are emotionally involved. A study of forty scientists which was conducted by Dr. Ian I. Mitroff, of the University of Pittsburgh, indicates that scientists can be as passionate about their ideas as anyone else, that although some scientists work exclusively within their data, other scientists tend to be freewheeling, and that there is a group of theorists who are quite far removed from the data to begin with. Mitroff's report concludes, in essence, that even though the scientists at the two extremes have very little use for each other, all are essential to the development of science, which he sees as progressing less in an orderly series of tidy experiments than in a continual clash and resolution of ideas, just like any other field of human endeavor.

Sagan was asked whether he considered himself to be filling his own special ecological niche as a terrestrial macrobe for stretching other terrestrial macrobes' consciousnesses. "Someone has to propose ideas at the boundaries of the plausible, in order to so annoy the experimentalists or observationalists that they'll be motivated to disprove the idea," he said. "Otherwise, there is a powerful temptation for an experimenter to design experiments for just what he knows. Of course I've annoyed the observationalists. But there would have been no search for large forms of life on Mars, or study of the variable features there, if I hadn't pushed for them."

"Are you someone in authority?"

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NOTHING very dramatic will happen aboard Viking until the eighth day after it has landed. Then the surface sampler, a smaller and more complicated version of the bucket of a steam shovel, complete with jaws and teeth, will emerge from its housing in front of the left-hand camera. The sampler extends outward and slightly upward on the end of a boom that lengthens in a seemingly miraculous fashion, for the box looks far too small to have contained its ever-increasing length. The boom appears to *grow*, almost as though the box were a mill for making metal rods. Actually, the boom works like a steel tape measure; there are two ribbons of prestressed steel, which unroll in such a fashion as to form a single tube with a somewhat oval cross-section. The boom has to have a long reach: the craft's landing rockets, despite their refined fuel and softened thrust, may have contaminated the area immediately around the lander, and therefore samples must be taken from as far away as possible. At full extension, the boom is about ten feet long.

The first few samplings have been preprogrammed, but on later ones, if a patch of different-colored soil or any other oddity that might suggest life has turned up in the photographs of the ground in front of the lander, the sampler will be commanded to head for that. When the boom is properly extended, the housing swivels so that the sampler is over the target; then the boom will lower it to the ground. A sensor in the shovel shuts off the motor as soon as it touches, for, with the thirty-seven-minute delay in the time for round-trip radio signals, the boom, of course, cannot be operated from the earth. The shovel's jaws open, and the boom pushes out, straight away from the spacecraft, as though a man were digging with a spade. If the soil is sandy, the shovel should penetrate several inches into the ground. Then the jaws shut; the boom elevates and begins to recede into the box, which swivels when the shovel is almost completely retracted; when the shovel is over one of the three hoppers the jaws, which can sieve out oversize particles, open, and the sieved material disappears inside the lander.

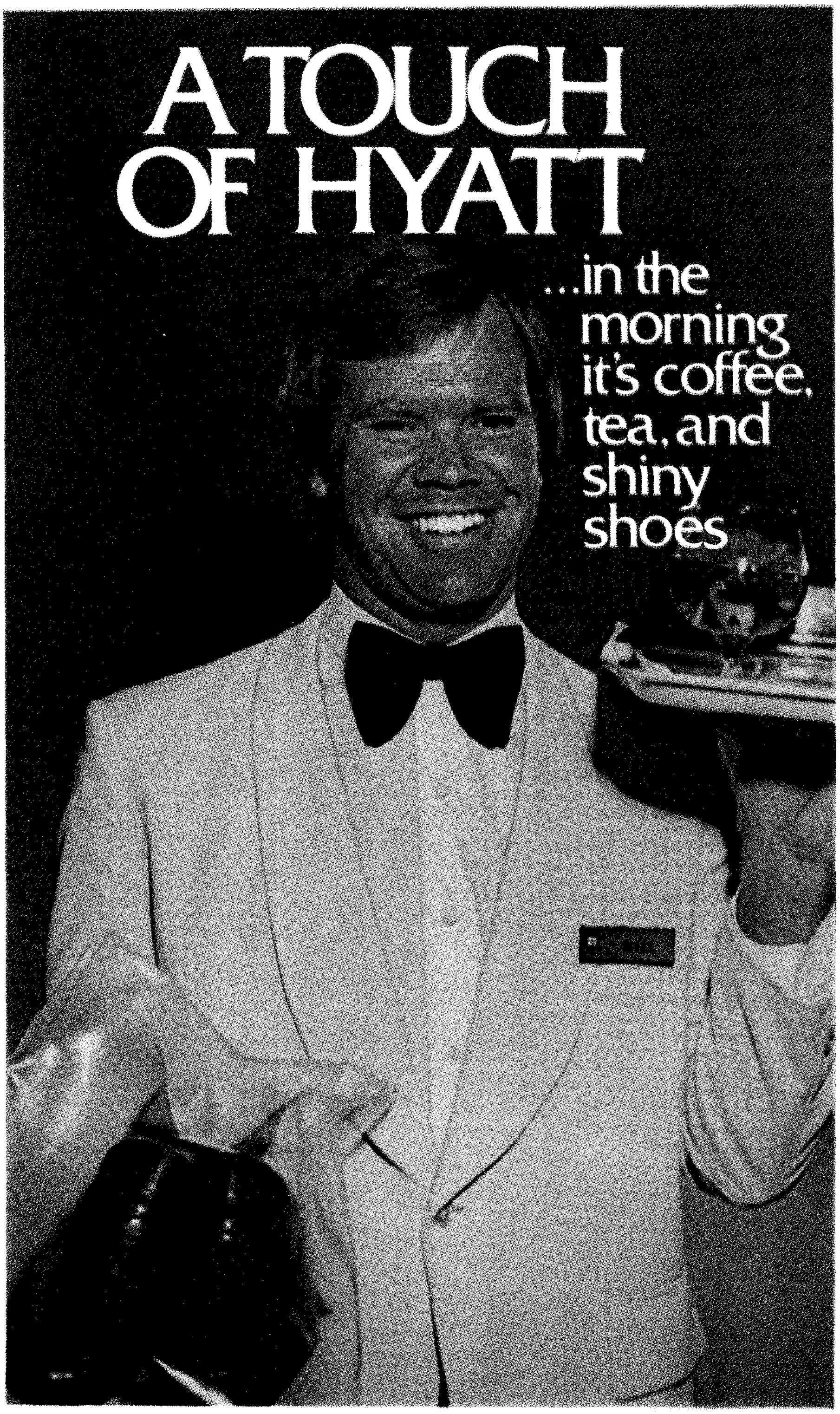
On the first day of sample-gathering, the shovel performs its task three times—once for each hopper. One hopper is for the inorganic-chemistry experiment, one for the organic-chemistry experiment, and one for the three biology experiments. The inorganic-chemistry experiment was added very late in the development of Viking, largely at the insistence of Masursky and other geologists, who felt that the chances of detecting life on Mars were so remote that it would be wise to give the spacecraft additional tasks to perform. Indeed, determining the elements present in the soil of Mars is one of a number of basic experiments that some scientists feel should have been done before any attempt to look for life. When the Martian soil trickles into the inorganic-chemistry hopper, it will be channelled to a compartment, where it will be bombarded with X-rays, which will stimulate the elements in the sample to emit their own rays—to fluoresce—at their characteristic wavelengths; in this fashion, the instrument can identify some eighty elements (although, of course, nowhere near that many are expected to be detected in any one sample). The geologists in charge had only two years to bring the instrument from prototype to final design, and they feel they could have done better if they had had more time and also more money. The fact is that the physical sciences, such as geology and meteorology, have been downgraded in relation to the biological ones; the seismometer and the meteorology experiments have low priorities when it comes to money and also to the allotment of radio time for transmitting data back to earth. The geologists' inorganic-chemistry experiment, although it is better off than those (partly because it does not require much radio time to transmit its data), still has a lower priority than the organic-chemistry or biology experiments. The geologists feel a little like second-class passengers in relation to the biologists.

The soil that disappears down the hopper for the GCMS will be analyzed for organic compounds. First, the soil drops through another sieve, and then it goes through a grinder, where it is pulverized before it moves on into the instrument itself. There the dust is heated so that any organic compounds will be expelled; these pass in a stream through the gas chromatograph—a coiled tube that allows the smaller molecules to pass through faster than the bigger ones, sorting them by size. After that, the molecules, one size at a time, pass on into the mass spectrometer, which tells what they are. Most Viking scientists believe that the probability of finding organic compounds on Mars is quite good; Dr. Klaus Biemann, the chemist in charge of the instrument, rates it as high as fifty per cent. The result of the collective work of men like Alexander Oparin, H. J. Muller, Stanley Miller, and Lederberg has been to provide an understanding of the continuous chain evolving from elements such as carbon and hydrogen, through organic compounds and single-celled organisms, up to intelligent life. They have not replaced Darwinism; on the contrary, they have made it more central—first showing how evolution works on earth by taking it all the way back to the most rudimentary compounds, and then projecting it to include life everywhere. Since most Viking scientists view extraterrestrial life, and, in particular, carbon-based extraterrestrial life, as inevitable, they are preoccupied with the narrower question of whether Mars is the kind of place where that sort of life can occur. They know, for example, that the moon could never have developed carbon-based life, because it lacks, and apparently has always lacked, the atmosphere necessary for the formation of the two essential components of the living cell—amino acids (which combine to form protein) and nucleotides (which combine to form nucleic acid, the genetic material). However, molecular biologists are fairly certain that life may have got a start on Mars, whose atmosphere may once have been more substantial than it is today. There could be quite complex organic compounds on Mars, they feel, and if no higher forms of life developed to gobble them up they should still be there. The next step in the evolution of organic life would be for the nucleotides to polymerize—that is, to link themselves together to form chains of nucleic acid, which are capable of duplicating themselves. They contain genetic information that can be passed on from one generation to the next. The polymers of nucleic acid also direct the formation of tremendously complex proteins from building blocks of amino acids. It is this complexity that convinces most exobiologists, including Sagan, that life in the universe must generally be based on carbon, for no other atom has the same versatility when it comes to bonding with other atoms—not even silicon, which is the closest runner-up, and which used to be thought of as a possible alternative. Sagan continually warns against the chauvinism (one of his favorite epithets) of making extraterrestrial life in our own image, and though he acknowledges that the consensus about carbon just could be pure chauvinism, he nonetheless dismisses silicon, saying, "You cannot make stable silicon molecules complex enough to contain anything like the information contained in the polymer chains of our genetic code. We are, of course, biassed toward what we're made of, but when I try to think of other elements as a basis for life I always wind up being what I call a carbon chauvinist." Though Sagan doesn't rule out the possibility that somewhere there may be life based on silicon, or on something else entirely, he sees little reason to suppose that this is generally true, especially since carbon is abundant all over the universe, as are the other elements on which our biology is based: hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and phosphorus. And there is no reason at all to suppose that the biology of Mars is chemically different from biology on earth.

On earth, the development of the long polymers occurred in the oceans, which, as the strands duplicated and reduplicated, became a rich organic soup. Mars, though, never seems to have had large oceans—at least, not for long periods of time. This is something that the geologists delight in calling to the biologists' attention; however, Mars may well have had smaller bodies of water, comparable perhaps to earth's inland seas, for shorter periods, and this may have been enough to initiate the formation of nucleic acid and proteins; indeed, Lederberg and others feel that shallow ponds could have been more apt than oceans to absorb the energy from the sun necessary to generate the chemical reactions that produce polymers. (Generally speaking, the geologists, who are pessimistic about life on Mars, know most about the physical conditions on the planets; but the biologists may have the last word concerning life there, because they know more about the conditions under which life could develop, and these may well turn out to be quite broad.) The GCMS will not be able to detect long polymer chains directly, because the instrument heats the sample so that any chains would be broken down, yet Biemann thinks he may be able to identify them—if they are there—from their components. Of the instruments looking for signs of life on Mars, Biemann's may prove the most useful. This summer, though, there will be less interest in that instrument than in what happens to the soil that drops into the hopper leading to "the biology package"—undoubtedly the most intricate collection of remotely controlled instruments ever made.

THE biology package is operated by the biology team, a group of six scientists, including Lederberg, who will be testing for the presence of microbes—not macrobes—on Mars. Sagan is not a member of the team, and some of those who are get nervous whenever he appears on television or gives interviews discussing life on the planet. They sometimes accuse him of taking what we don't know about life in the universe and working downward to what may be expected on Mars, whereas they think of themselves as taking what we *do* know about life on earth and working cautiously upward—a way of thinking that Sagan ridicules as chauvinist. Sagan's relationship with the professional biologists is complex and equivocal, for although he himself is not a biologist but an astronomer, he knows an enormous amount of biology, and is intimately acquainted with a number of outstanding biologists. Moreover, Sagan and most biologists agree on a great many points about extraterrestrial life, such as that it is based on carbon and that it needs water. They agree that life on Mars would be jeopardized by the sun's ultraviolet rays, which break down the bonds that keep organic compounds together; these rays reach the surface of Mars because its atmosphere, less substantial than ours, apparently contains little or no ozone, which filters them out on earth. (Many biologists have proposed ways that Martian life might have developed to circumvent this hazard, such as the possibility that it exists underground, or grows some sort of shell, or even exudes its own suntan lotion; Sagan, of course, is especially enthusiastic about such possibilities.) The most basic agreement between Sagan and these colleagues about extraterrestrial life, of course, is that it exists. Indeed, with so many stars in the sky, and so many organic compounds among them, the odds are that somewhere, somehow, many of Sagan's, and other people's, more spectacular ideas may prove correct, and so it may not be important if squamous purple ovoids, or other macrobes, don't turn up on Mars. They may well exist somewhere else—or rather, as exobiologists say, there is nothing to exclude their existence somewhere else.

Although Sagan is a self-confessed "carbon chauvinist," and even a "water chauvinist," he isn't a chauvinist about any other attribute of terrestrial life, and in refusing to limit any further his ideas of what extraterrestrial life may be like he diverges from most biologists. Many of these think they can place further limits on it on the basis of their knowledge of organic compounds. Most biologists believe that organic life on Mars, if it has ever developed, must require nitrogen, for reasons that (though they cannot state them precisely, as they can in the case of water) are nonetheless presumed to exist, because nitrogen is found in all known amino acids and nucleotides, and therefore must be an essential ingredient of carbon-based life. If there is any nitrogen in the Martian atmosphere it would have to be less than one per cent—the smallest that could be detected by an instrument aboard Mariner 9, which found none—and, while some biologists think less than one per cent would be enough to support life, the outlook is less attractive than it might be, in view of the fact that the earth's atmosphere is eighty-per-cent nitrogen. Lederberg is not terribly concerned about the apparent lack of nitrogen in the atmosphere. He points out that we do not utilize the nitrogen in our atmosphere, but get it from plants, which take it from the soil. At the conference prior to the Viking 1 launch, he proposed that the reason Mariner 9 found none was that Martian organisms had removed it from the atmosphere and combined it with the soil in the manner of legumes on earth, but he made the proposal without much conviction, for although nitrogen may well be present in the soil of Mars, we have no way of knowing it until Viking gets there, and, in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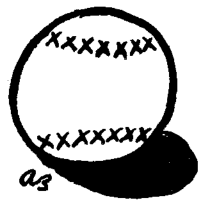
any case, not even Sagan has ventured to suggest that Mars is a huge compost heap. Nevertheless, Sagan isn't concerned about the lack of evidence for nitrogen, either. "We find nitrogen in our own atmosphere, and we decide that it has to be good for life all over," he says—going on to place one epithet on top of another: "It's what I call the grandmother theory. 'What's good for her is good for me.' It's chauvinistic in the extreme." Whereas most biologists believe that, when it comes to the basic ingredients of life, what is good for one's grandmother actually is good for oneself, there are a few who don't dismiss Sagan out of hand, and one is Klaus Biemann, who said before the launch, "It's important to look at things in a nonterrestrial way, and that is harder for biologists to do than other scientists, because they have only one data point to work with—terrestrial life. Biochemists tend to be a little more open, because their knowledge of chemistry lets them be a little more abstract about the possibilities. To me, it's inconceivable that on Mars things would be the same way they are here; I'd be willing to think of biochemistry without nitrogen, or even carbon, and most biologists wouldn't consider such a thing. So Sagan serves a valuable function by shaking them up a bit." Shaken up or not, most biologists wish they had been able to ascertain the presence or absence of nitrogen in the Martian atmosphere before they began designing expensive instruments to look for life. One of the Viking biologists said recently that if the biologists could have known definitely that there was no nitrogen in the atmosphere there, the instruments in the biology package would have been quite different. Another scientist said, "When you're exploring a planet, the first things you ask are what kinds of elements are there, what the temperatures are, whether there's an atmosphere, and what's in it—all these circumstances. Next, you address the organic situation. Then you might finally have the information you need to design a craft, and instruments that could look for life. But we're not doing that. Imagine going to a spectroscopist with a black bottle and asking him to tell you what's inside without opening it—and without letting him know what the bottle, the host material, is made of! That's how we're going to Mars, and how we expect to make our analysis. Clearly, it represents something other than logical scientific strategy." Sagan opposes this argument, saying, in a blaze of double negatives, "Since we know nothing about exobiology, we cannot determine what conditions would govern it—and therefore establishing ahead of time the conditions of the environment on Mars won't really help us to decide if life is there, or help us to look for it." He unquestionably prefers to plunge into the unknown with a minimum of preconceptions.

Since Sagan's no-holds-barred approach results in such things as rigging cameras to catch tentacled squamous purple ovoids, the biologists' approach, if less imaginative, may be the more constructive, at least with respect to Mars. Though some chemically exotic planets may exist in the universe, Mars does not appear to be one of them. And earth analogy, whatever its limitations, is all that the biologists, like the geologists, have to go on—another reason they are so closely guided by the evolution of life on earth. If it is assumed that life on Mars made it through the successive stages of chemical evolution to the point where the polymers of the genetic material and of proteins were formed, the next step in the development of life would be for the proteins to wall off, by forming a semi-permeable membrane, a small volume of the organic soup—water rich in ingredients for the formation of more genetic material and more proteins. The first cell would be very primitive—it wouldn't have a nucleus (something which evolved later). Nevertheless, on earth, at least, as it multiplied it devoured all polymers that might possibly have competed with it to become the progenitor of all later forms of life here; molecular biologists consider all life on earth—an amoeba, a blade of grass, a human being—to be descended from this original cell. This fact leads Sagan, contemplating the supposedly diverse riches of life in the universe, to call terrestrial life "provincial." Molecular biologists look upon the cell as such an inevitable development of organic chemistry that they hope someday to be able to synthesize one in a laboratory. They can make all of the amino acids (there are only twenty in all terrestrial forms of life, an argument for the concept that all life derives from one cellular source), and they can make short nucleic acid chains without using components of living cells, but they have not yet synthesized proteins in the way that nucleic acid does, without the use of parts of living cells, and the method of assembly of a cell's various constituents is still unknown. "We are still far from making a living cell, but we know what the problems are," Dr. Alexander Rich, of M.I.T., a member of the Viking biology team, said not long ago. "We can make some of the bricks, but we don't yet know how to put the bricks together to make the cathedral." Once the right bricks come together in the right way, the cell will "come alive"—that is, it will begin to reproduce itself and to evolve. Once biologists can make a cell in the laboratory, of course, they may be even more willing to conclude that the evolution of cellular life is a common phenomenon in the universe. And, wherever in the universe the requisites for such evolution exist, the whole process, from the first primitive organic compounds to the first cell, might not take very long—perhaps as short a time as fifty to a hundred million years. On earth, the oldest known fossils are single-celled organisms—bacteria and algae—that lived about three and a half billion years ago, just a billion years after the earth was formed, and half a billion years after the earth's molten period, during which no sort of evolution could have gone on. Since the fossil cells were all quite far advanced, a number of biologists now think they had to have developed rather quickly. The more quickly this can happen, of course, the greater are the chances that cellular life did get started on Mars, where the proper conditions, if they existed at all, could not have existed for long. And if cellular life once got started on Mars, some biologists believe, it might have adapted to the increasingly harsher conditions, so that there could be living cells on Mars today.



Although the biologists believe that the cell, much as they know it on earth, is the basic unit of carbon-based life everywhere, they are certain that its evolution would be different from one planet to another. To them, one of the most interesting things about the discovery of life on Mars would be to see what other pathways it took. "If we find life there, the first question we'd want to ask is: Is it related to terrestrial life?" Dr. Harold P. Klein, the head of the biology team and director of life sciences at NASA's Ames Research Center, in Mountain View, California, has said. Although Klein lacks Sagan's freewheeling imagination, he likes to speculate, and he does so in a quick, forceful manner. "Is it made of the same proteins, fats, and carbohydrates that we are? The answer to that question leads to others: If it is related—that is, if it contains most of the same amino acids we possess on earth—did our life and life on Mars arise spontaneously and result in the same general blueprint in both places or was there some sort of common origin, such as that implied by Lederberg's suggestion that organic compounds from space, as evidenced by those found on meteorites, constantly fell on the planets at the time of their formation? On the other hand, if life on Mars is totally unlike life on earth—is not based on the same amino acids, or even on carbon—that would be terribly important, for it would prove that life could take multiple forms on the most basic levels. Then we would want to know: What do the Martians have to replace carbon or amino acids? Biology would come of age, and the study of life would be a cosmic thing." He ticked off the alternatives as though he were programming a computer to sift through a number of models.

While Sagan agrees with Klein, he is less interested in studying Martian cells in relation to terrestrial ones—with the aim of learning more about life on earth—than in seeing how Martian cells might differ among themselves or combine to form macrobes, and, ultimately, in seeing how they bear on the question of intelligent life in the universe.

Klein went on to say, "Alternatively, if it turns out that there is no life or indeed no organic compounds on Mars at all, I think there is a very good chance that we'd conclude that the chemical-evolution theory, which drove us to Mars, had to undergo some reassessment. We would have to begin to wonder how right we were in thinking there was life elsewhere in the universe, for that notion is predicated on the idea that chemicals quickly and easily get together to form life. The theory has led us to expect at least organic compounds on Mars, and if we find nothing we might begin to think that life is a much rarer phenomenon than people now believe."

Sagan, of course, doesn't agree with a word of this; if life doesn't turn up on Mars, he says, it would prove only that Mars is not one of those planets where life can exist, and we will have to look somewhere else.

A measure of the different approaches of Sagan and the biology team is the odds they lay on the possibility of cellular life on Mars. Klein believes that the odds are one in fifty, and he arrives at that figure in a methodical, computer-like manner: "I start with the theory

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that life arises from chemical evolution," he has said. "Now, I have great confidence in that theory—I am, say, eighty per cent sure of it. If it is true, what is the probability that advanced organic compounds arose on Mars? I'd give that a fifty-fifty probability. Then what's the probability that the organic chemistry reached a replicating system that still survives? I come up with two stumbling blocks to the continuance of life, if it got started. The first is the high incidence of ultraviolet light on the planet. Could life have developed a protection against this? I give that possibility one chance in two. The other stumbling block is water. It is hard to conceive of a biological system that doesn't include water, and any way of providing it on Mars involves hocus-pocus; perhaps there is permafrost underground; perhaps the microbes get their water from the soil. The water is the most serious question, and I give only one chance in ten of there being a way around it. An eighty-per-cent chance divided by two, divided by two again, and then divided by ten, is a two-per-cent chance, or one chance in fifty."

Sagan, predictably, is reluctant to place any limit on the chance of Martian life, preferring to remain completely loose and uncommitted. In public, at least, he jauntily resorts to uncomputerish evasive tactics. "What do *you* say?" he asked a skeptical reporter who was pressing him for a statistical answer. "One in ten thousand? One in a hundred thousand? One in a million?" The reporter chose the last figure. "O.K., here's my penny," Sagan said. "Now where's your money?"

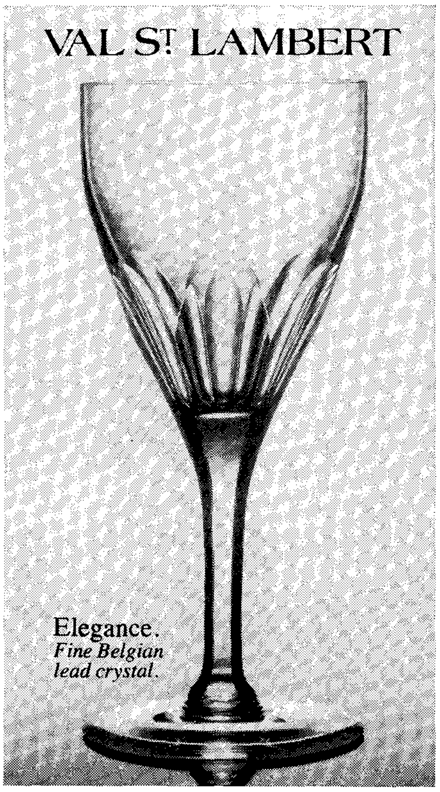
THE Viking lander's three biology experiments (as space scientists, with typical brevity, designate both the apparatus and its function) are packed into a black box that measures a foot on each side and weighs (on earth) just twenty pounds. They are a welter of golden pipes and hoses; round silvery cans containing chambers that rotate on carousels; and silvery and golden tanks of various gases, such as carbon dioxide, helium, and krypton. Remotely controlled instruments cannot simply look for life; they have to look for a particular aspect of life. In all, there were over fifty proposals for biology instruments of different sorts, but the three that are going will all look, in one way or another, for gases used or released in metabolism—in particular, those gases that have to do either with respiration, as in the case of animals, or photosynthesis, as in the case of plants. To the extent that the scientists concerned ever sat down and tried to figure out just what signs of life to look for on another planet, they decided that of all the indications metabolism was the most foolproof, for in the course of that process all known forms of life react chemically with their environment. The three instruments are a carbon-assimilation experiment, of which Dr. Norman Horowitz is the principal investigator, or chief scientist; an experiment for the detection and labelling of metabolically produced gas, of which Gilbert V. Levin, of Biospherics, Inc., in Rockville, Maryland, is the principal investigator; and a gas-exchange experiment, whose principal investigator is Dr. Vance Oyama, of the Ames Research Center. When dirt from the sampler enters Horowitz's carbon-assimilation experiment, it drops to the bottom of a chamber that is illuminated by a xenon lamp, to imitate the wan Martian sunlight; the natural Martian atmosphere, which consists principally of carbon dioxide with traces of carbon monoxide, is augmented by these same gases containing the radioactive form of carbon—carbon 14, which can be easily identified later. On earth, plants use water and sunlight to take the carbon dioxide from the air and photosynthesize it, retaining the carbon as part of their structure. This is known as autotrophic activity (meaning the creation of organic compounds from inorganic compounds and energy), and it is performed by terrestrial plants. If there are plantlike organisms in the soil, they will, in theory, assimilate the radioactive carbon from the atmosphere inside the chamber into their bodies. After five days, the instrument looks for the carbon 14 by heating the soil (and any organisms it may contain) to six hundred and twenty-five degrees Celsius—enough heat to vaporize any organic material in the soil. The gases and organic material are swept into the U-shaped column of a gas chromatograph, where they are separated—the gas passing through and the organic material remaining. Then the column is heated and the organic material, as carbon-dioxide gas, passes into a radiation detector, where, if any radioactivity is detected, it can be assumed that Martian plantlike life captured some of the carbon 14.

Though Levin's experiment also uses carbon 14, it is the opposite of Horowitz's, for instead of dealing with plantlike, autotrophic activity it attempts to detect catabolic activity—the breakdown of organic compounds to create protoplasm and energy, something animals do by eating. When the soil from the sampler drops into the chamber (a dark one, since light is not needed for feeding or respiration), a liquid solution is added, made of a little water and two synthetic amino acids and three synthetic carbohydrates, all five made with carbon 14. In theory, any Martian microbes eating the nutrients will incorporate the carbon 14, some of which, in turn, they will exhale in the form of one of the carbon gases; the atmosphere will ultimately pass through a radiation detector, where the identification of radioactive carbon will be taken as evidence of microbes' having removed it from the nutrients and exhaled it into the atmosphere. The amino acids and carbohydrates Levin uses are all thought to occur widely in the universe. Although Levin and Horowitz are working opposite sides of the street, their experiments are quite similar in the use of radioactive carbon; indeed, the two men collaborated for a few years in the early sixties on Levin's experiment.

Though the third experiment, Oyama's gas-exchange one, doesn't use carbon 14, it resembles Levin's in that it attempts to detect microbes by feeding them and then looking for evidence of their exhalations; it differs in its means of detection and in its use of a broader-based medium including much more water. When the sample of Martian soil enters Oyama's compartment, which is also dark, it will be saturated in a liquid nutrient that is a mixture called M4 but that some of the scientists call "chicken soup" because it can be regarded as a catch-all medium, containing, as it does, nineteen of the amino acids that have been most commonly found on meteorites and are therefore expected to be prevalent anywhere life exists. The chicken soup, which is not unlike the organic soup that is believed to have once composed our oceans, is universal enough so that even human beings could eat it, though it has an unpleasant odor and might upset their stomachs. Any microbes in the soil sample will, in theory, devour the chicken soup and then give off a variety of gases; these exhalations should include not only carbon dioxide but also carbon monoxide, methane, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, nitrous oxide, and hydrogen sulphide, and it is the presence of these gases in the compartment's atmosphere that Oyama's experiment seeks to detect by means of a gas chromatograph.

The three biologists with instruments aboard Viking differ among themselves almost as much as each of them differs with Sagan. Though Sagan is at the center of many of Viking's disputes, other storms rage all around him, interlocking in a sort of giant cyclone system; Viking, with all the issues it raises about life on earth as well as in space, can't help being a tumultuous affair. One argument is about the amount of water used in these experiments. Horowitz says that Oyama, with the rich nutrients and abundance of water he uses in his instrument, is looking not for Martian life but for earthlike life on Mars, where life would be accustomed to much drier conditions. Oyama, however, maintains that the more the Martian microbes are plied with food and drink the more gases they will generate. "A man doesn't respire much in bed, and Martian microbes won't respire much, either, unless we perturb them," he says. "The more they get of what they want the more there will be to measure." Horowitz retorts that if there are any organisms on Mars they will surely drown or burst in what he calls "Oyama's pharmacy." Despite the fact that Horowitz is the principal investigator of one of the experiments looking for life on Mars, he rates the chances that there is any at zero.

The biologists are a beleaguered group, for not only are they forever bickering with each other but they also have to fend off the criticisms of the geologists, who tend to think they are all milder versions of Sagan. Just as the geologists fear that Sagan may mistake a rock in one of the photographs for a Martian, they fear that the biologists will believe themselves to have detected life with their instruments when there is none there—a scenario that one geologist described as a "horror show." The biologists feel that enough checks have been built into their instruments so that this shouldn't happen; all three of the experiments have "control" procedures. The geologists also worry about another problem: What if the different scientists' instruments give conflicting readings? For example, the three biology experiments might all register the presence of life, but Biemann's GCMS might not find any trace whatever of organic material in the soil. "In that case, I'd tend to put my faith in the organic-chemistry experiment and wonder what went wrong with ours," said Horowitz, who is as skeptical about the life-detection instruments as he is about life on



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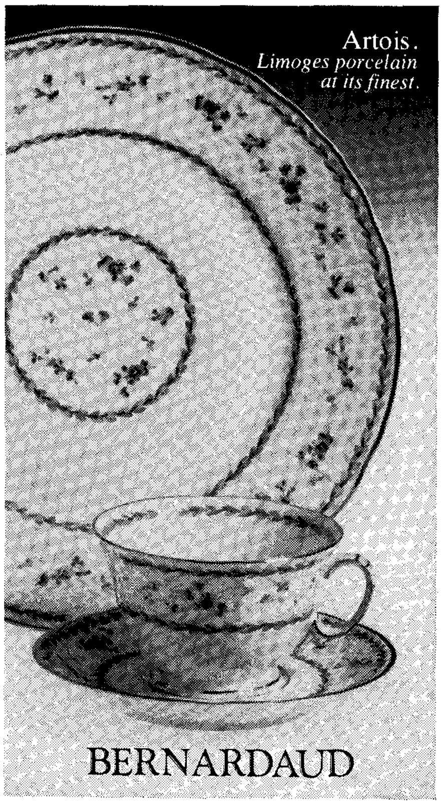
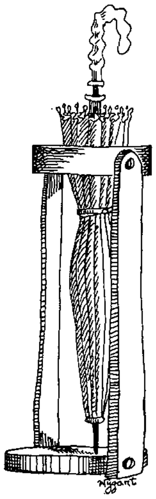


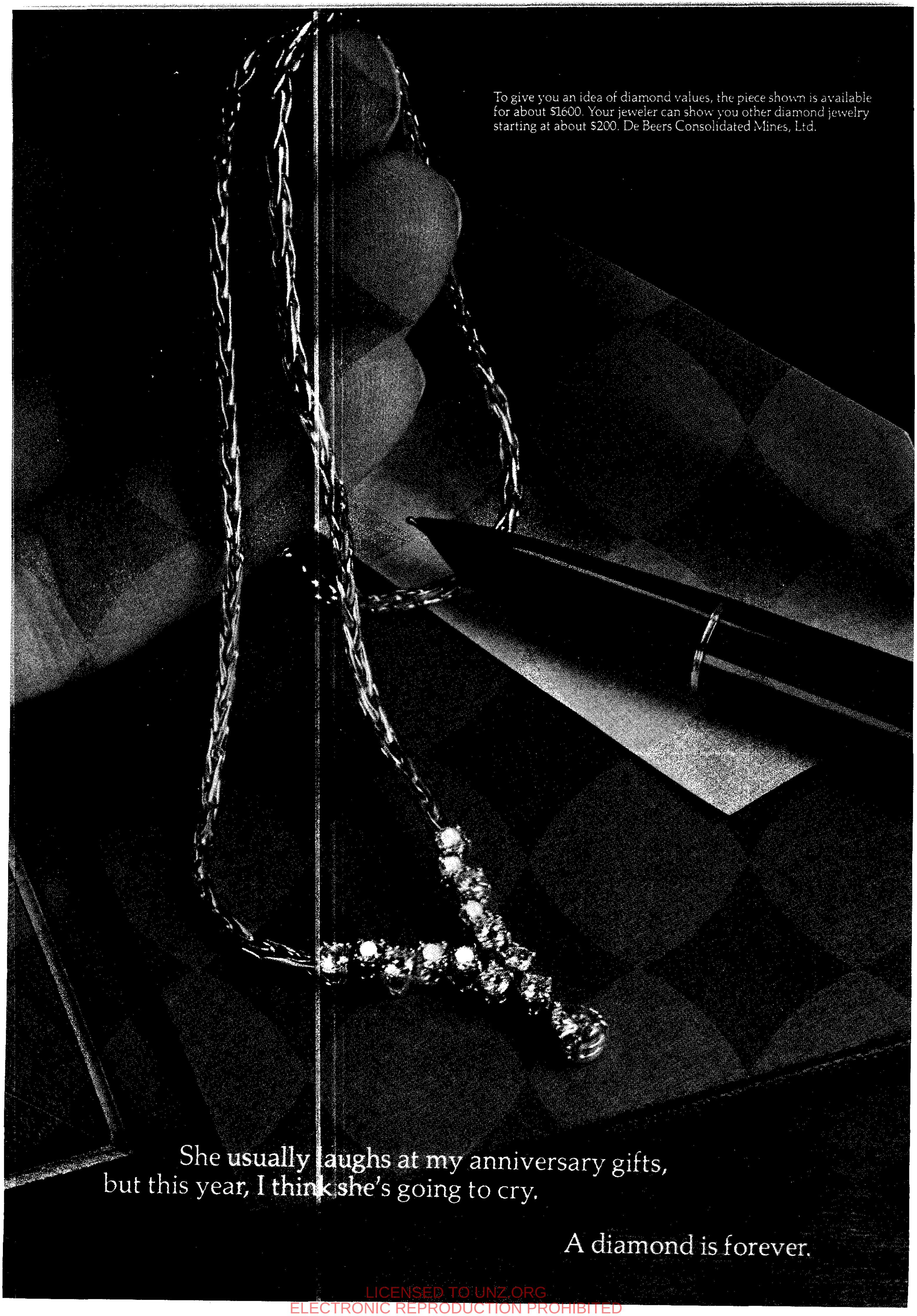
Mars. He went on, "If my experiment said yes and Levin's and Oyama's said no, that would be O.K., because I'm dry and they're wet; under those circumstances, if Biemann's said yes, too, confirming the presence of organic material, then I'd be quite sure of life, in spite of Levin and Oyama. If Levin and I said yes and Oyama said no, that would be O.K., too, because Oyama's medium is by far the most terrestrial." Even making common cause against the geologists doesn't soften Horowitz's attitude toward Oyama's pharmacy, though, for he added, "If Oyama and I both said yes, then I'd know there had to be a real mistake somewhere."

Most geologists, and even some biologists, are not sure that the biology instruments will work at all. There has never been a satisfactory integrated test of all three biology instruments (that is, a complete runthrough of all of them together rehearsing every step they will perform on Mars), but in the first of the two final pre-launch tests, two of the three instruments performed well and in the second test the problems with the balky instrument were worked out. One member of the biology team said later that these two tests were the "bare minimum to give me a reasonable confidence" that the package would work on Mars. "They've spent fifty-five or sixty million dollars on those instruments, and they're still not sure they will work!" one geologist cackled. The inadequacies of the biology instruments drive the geologists to the sort of vituperation they normally reserve for Sagan. "Thank God Viking wasn't launched three years ago, when it was originally scheduled, for if it had gone in 1973 they would have flown a pile of junk," a second geologist said. Being old hands in space, the geologists make no secret of the fact that they think of the biologists as duffers outside their own planet, and maybe on it as well. The biologists think the geologists are jealous because of their lower priority on Viking. Klein points out that the biology instruments are much more complicated than any instruments ever flown in space before, including the geologists'; this is the first time that life-detection instruments have ever been sent into space at all. The very novelty is what the geologists regard as the source of the trouble, however. They see the difficulties with the biology package as just one more reason the exploration of Mars should have been done in steps; the instruments, they say, might have been less expensive, and more reliable, if the biologists had had a better idea of what they were doing—a statement that most biologists, including Klein, agree with. "Viking, of course, will do a great many things, but it is designed principally to find life—that is why it's so expensive, why there've been so many problems with it," one geologist said. "When you look for life, you have to have a soft landing. And that's expensive. You need expensive instruments. The search for life immediately makes the whole craft more complex, and more expensive, across the board." Many biologists deny that Viking's chief purpose is to find life or that their package was ever conceived as any sort of raison d'être for Viking; they point out that they are just one of Viking's thirteen scientific teams, and the one cubic foot allotted to their biology package is no more than the space given to other instruments. They feel, though, that in recent years NASA has highlighted the search for life "almost certainly with the intent to keep Viking alive by tweaking the public interest with the possibility of microbes on Mars." Whatever the case, almost everyone connected with Viking believes that there would have been no exploration of Mars if it weren't for the search for life; one biologist has said, "You don't seriously think Congress would have spent a billion dollars just to do *geology* on Mars!" Certainly, the careful, step-by-step program that most scientists would have preferred never showed much sign of materializing. It is true that Viking itself was supposed to have been the first of a series of landers, and not a one-shot culmination of the exploration of Mars, which is what it is now being considered by NASA. Sagan and Lederberg, who usually think on a grander scale than most other scientists, have always tended to regard Viking itself, expensive as it is, as a sort of preliminary probe. Now, as Viking's touchdown on Mars approaches, all the scientists, whatever their stripe, are suddenly becoming very solicitous about its success; big, controversial projects have a way of generating loyalty at the last minute. They all agree that if any craft were to make a soft landing on Mars, it would have to be something like Viking or even more complicated. "It's a gutsy thing," one particularly critical scientist said recently. "The only question now is: Will it work?"



In spite of all the problems, Sagan is enthusiastic about the biology instruments—perhaps more so than some of the biologists themselves. He says they are a good mixture. Sagan is much less critical of the other scientists and what they are doing than they are of him and all his works. (Few of his more outspoken colleagues, of course, offer quite the same target for controversy that he does.) About the only criticism he allows himself—and it is one in which most biologists concur—is that the instruments are too severely limited. He would have preferred Viking to have a group of instruments that would allow the biologists to carry out a logical series of experiments, in which the results of one would dictate the nature of the next—so that, for example, if the GCMS detected a certain group of organic compounds the biology experiments could be programmed to look for them. The need for this kind of versatility, Sagan believes, stems from a basic difference between biology and the physical sciences, such as geology. "A geophysicist who is looking for magnetic fields around planets will know that, however strong or weak the fields may be, they are still magnetic fields, and he can design an instrument that will look for them," he said. "But biologists don't know what life on other planets is going to be like. Hence in their instruments they should have the ability to make choices as they go along, as if they were exploring the branches of a tree." The geologists, though, don't think the trouble with the biology instruments stems from their being too simple. An experiment such as Sagan described had been planned in the mid-nineteen-sixties for Voyager, an ambitious earlier proposal for a Mars mission that would also have involved two spacecraft, each weighing twenty-five thousand pounds, and each equipped with a lander, at a cost of about two and a half billion dollars. Congress killed Voyager in 1967. "And thank God it did!" says one of the geologists, who didn't think any more of the biologists' instrument-building abilities then than he does now. Sagan, though, who admits to a fondness for the grandiose, still describes himself as "an unreconstructed Voyager enthusiast." He may be the only one around.

Lederberg, too, regrets Viking's limitations. He would like to see the experiments carried out at a more Martian-like temperature—say, five degrees below zero Celsius, instead of



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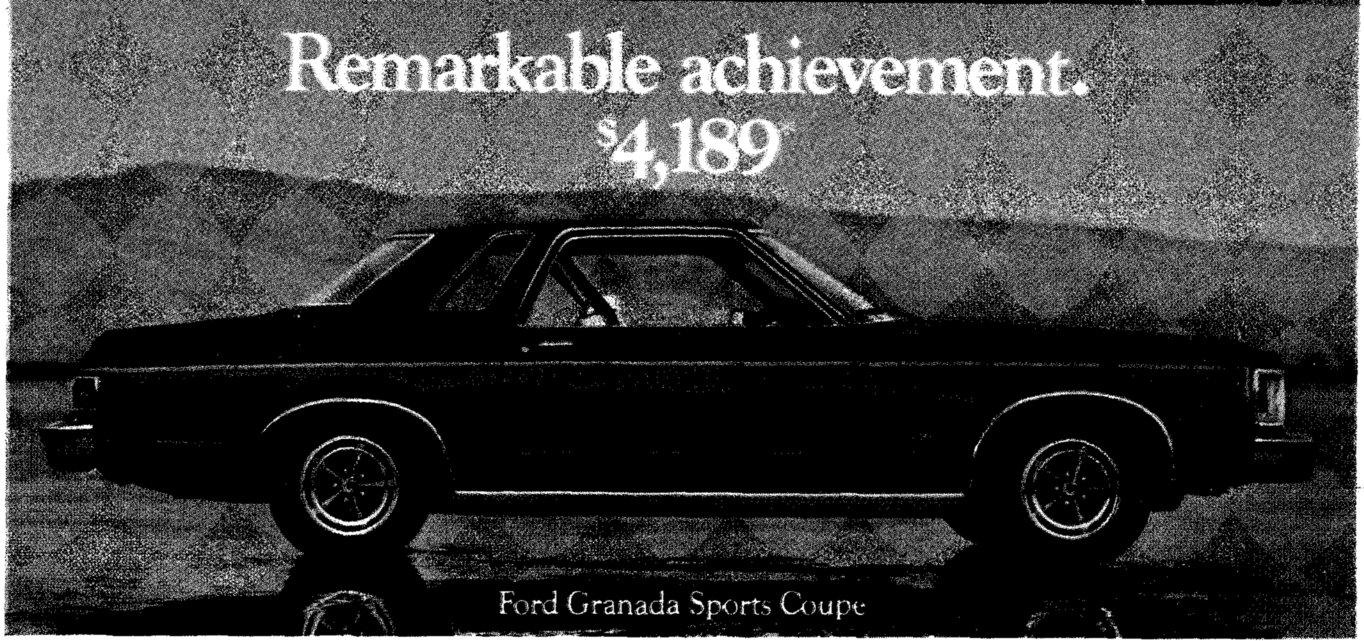

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at fifteen degrees Celsius, the temperature that Viking's electronics have to be kept at. At five below zero, water underground, which is where he thinks Martian organisms are most apt to get it, can still be liquid. He also feels that the duration of the experiments (one to two weeks) is far too short, because at Martian temperatures living things are apt to metabolize more slowly and take longer to grow. More cautious than Sagan, Lederberg describes himself as an agnostic about the chances of finding any life on the planet. In Florida, before the launch, he elaborated his views for a visitor. No unexpected compounds or abundances of the sort that betray life, he said, have been found either on Mars or in its atmosphere. If there were Martian scientists, they wouldn't have to leave their planet in order to detect the presence of life on earth, for it would show up remotely in (among other things) the presence of both oxygen and methane in our atmosphere (another example of thermodynamic disequilibrium). Methane, being chemically incompatible with oxygen, should probably have disappeared by now; it hasn't, because life continues to manufacture it. It is produced by bacteria that live in marshes and in the intestines of cows and other grass-eaters. "There's no phenomenon observed so far on Mars that says that there has to be life there," Lederberg said, "and that's dismal."

AS Sagan and Lederberg bobbed around in the pool at the Ramada Inn at Cocoa Beach, Florida, where they were staying before the launch of Viking 1, they talked about what the effect on the odds for the existence of life elsewhere in the universe would be if the biology instruments gave a unanimous negative to the question of life on Mars. The matter wouldn't come up, they decided, because the instruments aboard Viking—assuming they worked—were incapable of providing an irrefutable negative. Sagan's fertile imagination has churned out a number of scenarios showing how the instruments might fail to detect life even if it is present—thereby standing on its head the geologists' argument that the instruments might register life that is not there. For example, he says, the spacecraft might land in a part of Mars where there is no life; that is, it might fail to land in one of Sagan's and Lederberg's low, warm, wet microenvironments. Even if one assumes that the spacecraft lands in a Martian Garden of Eden, and the instruments are working properly, there are plenty of holes that Martian organisms might slip through undetected. "Take the nutrients in Oyama's experiment," Sagan said. "We're sending food to the Martians, but what we're sending may be poison to them. Many simple organic compounds are poisons for us, such as hydrogen cyanide. So the food we're sending them might kill them. Or say the food doesn't kill them; rather, they don't like it, because they eat different stuff. So the bugs inside the instrument don't eat it and can't be detected—but meanwhile there are other microbes outside, chomping away on the spacecraft's zirconium paint, say, which happens to be their bag. And, of course, the microbes might love the food we send them and eat it all up, but instead of oxidizing it into carbon dioxide they might only ferment it to butyric acid, which can't be detected either by Levin's instrument or by Oyama's. Then we get no reading—and we say, 'There's nobody eating our food.' And certain kinds of life could be missed by Horowitz's experiment. This is not a criticism of the instruments; it's merely to suggest the complexity of biology. Looking for life is hard."

Lederberg agreed with Sagan that Viking probably couldn't provide a definite negative, but that even if it could the result would have little bearing on our ideas about the existence of life elsewhere. Mars, indeed, might be a planetary red herring. It could well be that the solar system as a whole is too arid and inhospitable to support life on more than one planet, and certainly conditions on Mars are so harsh that the absence of cellular life there would not prove much. Viking *is* capable, though, of providing a positive answer—on that point Sagan and Lederberg were agreed. And, because of the harshness of the environment, the existence of life on Mars would speak volumes about an abundance of life, including intelligent life, all over the universe. Sagan, treading water, looked pleased with this heads-I-win-tails-you-lose proposition.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

"Your mother, I understand, made a certain request to Mrs. Oliver."

"She'd no business to do so," said the boy.

His eyebrows came down over his nose. He looked angry now. Angry—almost revengeful.—"*Elephants Can Remember,*" *by Agatha Christie.*

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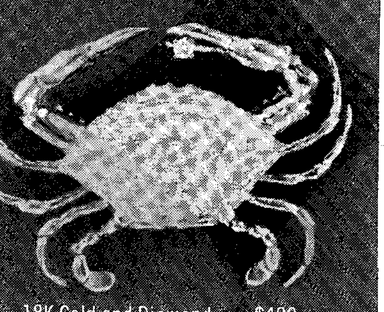

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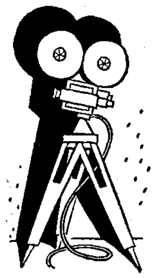
THE CURRENT CINEMA

White Dreams

ROBERT ALTMAN's "Buffalo Bill and the Indians, or Sitting Bull's History Lesson" is about a frontier legend fed by wish. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup on his forehead, and a wig of long fair hair that makes the character look peculiarly like the result of a sex change. Sitting Bull is taciturn throughout. He might be a figure in a children's history book.



We are in a show ring of the West. The reality of the frontier heroes, says Altman, is already a theatrical story. Annie Oakley (Geraldine Chaplin, eyelids shivering with nerves as she does her famous sharpshooting act) is in the thrall of her own legend, and performs for an audience composed not so much of citizens as of theatregoers and stage-door fans. Altman's Westerners are not Westerners as any other filmmaker shows them; they are obsessed with being photographed, and they would rather pose in a group for an old-fashioned camera than push the frontier farther West. The audience of the show sings "The Star-Spangled Banner" with sacred fervor. "It is Buffalo Bill's belief," says the announcer, "that this could and should be the next national anthem." The small crowd cheers. The show has the look of a travelling circus. Altman's theme is staged heroics. When a gun goes off, people think that Buffalo Bill has shot himself; but what he has shot at is actually a caged bird that irritated him. It belongs to a chattery, soulless woman who represents the conventional Victorian theatrical idea of femininity that could be flirted with, counted on to exult in tears, and mollified with a hat.

The topic of the film is the making of idols. It is Buffalo Bill's role to seem generous and flexible with his enemies in front of the crowd. Sitting Bull has to die, as the crowd discovers, because his role is to be immortal. Annie Oakley has to appear never to miss when she shoots—even when she has missed and wounded her partner—because of the presence of the crowd. Altman's "Nashville" is about the same notion. Almost every event in "Nashville" happens because of the pressure of an audience. Altman's are not the mobs of the Greek agora, where loitering among people produced thought; they are the mass audiences at football games, energized by drum majorettes.

Buffalo Bill himself is growing old, but he refuses to take it in. His whiskers are touched up at the barber's. Himself a fib produced by enactments of bygone bravery, a high-flying orator not halted by the mute stoicism of Sitting Bull's appearance at the open-air show, he can no longer recognize the difference between action and meditation. The heroism of late-nineteenth-century white frontier life was the product of action; the stance of Indian life was the product of meditation. Although to the white mind Sitting Bull has died, he is still alive to the Indian. And also to Buffalo Bill, who has been in conflict with him for so long that, one sozzled and ill-weathered night after Sitting Bull's death, he keeps imagining him in apparition. In a room alone, he sees his combatant of a former life appearing and disappearing, moving from place to place, as if on old soft moccasins, as if he knew the terrain better than this white brother who mysteriously wished him ill. Buffalo Bill, unable to believe himself aging and buoyed up by the roar of the audience as soon as he appears publicly on his dancing white stallion, is now privately haunted by a vision of Sitting Bull wherever he turns his head. He has a one-sided conversation with the silent old man, now here, now there. This scene is the best in the film. The meeting bears the grieved freight of the tent scene in "Julius Caesar" between Brutus and Cassius on the night before the battle of Philippi. "O my dear brother!/This was an ill beginning of the night./Never come such division 'tween our souls!/Let it not, Brutus."

In Altman's film, it is as if, in talking to his lifelong and now dead enemy, Buffalo Bill were talking to himself and trying to find out where he went wrong. Altman is showing us that a historic world can be demolished by platitude. We watch the famous characters from a distance; already made unreal by the fact of being played by actors, they are even further removed from the actual by having become historical celebrities. And, in the hallucinatory night scene, just as Sitting Bull is sometimes sitting sagely on a chair or couch and sometimes is not there at all, Arthur Kopit—the author of the original play on which Alan Rudolph and Altman based this script—is saying that there is much that is fraudulent in the story of white Americans' conquest of a savage land. He suggests that what we are seeing is not so much the West as a Wild West Show. In Altman's story, it is theatrically minded crowds who create the hallucinations we see. The miasmic heroes appear and disappear like silk scarves out of a magician's sleeve.

This is not a sociological picture. (Its technical innovations, including its overlapping sound, are familiar gifts of an Altman film; so is the autumn gleam of the photography, by Paul Lohmann.) It is about sorts of dreams. The white men in the picture believe that the Indians give their lives to dreams. Envying them for it but incapable of it themselves, they produce show business instead. Show biz asserts that life is fine; perhaps it is true that white men tend to dream only of things going well, whereas Indians, like many aboriginal people, dream of death, initiation, possibility: the rock face on which waking life has no purchase.

"CONVERTHATHION like televithion on honeymoon. Unnethethary," lisps Peter Sellers tartly, playing a detective "of Oriental extraction" in Neil Simon's "Murder by Death," directed by Robert Moore. In the makeup department's notion of Oriental extractedness, Mr. Sellers' teeth overhang his lower lip like Tudor gables. Added to the dental situation, there is the grammar situation. His obliviousness to the definite and indefinite articles outrages his host, Lionel Twain, played by Truman Capote. It also constitutes an implicit offense to Bensonmum ("Not 'Benson, mum,' it's 'Bensonmum' "), a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness. He works with proper dignity in Mr. Twain's mansion: a cobwebbed place full of thick-coming fancies that greatly trouble guests but seem not to bother Bensonmum, who is obsessed with the servant problem, as the best butlers are. His sound and fury is mostly directed at the kitchen maid, who is incapable of uttering a word and is also stone deaf. The blind butler serves soup from an empty tureen. He compensates for his own incapacity by assaulting the kitchen maid with torrents of finely elocuted oratory. We might be listening to a sightless Burke, or a Jeeves with the lid off.

The setting is an alarming house, and the occasion a most difficult house-party. Alarm is increased by the fact that the host is played by Mr. Capote, whispering in a sibilant falsetto, and also by the fact that the weather visible from the windows is Gothic. This weather is caused by a machine that is a typical toy of the host's, whose whim it is to make all climate around him resemble a case of high-bred bad temper. His particular area of scholarship is criminology. In the cause of outwitting the world's greatest detectives, he invites the lot of them to dinner. Elsa Lanchester plays an English detective novelist called Miss Marbles. Based as she is on the benign Agatha Christie character, she would never hurt a fly, but if a fly should be hurt in a fly-scandal case there are few to touch her in tracking down the fly-wounder. James Coco plays a Belgian detective ("Not a Frenchie, a *Belgic*," he says irritably). Peter Falk plays private eye Sam Diamond, with a good Bogart accent; Eileen Brennan plays his secretary, with a goodish Bacall hairdo. Then there is Dick Charleston (played by David Niven), married to a beauty played by Maggie Smith, whose overcooked-asparagus wrists have never been used with more languid wit. Estelle Winwood is also here, splendidly, as Miss Marbles' nurse. It is the nurse, not the patient, who is the one in a wheelchair. She needs a good deal of looking after and seems extremely frail, as if she were made of tulle and lavender water. Peter Sellers looks at her, as he looks at everybody, with narrowed eyes, apparently seeing all but actually noticing absolutely nothing.

The film is sophisticatedly funny, full not only of one-liners but also of production gags; a scream, for instance, turns out to be the doorbell. The premise of the picture is that these world-famous detectives are here to detect a murder not yet committed. The herrings are many, and they are all red. Some wine is tasted and proclaimed not poisoned. Simply a bad year. A moose with intemperate eyes, whose head sticks out of the dining-room wall, makes you wonder uneasily where the rest of him is stabled. The famous detectives bicker comically, having no case to solve, and snoop around the house looking for a crime. The trouble is not so much a crime as a problem: worry about the help. Neil Simon has the touch of the great Aldwych farce writer Ben Travers in making it seem that getting non-geriatric butlers and kitchen maids is a common anxiety. The members of the cast are giftedly dotty, each in his own small corner. Never before have been collected in one film such confident wild syntax as Peter Sellers', such delicate disgust and common sense as Maggie Smith's, such enthusiasm about makeup for seventy-six-year-olds as Truman Capote's.

—Penelope Gilliatt

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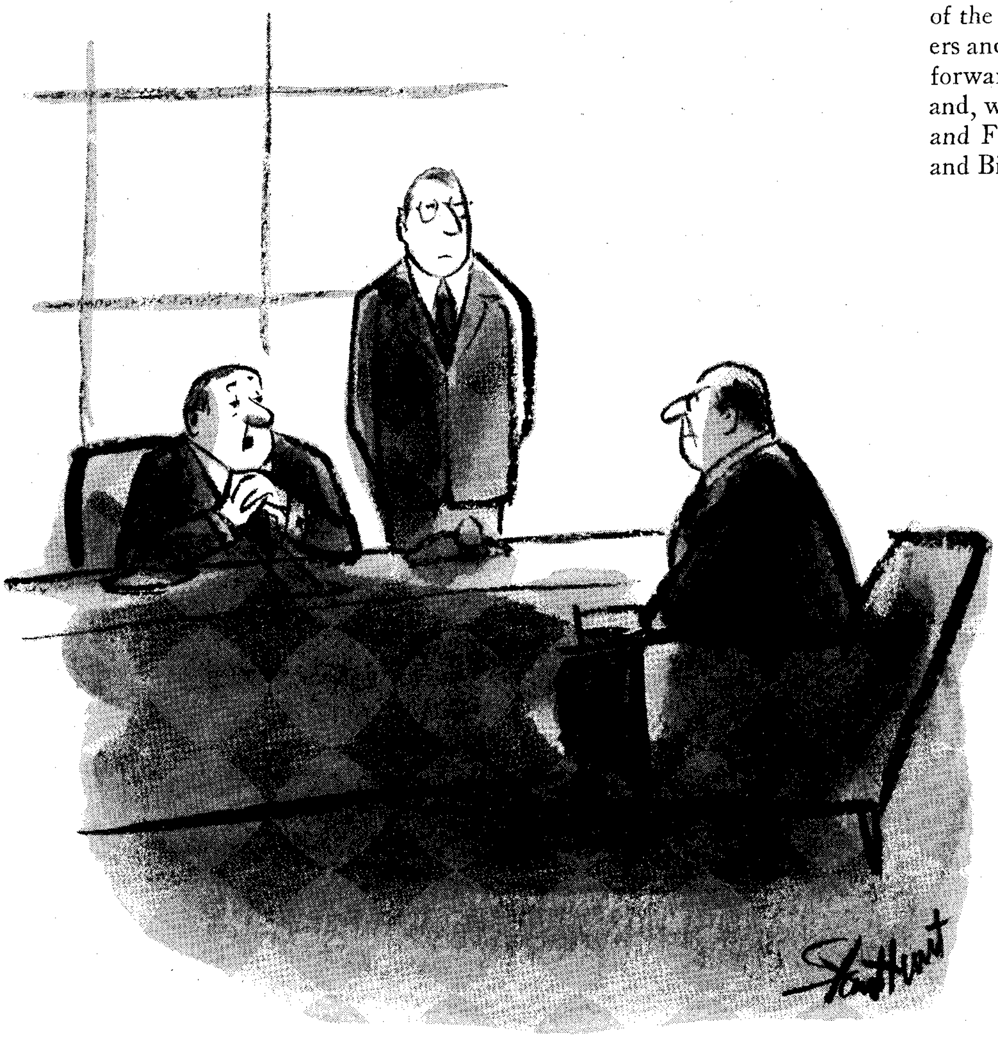
WE need an elegant and accurate phrase to describe the body of songs written during the past sixty or seventy years in this country by such composers as Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, George Gershwin, Hoagy Carmichael, Richard Rodgers, Harold Arlen, Fats Waller, Jimmy McHugh, Vernon Duke, Cy Coleman, Willard Robison, Vincent Youmans, and Alec Wilder. These songs have long been called "popular songs" or "pop songs," and their often extraordinary singers have been "popular singers" or "pop singers," or in the big-band days "girl singers" and "boy singers." In the twenties and thirties and forties, these terms were apt: writing songs was an industry, and so was singing them. (This industry was governed by music publishers, a breed of businessmen second only to the early Hollywood producers in their ignorance, canniness, sentimentality, and greed. They have been supplanted in what is left of the songwriting business by the executives of record companies, who are running a close second to their predecessors.) Alec Wilder has said of this melodic mass production, "The intention of most songwriters and all publishers was to reach the masses, and, indeed, popular songs were once called 'counter songs'—songs sold over the counter in music stores in the form of sheet music, and by the bale. I have been guilty of writing counter songs myself. Using the name Plato Faust, I once wrote a tune called 'I May Be a Pain in the Neck to You, but You're a Lump in the Throat to Me,' and during the Second World War I wrote 'I'm Sleeping Late Today, General.' I can even remember worrying about what a specific publisher would think of a song while I was writing it. It was that bad." There were mass-production singers. Between 1927 and 1941, the South African singer Al Bowlly, who worked here in the mid-thirties with Ray Noble, and who may have influenced Fred Astaire's singing, recorded over a thousand sides, and had he lived (he was killed in the Blitz) would probably have done a second thousand. But popular songs and popular singers are no longer popular. They have been displaced by rock, which is working up its own—though so far musically inferior—world of songs and singers. And they have suffered because of the disappearance of the big bands (each had at least two singers, who between them did over a hundred new songs a year), the waning of the Hollywood musical (a hungry medium that rivalled Broadway in its demand for new and high-class material), and the death of Gershwin and Kern and Porter and Duke and Youmans. Yet in spite of this attrition a renaissance of American song appears at hand. The great body of American popular songs has had time to settle in the past twenty years, allowing the dreck to sink and leaving masterpieces like "Willow Weep for Me" and "The Man I Love" and "I'll Be Around" room to breathe and grow. At the same time, a formidable group of singers, some of them older graduates of the Academy of American Pop Singers and some much younger, have come forward in the past four or five years, and, with such models as Mabel Mercer and Frank Sinatra and Mildred Bailey and Billie Holiday, have developed a remarkable lustre and precision and savvy, to say nothing of a reverence for their materials and for their art. They include Anita Ellis, Sylvia Syms, Maxine Sullivan, Helen Merrill, Johnny Hartman, Matt Dennis, Bobby Short, Nancy Harrow, Susannah McCorkle, Marlene VerPlanck, Hugh Shannon, Bobby Troup, Irene Kral, Jackie Cain, Barbara Lea, David Allyn, Blossom Dearie, Teddi King, and Thelma Carpenter. But what are we to call the graceful array of American songs these singers sing? They are not lieder. Their harmonies, melodies, rhythms, and forms are altogether different, as are their emotional impetus and effect. They are not art songs—a term that smacks of chapbooks and colloquiums. And they are not just popular songs or non-academic songs or jazz songs or cabaret songs or supper-club songs or theatre songs or movie songs. Perhaps Alec Wilder will fashion a name, for he has



"Look at it this way, Cogshill—you buy me, you get my partner free."

become the chief guardian and celebrant of American song. His book "American Popular Song: The Great Innovators, 1900-1950," published just four years ago, has already become irreplaceable (the first requisite of a classic is to fill a vacuum), and now he has set out on an endeavor that will further preserve and enhance American song.

At the behest of the radio arm of the South Carolina Educational Television Network (known as ETV), he is assembling a series of hour-long programs, each given over to a first-rate singer singing first-rate American songs. The programs will be available to the hundred and ninety stations of National Public Radio (WNYC is its outlet in New York), starting in September. To date, shows have been done by Thelma Carpenter, who sang Irving Berlin, Eubie Blake, and some Ethel Waters-associated songs; by Teddi King, who did Rodgers and Hart and songs connected with Mildred Bailey and such girl singers as Helen O'Connell (Harold Arlen's "When the Sun Comes Out") and Patti Page (Fats Waller's "There's a Man in My Life"); by David Allyn, who concentrated on Harold Arlen and Jerome Kern; by Marlene VerPlanck, who did Hugh Martin and songs by one-shot composers, among them "Easy Street," "There'll Be Some Changes Made," and "Tenderly;" and by Barbara Lea, who recorded Willard Robison and some of the songs the late Lee Wiley used to do, including "Sugar," "Basin Street Blues," "I've Got a Crush on You," "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby," "Down to Steamboat Tennessee," and "Supper Time." The first series of shows will also have an hour of Mabel Mercer. Then the money will be gone, and more funding will have to be found before the series can continue, with Johnny Hartman on Billy Strayhorn, Sylvia Syms on Cy Coleman, Jackie Cain on Tommy Wolf, and Helen Ward on the music of the Benny Goodman years.

BARBARA LEA recorded over a weekend at the home of Dick Phipps, the director of the series, which will be called "American Popular Song, with Alec Wilder and Friends." Phipps lives in Lexington, South Carolina, which is fifteen miles west of Columbia, where ETV has its headquarters, and he had decided, along with Bill Hay, who produces the series and is doing the taping, that his living room would be more congenial than a studio for such intimate and delicate work. Most instrumentalists,

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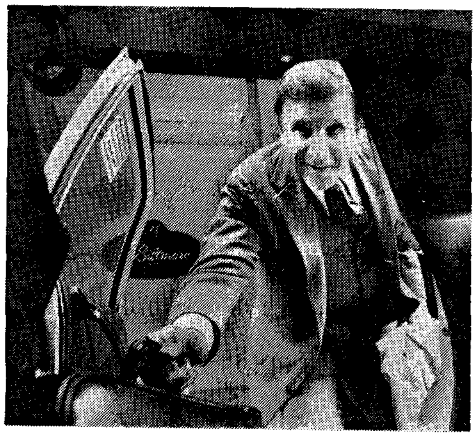

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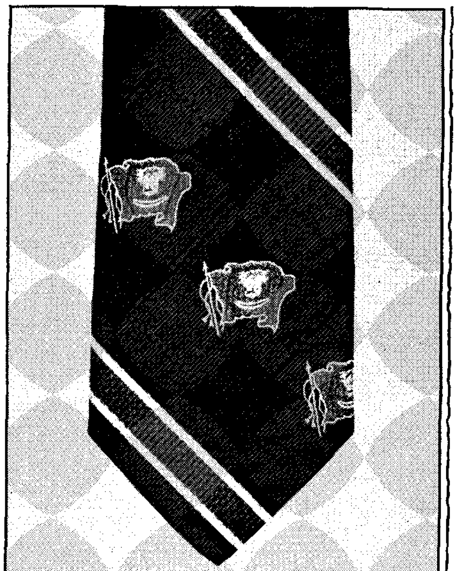

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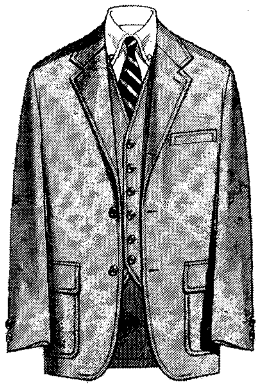

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no matter what their physical or spiritual weather, can pull themselves up to at least a professional level when they record, but singers can be bothered by almost anything—inimical pollen, an in-tune-with-itself piano whose keyboard is an eighth of a tone off, an accompanist who likes to squeeze twenty-note arpeggios between the end of the second eight and the start of the bridge, a stupid lyric, or that occasional and mysterious malaise in which, correct windage notwithstanding, the singer keeps sliding just under or just over the notes. Phipps' living room is spacious and comfortable, and is furnished with books (Osbert Lancaster to Brian Rust), a thick autumn-colored rug, enfolding Eames-type chairs, greenery, statues of W. C. Fields and Stan Laurel, a painting of Mildred Bailey, a glass wall that looks onto a terrace and down through small pines to Lake Murray, and, at the opposite end, a corner kitchen and a grand piano. The room worked for Barbara Lea. On Friday night, between nine and one, she recorded seven songs and rehearsed a half dozen more. On Saturday, between eleven in the morning and eleven at night, she recorded twenty-four songs. And on Sunday, between eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon, she set down twenty-five or so easy and enlightening conversations with Alec Wilder and her accompanist, the pianist and composer Loonis McGlohon, which would be spliced in with the songs.

The atmosphere in the room during the weekend was loose and full of laughter and reverence—laughter at the sheer pleasure of it all and reverence for the songs and for the lucid and masterly singing of Barbara Lea. Phipps is a medium-sized man with an aquiline face, a peaked, bald head, and a barrelling laugh. Friday night, he sat behind the counter that divides the kitchen from the living room, listening like radar, clapping, and uttering occasional groans of pleasure. He talked about himself during a break: "I come from Lincoln, Nebraska, where I was born in 1925. I got into jazz by going to local jam sessions, and many a time I saw the sun come up through somebody's basement window. I started collecting records during the war, which I got into right after I'd entered the University of Nebraska. I was a navigator, and I flew in the South Pacific. Whenever I had the chance, I'd look up the Special Services officer and say, 'You're just going to throw out those beat-up V-discs, so you might as well let me take them,' and he generally would, which is why I have a pretty darn good collection of them, along with I don't know how many thousands of jazz records and pop singers and classical stuff. When you think of the investment—well, you could have a couple of fine cars and houses around the country, but you couldn't sit down in your living room in the middle of South Carolina on a Tuesday night and listen at will to Mary Ann McCall or Helen Ward or Fran Warren. I've been in the promotional end of television since the fifties, mostly with ABC and CBS affiliates in St. Petersburg and Augusta and Chattanooga. I started at ETV in 1969, and it's an astonishing and swinging outfit. The idea for this series came out of Alec Wilder's book and a television special we did in 1972 on Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short. What we're trying to do, aside from getting these great songs and great singers before a public that rarely has a chance to hear them or may never have heard them, is to create an archive of American song that will be played and replayed up and down the country."

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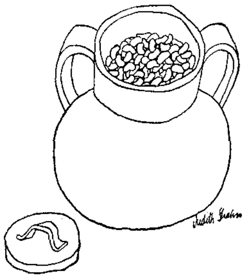
LASZLO

Barbara Lea is slender and has short auburn hair and a small, sensible face. Her eyes slope at the corners and are set well apart, and her smile moves carefully from right to left. One immediately senses the bell of deliberation she moves under. She is a subtle singer. She has a measured, almost dry voice, but then one notices her big lows and her etched high notes and her vocal strength. Her diction is choice but properly self-effacing, and her sense of melody is complete and continuous. She moves constantly toward the center of each song. Friday night was exploratory, and it reached an unexpected high point around eleven-thirty, when, after she had taped one of Willard Robison's relatively rare non-rural songs, "My Egotism Is Hurtin' Me," his "Guess I'll Go Back Home," and his two versions of "The Devil Is Afraid of Music," she tried "Lonely Acres," a strange and beautiful Robison ballad that Wilder and McGlohon had never heard—or even heard of—before. It has a conventional verse, which gives way to a brooding lullaby whose melodic line is made up of whole notes that are never more than half a tone apart. These move sedately past for eight bars, there is a key change (there is no feeling of a key center in the chorus at all) and eight more whole notes, which are slightly lower than the first eight and which have an unsettling melancholy sound—whereupon Robison jumps into a routine bridge that flows into a reprise of the almost Slavic first eight bars. It is an exceptionally difficult song, for each of its majestic whole notes must be held without pitch variance or a ravelling vibrato or tonal weakening. Barbara Lea was clearly tired when she started the song, but she made three takes before she was satisfied; it seemed that another might finish her. Her vibrato had begun to shake a little, and light showed through her voice.



On the way back to her motel, she talked to relax. Her voice was lower than it had been at the start of the evening, and it moved through burred passages. She speaks as if she had heard a lot of words weighed as a child. "I grew up in a Detroit suburb and in the city itself. My father was an assistant attorney general of Michigan for many years. I went to Wellesley, and graduated in 1951. Then I hung around Boston for a year and sang with pickup bands. And I sat in at Storyville, where I got to know George Wein and Charlie Bourgeois. I don't know what they thought of me as a singer, because they were revolving around Teddi King. In 1952, my parents said, 'If you're really going to be a singer, you have to go to New York.' So, bless them, they collected me and took me to New York, where they had a friend named Graham Prince, who found me some jobs and arranged my first recording. But I was scared and a terribly inhibited performer, and I kept ducking back to Boston to work in nice dark cocktail lounges. I did sing at Childs Paramount, on Broadway—that huge subterranean vault where the waiters whistled when you sang—and I made several L.P.s. But I needed to have my ideas shaken up and I needed to be a better performer, so I started studying acting and slowly phased out my singing. I worked mostly in regional theatres, doing Shakespeare and Chekhov and Albee and Williams as well as musicals like 'Mame' and 'Cabaret.' And I've made two movies—one of them was 'Finnegans Wake'—but neither was a success. By 1970, I'd got an M.A. in drama and decided to go into teaching. I taught speech at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts for a year, and taught acting for a summer at Hofstra. Then I began running into music people again, and for a couple of years I gigged around as a singer when I could, doing occasional Saturday nights in Queens, and private parties, and three weeks, say, at a club in Nyack. And last summer I found myself singing in an Italian restaurant in the East Thirties on Wednesday nights. Charlie Bourgeois came in, and that led to my being here. I have no intention of giving up acting; it's kept me alive and will probably continue to, but I'm also going to work very hard at being a singer.

"The first singer I remember was Bea Wain, on the old 'Hit Parade.' I also listened to Fats Waller and Billie Holiday and Lena Horne and Dinah Shore. I loved Johnny Mercer's singing, and I got into Lee Wiley. Billie Holiday, to me, was the only true and complete jazz singer—and simply because she couldn't sing a song straight. She remade every song from the first note. Some singers use music as a tool to reach an audience. I don't. The *song* is it for me. When I'm singing my best, a lot goes through my mind—the rise and fall of the melody, how the vowels and consonants affect the rhythm, the way the words shape the notes, the story of the song and the images it evokes. I don't worry anymore about improvising, the way I did when I was starting out and considered myself a jazz singer. Now I improvise once in a while, particularly on overfamiliar songs like 'Sunny Side of the Street' or 'My Blue Heaven.' It has to be a melodic invention, a whole new melody, and not just a mass of notes—that approach obliterates a song. I prefer my songs to be more than entertainment. I want the audience to think and feel in a way it hasn't thought or felt before. Then you make good listeners, and good listeners help make good performers. I have the will and desire to pay attention to the very smallest details in my songs, and that's ninety per cent of the job. A lot of singers have more facility than I have, but not one loves singing more."

In addition to Loonis McGlohon, Barbara Lea's accompanists included two local musicians, Mel Alexander on bass and Tony Cooper on drums. On Saturday, a Rod Cless clarinettist named Bob Mitchell came in from Atlanta to sit in on the jazzier Lee Wiley

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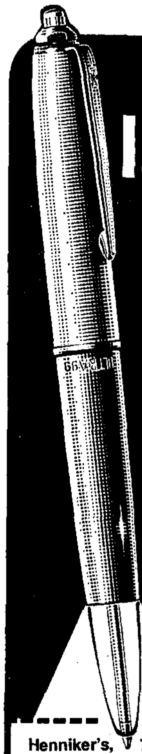

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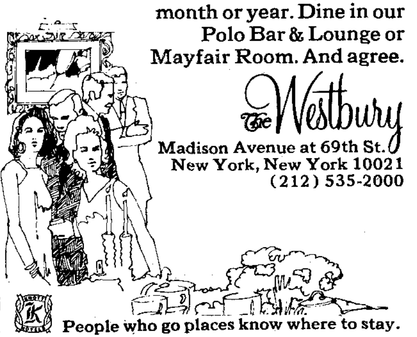

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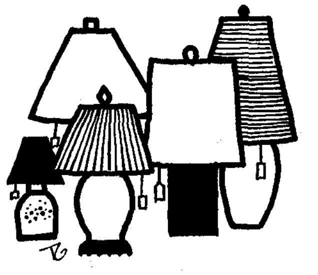
People who go places know where to stay.

numbers. The recording went apace. By early afternoon, she had completed "Sugar" and "Basin Street Blues" and more than half a dozen Willard Robison songs, among them " 'Round My Old Deserted Farm," "Little High Chairman," and " 'Tain't So, Honey, 'Tain't So." She revealed herself a tough and canny critic of her own work and the work around her. She complimented Cooper when he used some felicitous wire-brush patterns behind her, but she came down on him when he got overly busy. She prodded Alexander, asking him to move from a laggardly two-four beat to four-four, which immediately enlivened the proceedings. After take two of "A Cottage for Sale": "I don't think that was at all definitive. And did that phlegm in my throat pass for emotion in the tag? No? All right, we'll do another take." After several takes of "Old Folks": "I don't think we need such an intimate feeling on this song. I like the little double-time patterns you were doing on the bridge, Tony, but let's have even more rhythm going. Then I'll have something to work against." The night before, she had done nine takes of "My Egotism Is Hurtin' Me" before she was pleased.

Alec Wilder—dressed in his Andover Shop flannels and tweeds, his jacket pockets packed with pens and pencils, pipes, paperbacks, and manuscript paper, his voice like pouring coal—sat intently on a kitchen stool ten feet from Barbara Lea and McGlohon. He praised good takes, corrected wrong notes and faulty lyrics, and supplied fugitive chords. During "Basin Street Blues," he disappeared into Dick Phipps' record room and read Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Country of the Pointed Firs." He had, he said, heard Jack Teagarden sing the song so many times he could no longer stand it. Later, he took a short nap in Phipps' bedroom, having barely slept the night before. After lunch, he discoursed on Willard Robison, a haunting and neglected American composer who died almost penniless in 1968, at the age of seventy-three. "I offer an apology for having written much too sparingly of Willard Robison in my book. I knew that John Mercer and Mildred Bailey swore by him, but I always thought they overenthused. I must retract that. I first caught sight of Willard in the twenties when he was recording for Perfect Records. He sang his songs and accompanied himself. The records were brown, I remember, and cost thirty-nine cents, and I'd buy them week by week. I sent him some of my early songs, and he wrote me a warm and—well, semi-literate answer. Willard came from Shelbina, Missouri, and he was totally of the country. Even though he lived much of his life in New York, he never lost that Stephen Foster-Arcadia vision. Look at his song titles—' 'Round My Old Deserted Farm,' 'Peaceful Valley,' 'Lonely Acres,' 'Cottage for Sale.' I think I first met him through Mildred Bailey. He—witness his 'We'll Build a New Church in the Morning'—was a religious man, and once when I was with Mildred she said, 'Alick,' which was how she pronounced my name, 'Alick, God's comin' up, but you can be Jesus.' For a time, Willard had success. He had his own radio show in the thirties, and Paul Whiteman used 'Peaceful Valley' as his theme. Willard wrote hundreds and hundreds of songs, but he had no business sense. He liked to drink, and it became a matter of personal disarray, of continual scuffling. I'd run into him in the Markwell Bar, on West Forty-ninth, where he'd pinch whores' bottoms and rewrite his own old songs so that he could get an advance from a publisher. And sometimes he'd get simultaneous advances from different publishers for the same song. He looked like a country man. He had a long, lean face, and he was lank-jawed. We got along because of my adamant belief in what he believed in—the old American rural values and principles. He often spoke of 'our mutual purpose.' When I was with him, his countryness was so strong I kept expecting the Markwell Bar to give way to a country store, where we'd find ourselves around the stove, warming our hands and letting go at the spittoon."

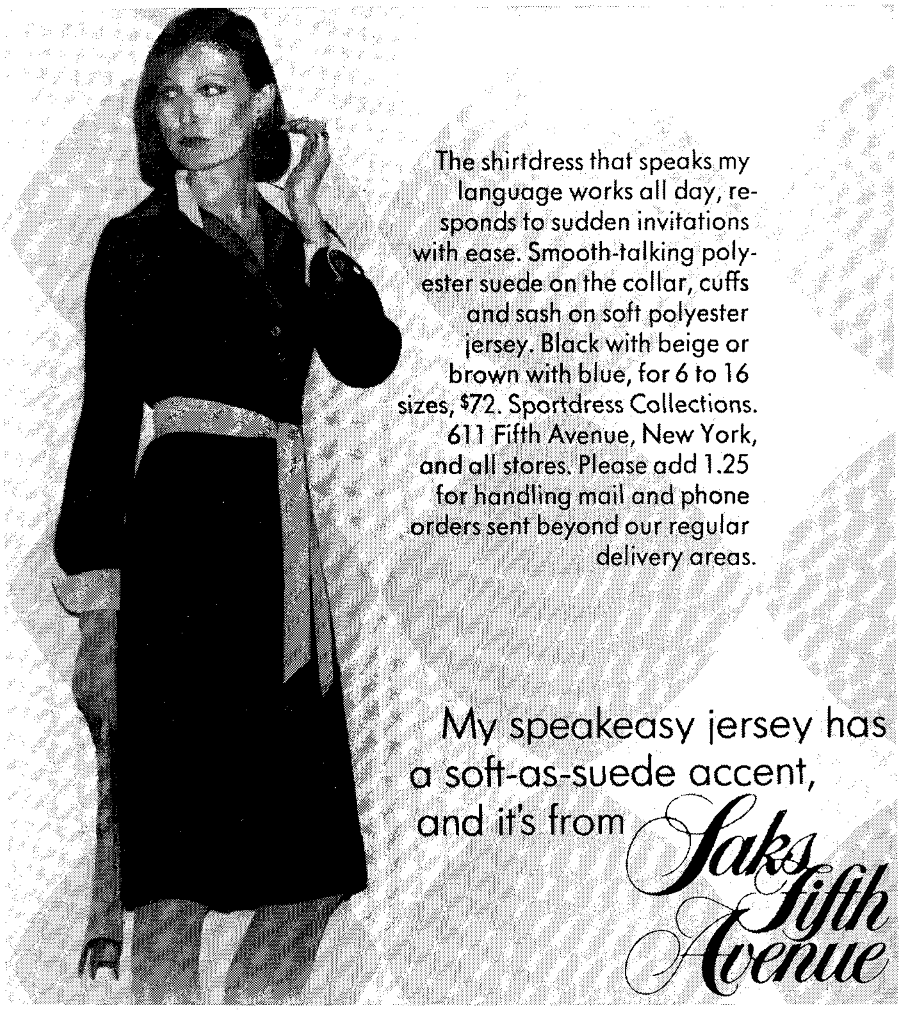


That Saturday was a bright, humming day. Lake Murray, which is man-made, was, according to the daily water-level report on television, up an inch, and it was roiled. The red South Carolina earth, sporting its new green, looked garish. But the intensity of the music kept the outside at bay, and by twilight Barbara Lea had almost thirty numbers in the can. The rest of the evening was devoted to some new Alec Wilder tunes. One was an oblique and beautiful ballad, "We Lost Our Way," which took Barbara Lea and

McGlohon an hour to get right. Another was a country-and-Western spoof that was sung by Barbara Lea, McGlohon, and the composer, in what he calls his "outdoor" voice. Its tune is typical three-chord country-and-Western, and its lyrics go:

If I'd only done what Mother told me to,
I wouldn't sit here molderin' in this jail.
Oh, she taught me everything so good
  and true,
But she's much too pore to get me out
  on bail.
Oh, she taught me! Yes, she taught me
Ev'rything there is about the Golden
  Rule.
Oh, she taught me! Yes, she taught me
That a thief is no better than a fool.
If I'd only done what Mother told me to,
But she's much too pore to get me out of
  jail.

Loonis McGlohon is a quiet, funny, sandy-colored man with a cornerless tidewater accent. He is a remarkable and deceptive accompanist. At first, his chords and occasional arpeggios had a stiff, Sunday-school sound, but he was invariably in the right place at the right time, and on Richard Rodgers' "A Ship Without a Sail" he developed a series of rolling aqueous chords that suggested a barcarolle. He is a man of consummate patience and tact. His only reaction was a blink if Barbara Lea decided on still another take when the last one had been perfect. After "We Lost Our Way" was finished, he drank a beer and said, "I come from Ayden, a little town in North Carolina. My mother was a housewife and my father an auto mechanic. We were poor, and the best I could manage was East Carolina University, in Greenville. During the Second World War, I was with the 345th Army Air Forces Band in Marianna, Florida. It was in the middle of a pecan grove in the Panhandle. Ronnie Graham, who later wrote for Julius Monk, was there, too. I was with Jimmy Dorsey's band some after the war, and then my childhood sweetheart and I got married. We talked about going to New York to join Ralph Flanagan's band, but we decided they wouldn't have grits in New York and probably wouldn't take too kindly to bib overalls anyway. So we stayed in Charlotte, where we've been ever since and where I'm with Station WBTV. I have taken a few accidental excursions—with Arthur Godfrey for a week, and with Judy Garland for a couple of weeks. The only thing of hers I ever really dug was her version of 'The Boy Next Door.' I finally got to know Alec about ten years ago. I had been a fan since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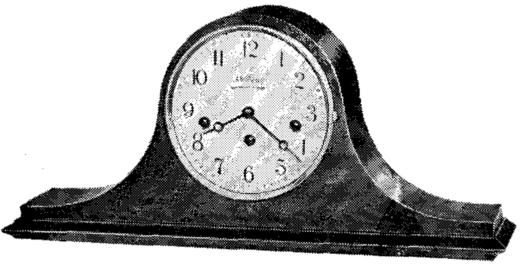
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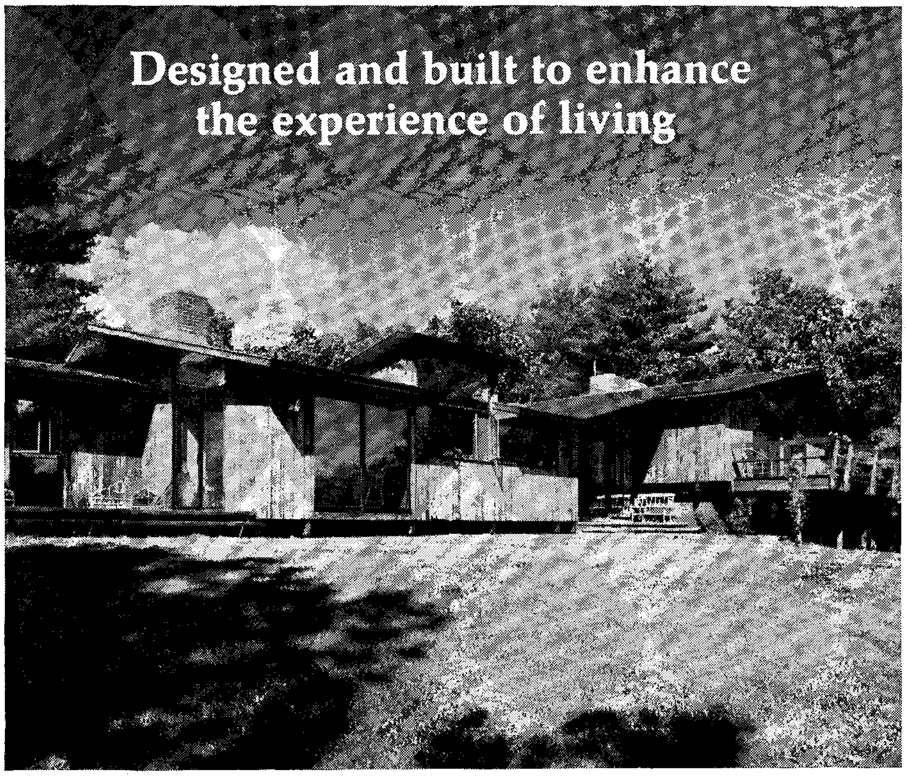

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DECK HOUSE

his Octets in the early forties, and my dream had been to take some lessons from him, but I never had the nerve to write and ask. Then, at my wife's suggestion, I sent him three songs, and he wrote back immediately and encouragingly. Since then, the most pleasant thing I've had—aside from my family—is the chance to write some fifty-odd songs with Alec. I'll send him a lyric, and he'll call when he gets it and dictate the melody over the phone. Without question, he is the most underappreciated composer in America, but I think that is slowly beginning to change. But *he'll* never change. When he telephones, there's no piddle-paddle about the weather and how are you and so forth. It's 'God damn it, Loonis! Did you see what that son of a bitch wrote in the *Times* yesterday?' And once when he was reluctantly watching the Academy Awards at my house with me and two of my girls, he got up when Barbra Streisand came on, raced across the room, and, standing two inches from the screen, shouted, 'Sit down! Sit down! The world is *not* your stage, and we don't want to hear from you!' The girls had their fingers in their ears."

THE "chatter" to be sandwiched between Barbara Lea's songs was done with dispatch on Sunday. Her voice, since its weakening on Friday night, had got stronger and stronger during the weekend. Her low tones approached the sumptuous, and she hit each note unerringly. When she sang Irving Berlin's rare and affecting "Supper Time" late Saturday, she let loose with some surprising belting. After the Sunday talking, she said, "Yesterday was the best time I've ever spent. I plan to live a lot longer, but I could legitimately and calmly die now, and feel wholly at peace."

—Whitney Balliett

•

THE MYSTERIOUS OCCIDENT

[*From an Air France folder received by an American in Brussels*]

Everybody who has have the experience agrees: a stopover in New York is not good for a Lord and Master who is naturally tense: time lost, hold-ups, crowds, getting the luggage transferred finding the terminals.

•

The prints were left by dinosaurs walking across a swamp more than 100,000,000 years ago. Since the dinosaurs walked on top of the swamp, the prints are on the ceiling of the mine tunnel.

—*Newsday.*

We know *that,* silly.

THE RACE TRACK

Two Fine Fillies

A FILLY with the delightful name of Sugar Plum Time carried the colors of Cynthia Phipps to victory in the New York Handicap for fillies and mares, at a mile and a quarter on the grass, at Belmont Park Saturday. It was the liveliest event of the afternoon; Sugar Plum Time passed the post a nose ahead of Milton Ritzenberg's Carolerno, with Deesse du Val, a French miss, who was the favorite, right behind them. Almost immediately, the inquiry sign flashed on the tote board and the stewards went into a huddle, after which they dropped Carolerno to last place for failing to keep a straight course. This moved Deesse du Val into second place and Dos a Dos up to third. Miss Phipps, the daughter of Ogden Phipps (whose stable is referred to on the backstretch as the Establishment), may have a real sugarplum in this attractive four-year-old, who is by Bold Ruler out of Plum Cake and has won three of her five starts this season.

Earlier in the week, Max Gluck, whose Girl in Love won the Mother Goose Stakes—the second race of the New York Racing Association's triple crown for three-year-old fillies—a few weeks ago, saw his Drama Critic take the seventy-eighth running of the Fashion Stakes, the first of the more important races for two-year-old fillies. And it was a thriller, for although Drama Critic, who is by Reviewer out of Sophist, won by nearly three lengths, Sly Grin, Our Mims, and Lucky Return finished necks apart behind her. I'm sure we haven't seen the last of Drama Critic. The Fashion was some compensation to Mr. Gluck for Girl in Love's mishap in the Mother Goose, in which she suffered a fracture in her right foreleg while slowing down after the finish. (She will be idle till it heals.) Incidentally, the headlong early pace in the Mother Goose took so much out of Dearly Precious that she may skip the Coaching Club American Oaks.

As one of the dwindling minority who believe that people come out to see good horses, I point with pride to the attendance at Belmont Park for the Nassau County Handicap two Sundays ago. Though there were only five starters, there was a crowd of 34,138 in the stand, compared with 27,293 the day before, when the main event was the Bowling Green Handicap, which had a field of nine. As it happens, one of the five in the Nassau County was Forego, for whom the race was a prep for the Suburban Handicap at Aqueduct on July 5th. (Frank Whiteley, Jr., Forego's trainer, is a horseman of the old school, which believes a race is better than two workouts.) The big fellow took it in fine style. Carrying 132 pounds and giving as much as twenty-four, he galloped along in fourth place, hard held for half the mile and a furlong, and then, quickening his pace, swept past the leaders on the turn for home to win in hand by nearly three lengths from El Pitirre in 1:48⅗. Forego paid a $3.60 mutuel—a very liberal price for a sure thing.

WELL, we may not see Bold Forbes under colors again till early autumn. As you may recall, when he won the Belmont Stakes he wore a special shoe on his left hind foot, and the foot was shaved to take some of the pressure off it when he was running. Now the farrier who looks after Laz Barrera's horses has trimmed off so much of the hoof that it will need several months to grow back into proper condition for racing. He may be in light training at Saratoga in August, but I doubt if he'll make the Travers Stakes. Foot trouble is nothing new for Bold Forbes. He had cracked heels before the Wood Memorial, and he came out of that race with a bruise on the left hind foot. Then he came out of the Preakness with a cut on it. This department wishes him four good feet.

BIG doings east and west last Sunday. Out at Hollywood Park, Max Gluck's Pay Tribute, a $29.80 long shot, sailed home by more than three lengths in the $250,000 Hollywood Gold Cup. Avatar, winner of the Belmont Stakes last year, was second, and Riot in Paris was third. The also-rans included Ancient Title, the favorite, and Foolish Pleasure. It was Foolish Pleasure's second defeat since he arrived in California. Pay Tribute was always well up in the running before he made his bid.

If Dan Lasater's Royal Glint had finished first in the Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs last Sunday, his share of the prize money would have moved his earnings into the million-dollar bracket. Instead, he collapsed during the running of the race. The veterinarians who revived him said it was a heat attack. (It gets pretty hot at "Suffix.") He'll make that million yet.

—AUDAX MINOR

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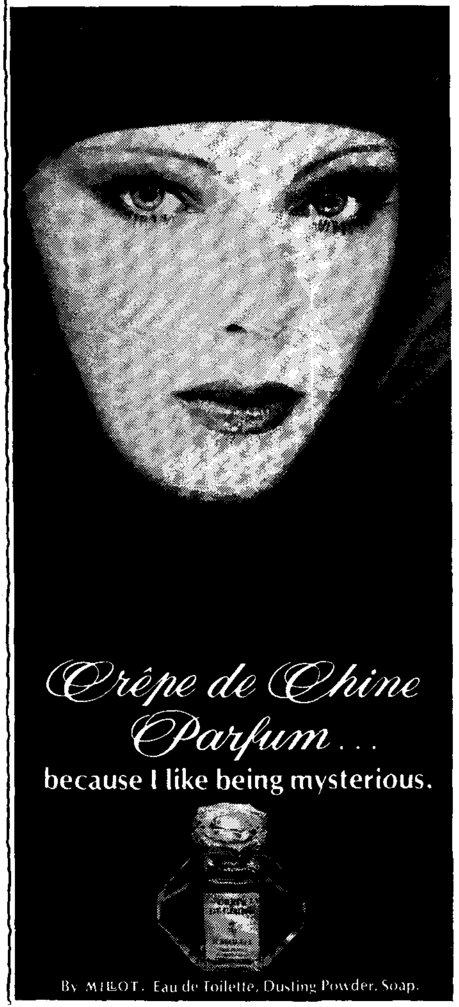

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Giant to the Mind

Girolamo Frescobaldi was organist of St. Peter's—and had been for some time—when Urban VIII engaged Bernini to give the church new splendor. Knowing that, recalling the scale of Bernini's works for the place, reading of the thirty thousand persons who turned up to hear the young organist's début recital there, and hearing in the mind's ear the resonances of that vast building, we are apt to think of Frescobaldi as a composer of music on a majestic scale—and so, of course, he was. Odd fare, then, for one of the intimate recitals given in the André Mertens Galleries for Musical Instruments, in the Metropolitan Museum? No, not exactly, for the pieces played, all but two of them, were taken from the two volumes of toccatas and other items that Frescobaldi published as being collections of works for harpsichord and for organ. What a title page says isn't always hard evidence. The "Moonlight Sonata" was first published as being "for harpsichord or piano." Try it on the harpsichord. It works, after a fashion, and the second and third movements are possibly closer in sound to what Beethoven wanted than anything that can be coaxed from a modern concert grand. But plainly it's a piece written for a piano of the late eighteenth or very early nineteenth century, and the mention of an alternative instrument is probably a sales gesture in the direction of still pianoless households. Some of the Frescobaldi toccatas, I think, are plainly organ music, and some of those in the second volume are specifically designated as such. But all of them *can* be played on the harpsichord, and not all of them are thereby diminished.

Someone or other—was it Pliny?—records the remark of a guest at a dinner party where a small bronze statue of Hercules decked the board: that, while small to the eye, the figure was a giant to the mind. Majesty *can* be suggested in little space—or with few decibels. On the harpsichord, Gustav Leonhardt has given performances of toccatas that, since they bear liturgical subtitles (such as "to be played during the Elevation"), Frescobaldi must surely have meant for organ performance, and has done so in a manner that makes one feel the full Petrine grandeur of the compositions. At the Met recital, Lionel Party did not quite achieve this. He is a thoughtful and sensitive player. He observed those freedoms of tempo and metre—the slowing down for expressive effect, the pause preceding a determined assault on bravura passages, "in order to exhibit the agility of the hands all the more"—that the composer prescribed. But at this recital he did not show himself to be a man of fiery temperament or huge imagination. He used two instruments from the museum's collection—a harpsichord, dated Rome 1666, ascribed to Girolamo Zenti (who was Charles II's instrument builder about that time), and a virginal made for Eleonora d'Este, Duchess of Urbino, in 1540. The former is an instrument of firm, clear, pleasing tone. The little virginal is exquisite to look at and surprisingly strong in its attack tones, but the notes are short-lived, and any rapid movements in the bass produced whirr and whine. It sang sweetly in variations on the air "Or chè noi rimena" (a very beautiful melody) but could not sustain the suspended notes in the Twelfth Toccata of the First Book. The program was cunningly fashioned in three groups—played on harpsichord, virginal, harpsichord again—each ending with a masterpiece. Frescobaldi's varied kinds of achievement were juxtaposed, and by the end of the evening we had heard examples of most of his skills and moods. (Not quite all: his merry side—shown by playful capriccios on the cuckoo call or by that capriccio in which the player must be a vocalist as well and, over the four-part music his fingers are sounding, sing out a fifth melody wherever he can make it fit—was represented only by a passing moment or two.) There were grand toccatas, dances, the madrigal by Arcadelt "*passagiato*" (arranged as a keyboard piece, with passagework for the fingers), a set of variations, capriccios, and three of those works in which Frescobaldi pushed the new resources of baroque chromatic harmony to the limits attainable within mean-tone tuning. Mr. Party's first group ended with the variations on the "Romanesca" melody, a precursor of the Goldberg and the Diabelli; his second with the Eighth Toccata of the Second Book, an essay in "lengths and ligatures;"

"You have many more proxy fights left in you."

his third with the magnificent Ninth Toccata from the same book.

Summer is usually deemed a time for musical mass meetings: at Wolf Trap Farm Park, outside Washington, with its audiences of sixty-five hundred; in Philadelphia's new Robin Hood Dell West, which holds sixteen and a half thousand people; in Central Park, where last week a crowd estimated at up to a hundred thousand assembled to hear the Metropolitan Opera's concert performance of "Aida." At these events, the music is electrically amplified and comes through loudspeakers. At the Metropolitan Museum, there were perhaps fifty listeners—all the gallery can comfortably hold. The air-conditioning was turned off, so that the music could move against a background of silence. And although Mr. Party, as I have suggested, was not the most impulsive of interpreters, he proved a knowledgeable and persuasive guide to a rich musical world where science, skill, proud flourish, passionate intensity of harmony, and quiet, simple, lyrical inventions conspire. It was the kind of recital that sent one to the library to get out the Frescobaldi scores, made one eager to try the pieces under one's own fingers. And eager, too, to hear the grand works on the grandest possible scale. The Cathedral of St. John the Divine holds not thirty thousand but something more like seven thousand. Would a Frescobaldi recital fill it?

—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

Potpourri

"DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG" has been the least recorded of Wagner's operas. Perhaps the reason for this neglect is the work's great length, or perhaps it has something to do with the fact that, unlike most of Wagner's other operas, it is not epic or heroic but bourgeois in nature. At any rate, a new "Meistersinger" has appeared (Philips 6747.167; ten sides). It was recorded at Bayreuth in 1974, and though it has a few of the flaws that attend any recording of a live performance, it is, in general, an excellent representation of Wagner's only mature comedy. The conductor is Silvio Varviso, and the most outstanding interpretation is Karl Ridderbusch's rough, affectionate Hans Sachs. The other principal roles are carried well by Hannelore Bode (Eva), Jean Cox (Walther von Stolzing), Klaus Hirte (Sixtus Beckmesser), Frieder Stricker (David), Gerd Nien-

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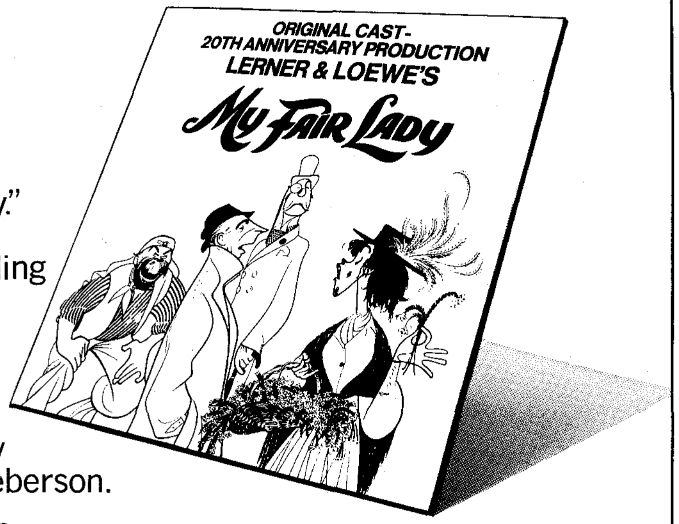

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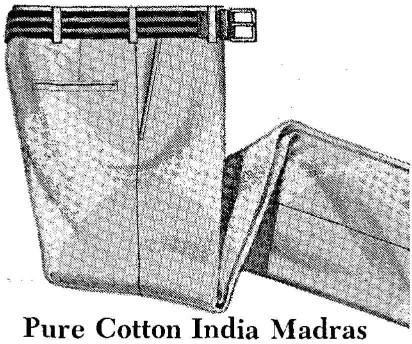

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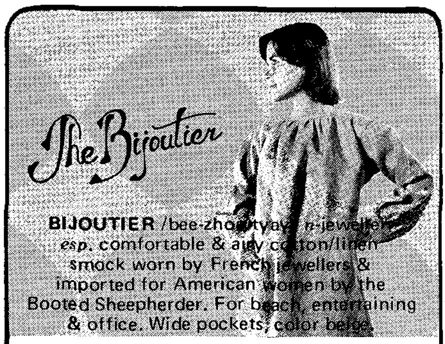
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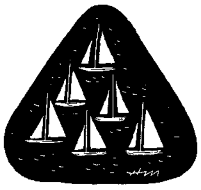
stedt (Fritz Kothner), Anna Reynolds (Magdalena), and Hans Sotin (Veit Pogner). Varviso's pacing is judicious and effective, and the second act, which is the jewel of the opera, is especially haunting. There are some departures from pitch in the Quintet at the end of Act III, Scene 4, but such uncomfortable moments are few. The Bayreuth chorus is outstanding.

Philips has continued its series of Bayreuth operas with "Lohengrin" (6747.241; eight sides), recorded from a performance that took place in 1962, when the spare stagings of Wieland Wagner were still in vogue. Again, the work of the conductor, Wolfgang Sawallisch, is generally admirable and the orchestra and chorus are magnificent, but the principals—Franz Crass, Jess Thomas, Anja Silja, Ramon Vinay, Astrid Varnay, Tom Krause, and others—are not uniformly successful. Thomas, in the title role, is adequate; Crass, as the Herald, is superb; Krause is also excellent; and Vinay, whom we remember as a heldentenor, is good in the baritone role of Telramund. The women, on the other hand, are not so pleasing; both Silja and Varnay are often shrill. And there are some other bad patches, the most obvious of which is a horrendously out-of-tune presentation of the ensemble just before the combat between Lohengrin and Telramund, in Act I. Quality of performance in operas is clearly a hit-or-miss affair, even at Bayreuth, and this fact makes one wonder about the policy of recording them live.



Seraphim has released an album entitled "The Art of Courtly Love" (SIC-6092; six sides), which presents a broad sample of fourteenth- and early-fifteenth-century chansons as they were sung and played at the court of Burgundy. The composers include Guillaume de Machaut, Gilles Binchois, Guillaume Dufay, and others, and their songs are based to some extent on those of the troubadours. The erotic element in the music may be a bit difficult for the modern listener to perceive, but the lyrics are amorous enough and the archaic idiom is surprising now and then in its chromatic harmony and "modern" structural concepts. The performers are the Early Music Consort of London, conducted by David Munrow.

Three of Mozart's Masses have recently appeared on records. One is the so-called "Great" Mass in C Minor, K. 427, performed by the John Alldis Choir and the New Philharmonia Orchestra, Raymond Leppard conducting, with Ileana Cotrubas, Kiri Te Kanawa, Werner Krenn, and Hans Sotin (Seraphim S-60257; single disc). The others are the Missa Brevis in C Major, K. 259—the "Organ Solo" Mass—and the Missa Brevis in F Major, K. 192 (Philips 6500.867; single). The performers here are the Leipzig Radio Symphony and Chorus, Herbert Kegel conducting, with Celestina Casapietra, Annelies Burmeister, Peter Schreier, and Hermann Christian Polster, and Walter Heinz Bernstein, organist. All of these Masses are of sublime quality, and the performances are topnotch.

The music Mozart wrote for the now forgotten play "Thamos, King of Egypt," by Tobias Philipp von Gebler, has been recorded by the Berlin Radio Soloists Society and the Berlin Staatskapelle, Bernhard Klee conducting (Philips 6500.840; single). Though this is incidental music, it is mature Mozart—highly dramatic and very beautiful. The record also includes the early Mozart Symphony in E Flat, K. 184.

AMONG the recent significant orchestral releases are Tchaikovsky's dramatic symphonic poem "Manfred," done by the London Symphony, brilliantly conducted by André Previn (Angel S-37018; single); Sibelius's Symphonies No. 5 and No. 7—two of the most titanic ones—done by Colin Davis and the Boston Symphony in an appropriately stormy style (Philips 6500.959; single); and Prokofiev's ballet music for "Romeo and Juliet," also performed by the Boston Symphony, this time under Erich Leinsdorf (RCA AGL 1-1273; single).

Still more significant is a historically important reissue of a recording of Beethoven's four overtures to "Fidelio," conducted by the late Otto Klemperer, with the Philharmonia Orchestra (Seraphim S-60261; single). Klemperer was the last survivor of the profound German tradition of interpretation whose greatest exponent was Wilhelm Furtwängler. Klemperer's renditions of these overtures—the products of Beethoven's penchant for self-criticism and revision—are both leisurely and authoritative.

The Quartetto Italiano, one of the finest in the field, has recorded Beethoven's three "Rasumovsky Quartets," Op. 59, in F Major, E Minor, and C Major (Philips 6747.139; four sides). The playing is scrupulous and exceedingly refined.

An excellent recording of Dvořák's Violin Concerto and Romance in F Minor is the work of Itzhak Perlman, violinist, with the London Philharmonic under Daniel Barenboim (Angel S-37069; single). Dvořák's inspiration here is not quite as good as it is in the Cello Concerto, which is one of his masterpieces, but the performers make the piece sound remarkably strong anyway.

PHILIPS has combined what is apparently the first recording of Villa-Lobos's Harp Concerto with Joaquín Rodrigo's "Sones en la Giralda" and Castelnuovo-Tedesco's Concertino for Harp and Chamber Orchestra; they are all played by Catherine Michel with the National Opera Orchestra of Monte Carlo, Antonio de Almeida conducting (6500.812; single). I find the Villa-Lobos fresh—though a bit chaotic, as usual; the Rodrigo a mere trifle in the Impressionist manner; and the Castelnuovo-Tedesco rather studied and stale. Mlle. Michel shows herself to be an excellent harpist, however.

Among recent and notable single discs is one of Tchaikovsky's symphonic poems "Fatum," "The Storm," "The Voyevode," and "The Tempest," performed by the Frankfurt Radio Symphony Orchestra, Eliahu Inbal conducting (Philips 6500.467). Another is Mozart's Fantasy in C Minor, K. 475; Fantasy in D Minor, K. 397; Sonata No. 14, K. 457; and Rondo in A Minor, K. 511—all played with admirable style by Claudio Arrau (Philips 6500.782). And two more are Dmitri Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony—one of his finest—performed by the London Philharmonic, Andrew Davis conducting (Seraphim S-60255), and Ignaz Moscheles' "Sonate Caractéristique," Op. 27, along with Ludwig Berger's "Grande Sonate," Op. 7 (Genesis Records GS 1061). These last two works are relatively little-known examples of post-Beethoven Romanticism, and they are played excellently here by pianist Frederick Marvin.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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Meredith believes writing quality today is improving because education is improving. He says, "There is no such thing any more as the farmer's daughter and the country rube. People are more sophisticated due to better communications. The quality of books not publishable today is higher than it ever was."
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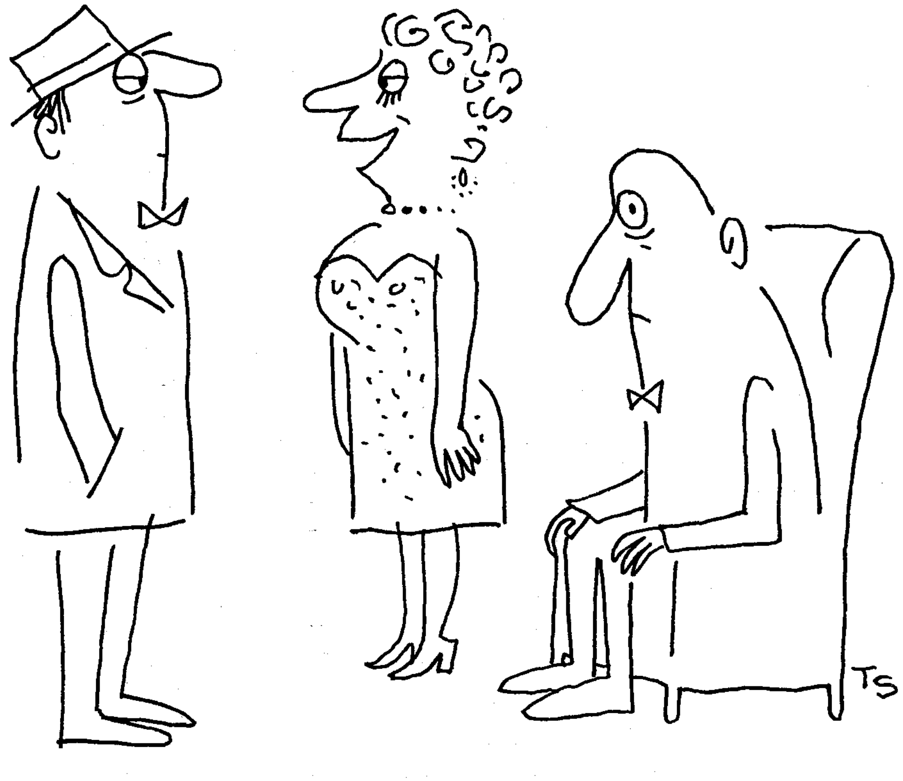
IN 1776, the city of New York consisted of twenty-four thousand people clustered at the tip of Manhattan Island. The rest of the three hundred and twenty square miles that today make up our metropolis was then a miscellany of woods, water, swamps, tidal flats, meadows, and scattered homes and farms.

On Thursday, July 4th, of that year, the actual birthday of our country, the temperature in the city was a comfortable 76 degrees. On the previous Tuesday, July 2nd, Thomas Jefferson, the principal author of the Declaration of Independence, had bought a thermometer in Philadelphia. On July 4th, he took some readings there and reported that at 1 P.M. the temperature was 76 degrees, up from 68 degrees in the morning; that the sky was cloudy; that there had been no precipitation during the day; and that the wind was gentle from the southwest. Daily weather observations in New York City did not begin until twelve years later, but farther north, in Massachusetts, they were being taken at that time by two devoted meteorologists. One was John Winthrop VI, a professor of natural philosophy at Harvard College and a descendant of the first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He stated that at 3 P.M. on that day the temperature in Cambridge was 79 degrees, the sky had a few clouds, and the wind was moderate from the west. The second was Dr. Edward A. Holyoke, of Salem, who said that that afternoon was pleasant and serene with dry air, the temperature was 75 degrees, and there was a slight wind. On the basis of these data, David Ludlum, of Princeton, N.J., a well-known historian of the weather, estimates that the same weather regime existed along the Eastern Seaboard between Philadelphia and Massachusetts that July 4th, and that the maximum temperature in New York was ten degrees lower than normal for a July day.

On that comfortable, partly cloudy day in the city two hundred years ago, there were objects on view that we can still see today. Bowling Green, the tidy, egg-shaped park of half an acre which lies at the lower end of Broadway, is the site, according to tradition, where Peter Minuit purchased the island of Manhattan from the Indians for goods worth about twenty-four dollars. In Colonial times, gentlemen lawn bowlers disported themselves on the green for an annual fee of one peppercorn. The park still displays along its eastern perimeter part of the graceful iron fence that was erected in 1771. The fence, five feet tall, is spiked and painted black. The balance of it has been temporarily removed while extensive renovation of the park and the subway station beneath it is going on, after which the entire structure will be put back. The fence was raised to set off an equestrian statue of King George III the year after the statue was installed. The figure, made of gilded lead, was the work of Joseph Wilton, an eminent English sculptor and one of the original members of the Royal Academy of Arts.

The statue of King George III was actually a trade-off. The city fathers wanted to erect a statue in honor of William Pitt the Elder, the Earl of Chatham, a statesman who was regarded as a friend of the Colonies and the man for whom our city of Pittsburgh is named. His opposition to the taxation policies of George III, including the Stamp Act of 1765, made him much revered here. The stamps of the Stamp Act (actually embossed pieces of paper sent over from England) were required by law for deeds, mortgages, liquor licenses, law licenses, playing cards, almanacs, newspapers, and so on, and were detested by the Colonists. There were a number of designs. One example of the stamps can be seen in the "American Ephemera" exhibit now showing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This design is shaped like a shield, with the word "America" at the top, over a crown and a floral motif, and beneath that is the motto "Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense," written in a circle around a Tudor rose. At the bottom is the denomination: II shillings VI pence. The design was embossed on blue paper about an inch and a half square. Because of the turmoil the Stamp Act created, it was repealed in 1766. The British government, however, continued to assert its right to this kind of taxation. In 1766, when prominent New Yorkers petitioned to erect a statue of William Pitt, they were advised that they had best also erect a likeness of the sovereign, and the figure of George III on Bowling Green was the result. The marble statue of William Pitt, also by Wilton, was placed at the intersection of William and Wall Streets.

The original of the Declaration of Independence was inscribed on a single sheet of off-white parchment, measuring twenty-four and a quarter inches by twenty-nine and three-quarters inches, in engrossed lettering. During the night of July 4th, the first copies of it were printed and distributed in broadside form by John Dunlap, a Philadelphia printer. Some of them were sent to New York City immedi-



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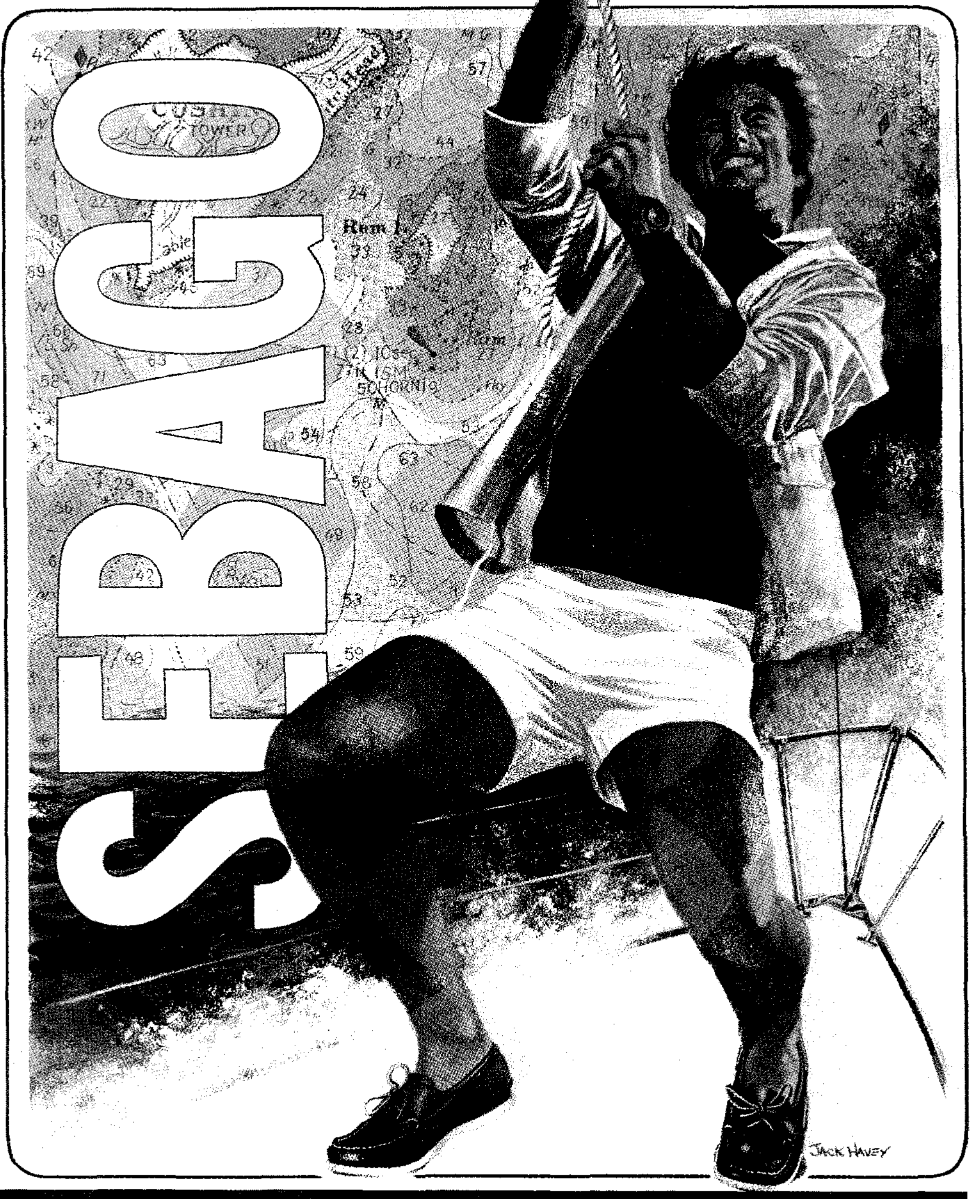

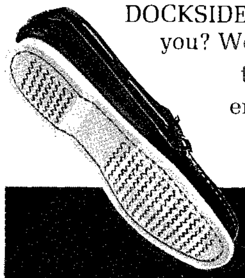

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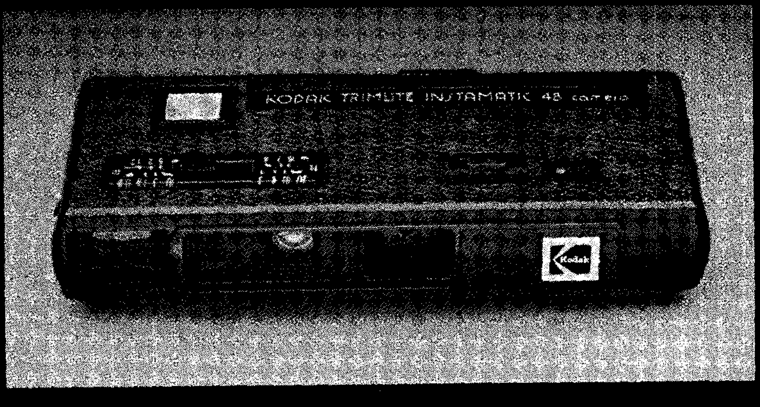

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ately after printing. One can be seen in the main building of the New York Public Library, at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. On the following Tuesday, July 9th, in New York City, General George Washington had the text read to his army, which was drawn up in what is now City Hall Park. Immediately afterward, a body of soldiers and civilians, wild with patriotic fervor, stormed down from the park to Bowling Green and, with ropes and axes, pulled down and chopped up the lead statue of George III. The fragments were collected and hauled by wagons out of New York to Litchfield, Connecticut, the wagon train going by way of Wilton, up what was then called Ye Old Country Road. The lead that reached Litchfield was melted down there and made into more than forty-two thousand musket balls for the Continental Army. In 1871, four large pieces, weighing two hundred pounds, were found in a barn in Wilton. They are now on show in the halls of the New-York Historical Society, on Central Park West between Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Streets. The lead in them ranges up to more than an inch in thickness. One of the pieces is the horse's tail.

After the statue was demolished, the marble pedestal it stood on, which had three holes for the horse's hooves, was carried across the Hudson River during the Revolution to Paulus Hook, now part of Jersey City. In 1783, just a few months before the British evacuated our area, the underside of the pedestal was used as a tombstone for Major John Smith, of the 42nd Regiment of Foot of the British Army, the celebrated Black Watch Regiment. The inscription reads:

In Memory of
Major John Smith
of the
XLIInd, or Royal Highland Reg.
Who Died 25 July 1783
In the 48th year of his Age
This Stone is erected
By the Officers of that Reg^{t}.

His
Bravery, Generosity & Humanity
During an honourable service
of 29 Years
Endeared him to the Soldiers
To his Acquaintance & Friends.

Later, in the nineteenth century, the stone became a doorstep for the Van Vorst mansion, in Jersey City.

Soldiers of the British Army, which occupied New York City from late in 1776 until late in 1783, retaliated against the demolition of the King's statue by mutilating the one of Pitt. The

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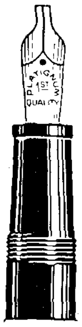

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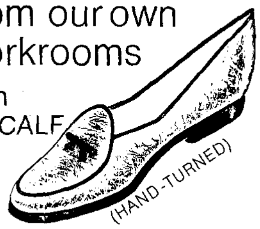

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Pitt statue, minus the head and arms, and the pedestal of the King George statue are now both at the New-York Historical Society.

Also at the Society is an orderly book of the Brigade of Guards, which records the execution of Nathan Hale, as a spy, in the British artillery park, on the east side of Manhattan. It is the only contemporaneously written account of the hanging identifying the place of execution: a terse description that simply says the confessed spy was hanged at "11 A.M. in front of artillery park." Hale, an officer only twenty-one years of age and an alumnus of Yale College, on September 21st of that year, following the disastrous American defeat at the Battle of Long Island late in the previous month, disguised himself as a schoolteacher and sought to gain military intelligence. He was captured, and he confessed. The next day, he was hanged.

On November 16, 1915, a bronze plaque was affixed to a building at First Avenue and Forty-sixth Street. The plaque reads:

At The British Artillery Park near this Site
Nathan Hale
Captain in the U.S. Army, Yale Graduate of 1773,
Apprehended Within Enemy Lines While Seeking Information,
Was Executed on The Morning of September 22, 1776.
His Last Words Were
"I Only Regret That I Have But One Life To Lose For My Country"
Erected by Mary Washington Colonial Chapter, D.A.R.
And The Yale Club of New York.

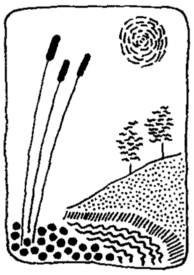
On April 23, 1958, when the First Avenue building was being torn down to make way for the United Nations complex, the plaque was removed to the Yale Club, at Vanderbilt Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, where it remains. Historians differ as to whether the British artillery park was near the location on First Avenue or farther north, by the Dove Tavern, near what is now Third Avenue at Sixty-sixth Street. They also differ as to whether the famous statement was ever actually uttered by Hale.

AFTER General Washington had forced the evacuation of the British from Boston, in March of 1776, he came to New York City to raise an army. A third of the battles and skirmishes of the Revolution were destined to be fought in New York State. The troops came from all of the Colonies and included frontiersmen, many of whom carried long rifles or squirrel guns. Since both firepower and effectiveness in close combat were important in the Revolution, the standard weapon was the musket. It discharged a ball and carried a bayonet. The long rifle was not made to be fitted with a bayonet, and it took longer to reload. However, it had one advantage. While the musket ball could carry effectively only between eighty and a hundred yards, long rifles could provide highly accurate fire at between two hundred and four hundred yards, depending on the wind. And the men who owned them were crack shots. Often during the hostilities, the British complained of these sharpshooters' unsportsmanlike conduct in concentrating on their officers. Some of the best of the long rifles, much in demand through the entire back country of the Colonies, were turned out by German gunsmiths in Pennsylvania. A beautiful example, made by a Philadelphia gunsmith, hangs in the Museum of the City of New York, at Fifth Avenue and 103rd Street.

Most of the soldiers Washington collected here for his army had no uniforms. Sartorially, it was a haphazard situation. At the time, only a few units, supplied by their states, had formal livery. For instance, there was Haslet's Delaware Regiment, whose attire was blue coat, yellow breeches, and white waistcoat. Another was William Smallwood's Maryland Regiment, with red coat and cream-colored breeches and vest. During the early part of the war, the field garb of our men was usually briar-resistant linen or deerskin breeches and linen jacket, sometimes dyed purple or another color and sometimes used in the natural buff. As far as the curator of the New-York Historical Society knows, none of these field garments have survived in the city to the present day.

Money of any kind was generally scarce in the pockets of the recruits who answered Washington's call. A wide variety of bills and specie, but no great quantity of them, existed then in the Colonies. There were Spanish gold and silver coins. A century earlier, Massachusetts had minted its own pieces (Pine Tree shillings and such) by melting down Spanish-American silver coins that were under official weight. Sporadic issue of tokens of low denomination occurred in certain other Colonies. Speaking broadly, though, there was little circulation of any of these examples of solid legal tender as tension rose in the Colonies in the unsettled years just before the war. Sound money tended to go into hiding.

Because of the war, issues of paper money increased, though by the early seventeen-seventies the Colonies, including New York, had been printing their own paper money for about fifteen years, using both pound-sterling and dollar values. In the case of New York, these were backed by anticipated tax revenue, which was more than some of the other Colonies promised. Even so, businessmen here were uneasy about the arrangement. Since the Colonial paper money was all that was usually available, however, the troops were paid with it (and promissory notes), and it was the normal medium of commerce. Some New York bills printed in the six years from 1771 through 1776 are visible in the East Exhibit Hall of the American Numismatic Society, on Broadway between 155th and 156th Streets. This currency, which may have lined the pockets of our soldiers or passed across the tables of a public-house taproom here, was made from metal plates that were impressed upon pieces of white paper about as wide but half as long as our bills of today. The value and the name of the issuer appear on each note, and the notes were numbered and countersigned by hand. On view at the Society are ten-pound, five-pound, and eight-shilling denominations, as well as notes for five and ten dollars. New York also issued currency in fractions of the dollar (one-eighth, one-sixth, one-quarter, and so on) and in one-dollar, two-dollar, and other values. By 1780, because of inflation, Colonial bills were circulating at two and a half cents to the dollar. At the end of the war—fortunately soon to come—things gradually straightened out monetarily, with several states exercising their right to coinage until 1788. In 1792, the federal government assumed the present system of decimal coinage.



Less than two months after the Declaration of Independence was signed, some of the troops commanded by General Washington in New York suffered a serious defeat. It occurred on August 27th. Eight thousand of them, under General Israel Putnam, lost the Battle of Long Island, in a section of what is now Brooklyn, to twenty thousand enemy soldiers. If General Sir William Howe, the British commander, had followed up his advantage quickly, the Revolution might have ended then and there. But it wasn't until September 15th that Howe landed a sizable force on Manhattan, at Kips Bay, near today's Thirty-fourth Street, and swiftly routed Washington's raw troops. Whether Howe was delayed in his pursuit of the fleeing Washington by partaking of tea offered through the wily hospitality of Mrs. Robert Murray (for whose family Murray Hill is named) in her farmhouse in the area is now a matter of historical dispute. In any event, Washington had time to place Smallwood's Marylanders at McGown's Pass, with orders to try to hold off the advancing British while he retreated with the bulk of his army north up the island.

McGown's Pass, named for a family that had long had a tavern in the neighborhood, is in the extreme northeastern corner of our present Central Park. The pass is a declivity in the exposed bedrock of the city, at the level of 107th Street between Fifth and Lenox Avenues. It was then part of the Post Road, up which the British were moving. From the high ground on either side of the Post Road, the Marylanders sturdily engaged them. For the first time that day, the Americans held their position, beating off thrust after thrust by the seasoned British regulars and enabling Washington to escape. That night, by prearrangement, Smallwood withdrew. The site of the battle—the high, bare rock of the Manhattan Formation, which was laid down in an ancient seaway over half a billion years ago—remains today almost exactly as it was two hundred years ago, and is perhaps the only historic Revolutionary site on the island of which this can be said.

Some personal items and house furnishings have, of course, come down to us from that historic Fourth of July when John Hancock placed his oversized signature on the Declaration. One is a long gown made just before the Revolution, now owned by the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It belonged to a woman in the family of Francis Lewis, a merchant and a signer of the Declaration, whose country house was in Whitestone, on the northern shore of Long Island, in the present borough of Queens. He is remembered today in that borough by Francis Lewis Boulevard, which runs from near where he lived in Whitestone more than twelve miles in a southeasterly direction to the

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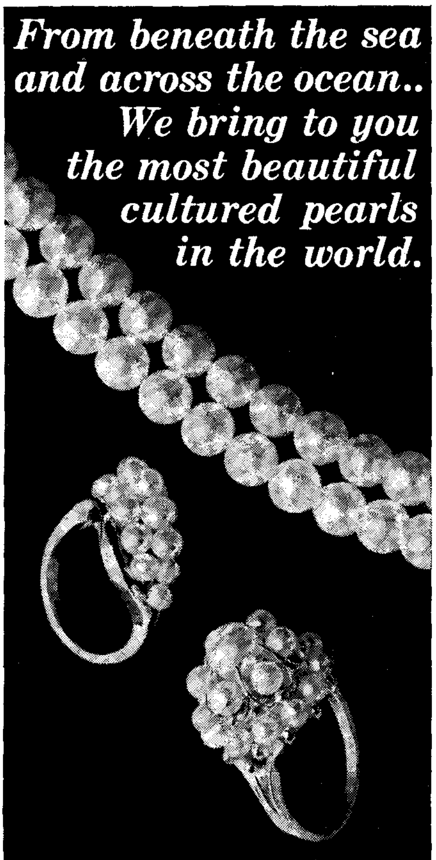

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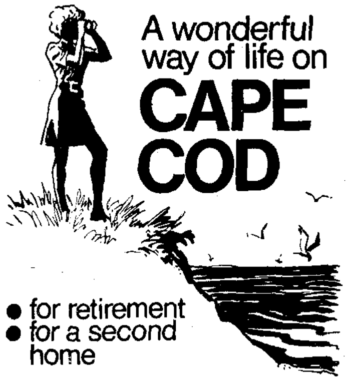
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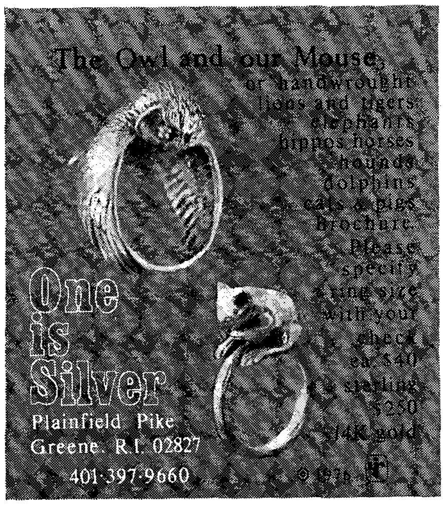
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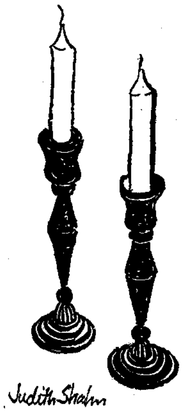
beginning of Nassau County—a part of the present twenty-five-hundred-mile Queens street system. The gown is of silk taffeta, with wide vertical blue and white stripes, the blue ones brocaded with bouquets of varicolored flowers. The fine material came from France. A hoop skirt was worn under the dress, which has a loose, or Watteau, cut in back, forming a short train, with the high back and the rather low front fashionable at the time.

PERHAPS the corseted owner wore the dress to functions at the home of the man who was New York's mayor from 1766 to early 1776. This was the lawyer Whitehead Hicks, forty-seven years old in the Declaration year, who, as was the custom, had held the office by appointment of the British provincial governors. His house was on Pearl Street, and there, from time to time during his tenure, doubtless gathered the social leaders of the city, including, in all likelihood, the town's richest man, Oliver De Lancey, along with Gouverneur Morris and others. Two handsome mahogany Chippendale dining-room side chairs from the mayor's house, on display at the Museum of the City of New York, attest to the fact that he lived in a certain amount of comfort. On July 4, 1776, the newly appointed mayor, David Matthews, was in jail, charged with participation in a Tory plot against General Washington. The less said about him the better.

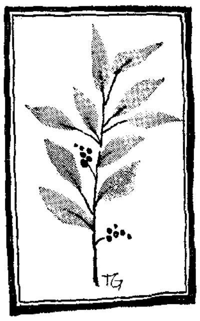
Whether Hicks's house contained any of a series of contemporary engravings of Washington is not known. These prints were, however, extremely popular and were displayed throughout the city at the time the Declaration was signed. They were bought in quantity by many of the citizens and hung on their walls. The engravings depicted the General in various attitudes, the most popular one showing him astride a cavorting horse. The legend on the engravings stated that they had been produced after drawings from life made by Alexander Campbell. This was the pseudonym of a London engraver, C. Shepherd, who, late in 1775, drew, engraved, printed, and sent over for sale to New York City dozens of a number of these poses of Washington, in the belief that the General might become a national hero and therefore a commercial gold mine. Campbell-Shepherd himself had never seen Washington. The drawings were copied from other pictures. Washington, upon viewing a few, wrote in his diary that the likeness "was not good, and the countenance ferocious." More than fifty eighteenth-century engravings of Washington—by Campbell and also by such well-known artists as Gilbert Stuart, John Trumbull, and Charles Willson Peale—are on display through the summer at the Fraunces Tavern Museum, on Pearl Street.



Another of the rare items of household belongings from that year are five mulberry-and-white chimney tiles, decorated with flowers and birds, which once graced a fireplace of the three-story house of William Walton, merchant, on the east side of Pearl Street, between Peck Slip and Dover Street. The tiles, on loan from the New-York Historical Society, can be seen at the South Street Seaport Museum, at 21 Fulton Street.

In 1776, the city's population of twenty-four thousand made it the second-largest community in the Colonies, trailing Philadelphia but coming ahead of other centers such as Baltimore, Boston, Charleston, New Haven, and Providence. It then had twenty-four houses of worship. Among them was a synagogue—the earliest to be built in North America. The first Jews to arrive in the city (their descendants, along with others, constructed the synagogue) were a band of twenty-three harried refugees. Fleeing the Inquisition in Portuguese Brazil, they came on a French ship to what was then the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam. They docked only a couple of weeks after the arrival, on August 22nd, of the very first Jew, Jacob Barsimson, who came here from Holland. Peter Stuyvesant, the governor, was not glad to see them. He feared that they would wish to practice "their abominable religion." Stuyvesant, it should be pointed out, looked with disfavor on all religions in the Colony except Dutch Calvinism. After the Jews were able to convince the officials of the Dutch West India Company that they would not become public charges, they were allowed to stay. Over the years, the community, which called itself Congregation Shearith Israel, worked hard and prospered. By 1728, after the British had taken over the town, it was able to buy land and start construction of a synagogue on Mill Street—the present South William

Street—between Broad Street and Mill Lane. The site was that of a former grain mill. When the mill was razed, its stones were found to be too heavy to be easily moved and were left in the yard. In 1730, the synagogue was finally opened—a tiny one-story brick building thirty-five feet square, with a window on either side of its door. Congregation Shearith Israel, or the Spanish-and-Portuguese Synagogue, as it is also sometimes called, has since moved three times, and now stands in substantial stone quarters at the corner of Central Park West and Seventieth Street. In 1894, when a new building was being erected on the first synagogue's site, two of the millstones from the yard were carried uptown. The circular stones, dark brown in color, measuring twenty-nine and a half inches in diameter, seven inches thick, and coated with a protective wax, now stand in the hallway of the present synagogue, forming a link to the congregation's humble but strongly devotional past.



Washington Square, a green node blooming at the foot of Fifth Avenue, has, in its northwest corner, an extraordinary English elm. Thousands of people pass the tree every week, many inattentively, but a few in wonder, for it is a most remarkable tree. It overlooked doings in the neighborhood long before the space became a public park, in 1823. In 1789, when the area became a municipal potter's field (eventually receiving ten thousand bodies), the elm was there. During this period, the site also served as an execution ground, with trees used as gallows. This was convenient, since they were close to the cemetery. On execution days, large audiences gathered. In the southeast part of the park stands another ancient, albeit far less stupendous, English elm. Both elms are sometimes called the Hangman's Tree. In the case of the smaller one, the horizontal elongated direction of one of its huge lower branches lends particular color to the term. In the early eighteenth century, the land belonged to the Elbert Herring family. Like many settlers at the time, the Herrings must have brought across the Atlantic the seed or saplings that became these trees. The giant in the park's northwest corner was estimated by the late Cornelius O'Shea, a Parks Department horticulturist, to antedate the Revolution by twenty-five to fifty years. Today, it is marvellously healthy, its small leaves dark green and glossy, its top soaring more than eighty feet into the air, and the circumference of its trunk at breast height measuring fourteen and a half feet. There seems little question that it is the oldest living thing on Manhattan Island.

OFF-ISLAND, in the four boroughs that now constitute the rest of the city of New York, there remain, of course, other objects that have come down to us from the Declaration year. In each of the boroughs are significant houses from that time. Among them is the Valentine-Varian House, a two-story-with-attic fieldstone building, built about 1758, which stands on Bainbridge Avenue, in the Bronx, and is the present headquarters of the Bronx County Historical Society. In the days of the Revolution, it was occupied for a while by a number of British and Hessian soldiers, who were finally routed from the house—jumping from windows in their underwear—on January 18, 1777. In Flushing, Queens, the Bowne House, a two-story-with-attic frame building, finished in 1661 as the home of John Bowne, an Englishman, is at 37-01 Bowne Street. Bowne opposed the 1657 order of Governor Peter Stuyvesant banning the harboring of Quakers in the Colony, and, along with others in Flushing, subscribed strongly to the feeling that residents should welcome any "sons of Adam who come in love among us." In 1662, Bowne, who had become a Quaker, defied the ban and allowed Quaker meetings to be held in his house. He was arrested and sent to Holland for disposal of his case, but he made such an earnest plea for tolerance that the Dutch West India Company allowed him to return. The house is now maintained as a shrine to religious freedom.

Out in the town of Flatlands, now part of Brooklyn, the Jan Martense Schenck House was constructed, about 1675, on Mill Island. Mill Island, still the name of this neighborhood, is the peninsula surrounded by Mill Basin, just west of Jamaica Bay. Schenck was a miller, and his home stood near the mill he operated. The house—a one-and-a-half-story, central-chimney structure with large hooded fireplaces, a steep, sloping roof, and a clapboard-and-shingle exterior over an oak frame—is a characteristic example of seventeenth-century Dutch architecture. In 1952, the house was dismantled and moved to the Brooklyn

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Museum, at Eastern Parkway and Washington Avenue, where it was reconstructed and furnished with appropriate pieces, and where Bicentennial visitors can view it.

Staten Island, the present borough of Richmond, was, in Revolutionary days, a stronghold of loyalists. The people there, largely farmers, felt they had small reason to rebel. In fact, the farther one got from the tip of Manhattan and the patriotic zealots who lived there the lower the fires of liberty seemed to burn. In Tottenville, on the southern end of Staten Island, at the foot of Hyland Boulevard, is the Conference House, a two-story-with-attic stone structure, modestly furnished, and dating from 1680. Here, on September 11, 1776, was held the dramatic conference from which the building takes its name. The British commander, General Howe, accompanied by his secretary, Sir Henry Starchey, met there with John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and Edward Rutledge in an effort to end the war by negotiation. All three American participants were signers of the Declaration. The meeting took place shortly after the American defeat at the Battle of Long Island and just before Howe landed his troops at Kips Bay. For some odd reason, Howe learned for the first time at the meeting that the Declaration of Independence had been signed, and the negotiations foundered on the American unwillingness to retract the document.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

•

A PRAYER

Downstairs, a woman
is singing. Like a leaf,

I press my ear to the floor.
It is a splendid thing!

But I am too drunk
with the hours of myself,

too much in love
with the knuckles of my right hand,

to climb inside her song.
Bless her hundred daughters,

whose praise she sings. Bless
this floor turning

to water. Child of angels,
bless your tongue,

which is promise.

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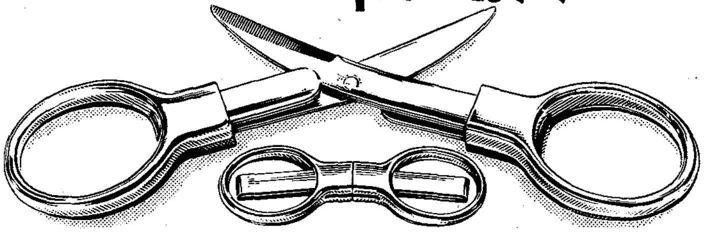

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BOOKS

The Good Soldier

IN many of the world's cities, including New York, there are statues to Garibaldi. They can be identified immediately by the pillbox hat, the poncho, and the wearer's mien of leonine innocence. No modern hero has been more widely loved and mourned. When Garibaldi visited London in April, 1864, half a million people packed pavements and rooftops to catch a glimpse of him. At his death in June, 1882, politicians, artists, plain folk, and even some of the monarchs he had fought voiced wonder and sorrow.

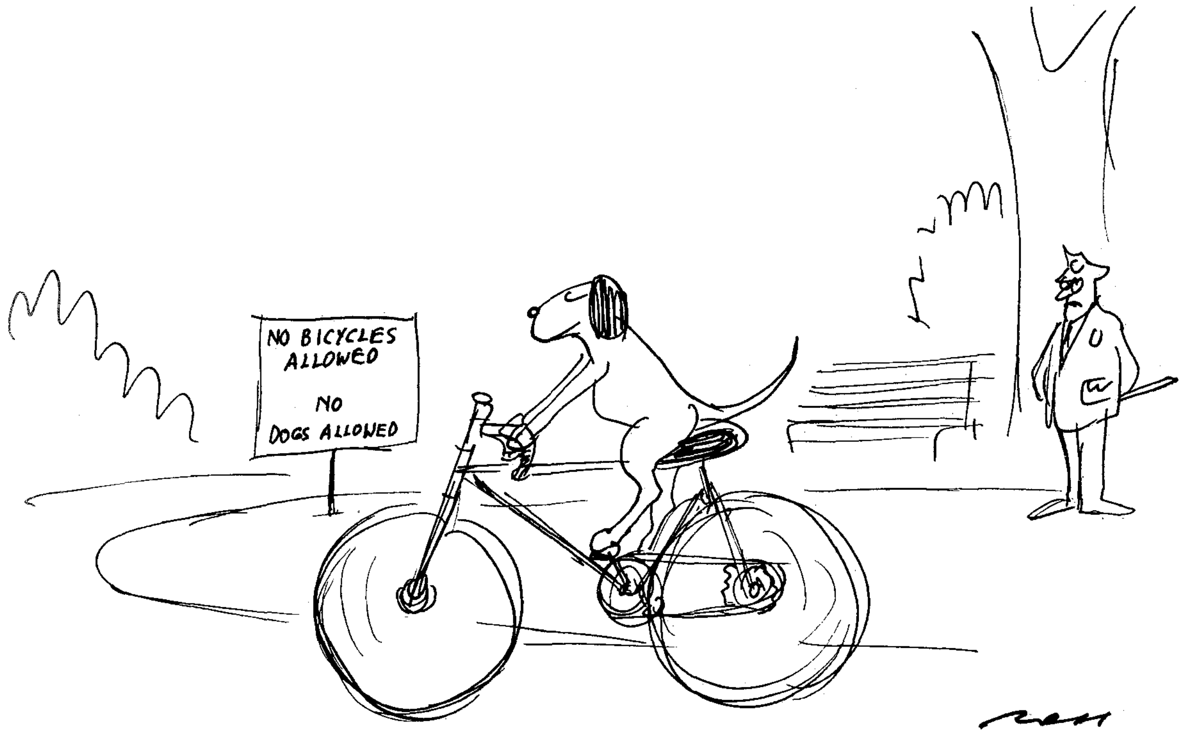
Yet as the British historian Jasper Ridley shows in his superb biography, "Garibaldi" (Viking), the wars in which Garibaldi was involved were often obscure and nasty. Exiled from his native Savoy for revolutionary views and activities into which he had entered almost casually, almost by a twist of intuition, Garibaldi spent the years from 1835 to 1848 as a free-lance insurgent in Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina. The issues were incredibly tangled and the opposing forces small. To put it in a simplified way, Garibaldi battled on the side of emergent nationalism and populism against diverse brands of colonial conservatism. He fought on land and on sea, in petty skirmishes and set battles. He crossed and recrossed the Rio Grande do Sul, marched and countermarched through scrub and jungle, improvised sudden strikes and hairbreadth escapes. On February 8, 1846, Garibaldi, together with one hundred and eighty-six infantrymen of the Italian Legion (radicals and exiles like himself) and one hundred native Uruguayan cavalry, faced a force of more than one thousand "Blancos"—the conservative troops of General Manuel Oribe—at San Antonio. By nightfall, every officer in the Legion, except Garibaldi himself, had been wounded. But the revolutionary corps had withdrawn successfully from almost fatal encirclement and the enemy's losses were crippling. Garibaldi was made a general, and the saga of his heroism and of the disciplined panache of his legionaries caught the imagination of Europe.

In the spring of 1848, Garibaldi and sixty-three of the faithful set sail from Montevideo to Italy. The brushfires of revolution were crackling everywhere. Joining forces with Mazzini, the spiritual head of Italian republicanism, Garibaldi marched against the Austrian oppressors. The maneuver turned to grim failure. Threatened by superior, well-equipped imperial columns, the partisans dispersed. When he reached the Swiss border, Garibaldi had only thirty men left. But in those palmy days, wars were at once ferocious and cozy. Knowing himself safely across the frontier, Garibaldi simply walked to Lugano, took a room in a hotel, and went to bed.

The Rome campaign, fought in the spring of 1849, was an altogether more epic affair. Garibaldi and his republican-nationalist forces found themselves defending Rome against a French army led by Marshal Oudinot (for complex and unsavory motives lucidly set out by Mr. Ridley, France wished to maintain the independent status and profoundly backward administration of the Papal States). Though wounded, Garibaldi, on April 30th, inflicted heavy losses on the advancing foe. The instant in which Garibaldi, rising in his stirrups and drawing his sabre, ordered the decisive bayonet charge became one of the talismanic images of revolutionary hope. It was reinforced by an even more dramatic and enduring token: the red shirt that Garibaldi and his legionaries had adopted as their uniform in Uruguay and now wore to battle at home. But though Garibaldi's generalship was dashing, it was often haphazard. On the third of June, in command of a corps larger than any he had led hitherto, Garibaldi launched vain and costly attacks against the French lines. A month later, he had to evacuate Rome.

His position was now truly desperate. Five highly professional armies—French, Spanish, Austrian, Neapolitan, and Tuscan—were poised to hunt down and exterminate the exhausted redshirts. There were eighty-six thousand men on one side, forty-seven hundred on the other. Mr. Ridley's narrative of the feints, spirallings, night marches, and uncanny endurance that brought Garibaldi to the independent miniature state of San Marino on July 30th is enthralling. But there was worse to follow. Running for his life, hounded from hiding place to hiding place by his pursuers, Garibaldi suffered the death of Anita, the devoted heroine, campaigner, and revolutionary firebrand who had shared his existence since 1839 and who had become a legend in her own right. In that terrible August of 1849, Garibaldi came within inches of destruction himself. But he reached the sea, and on September 7th an incredulous world was given news of his escape.

This time, exile proved more peace-



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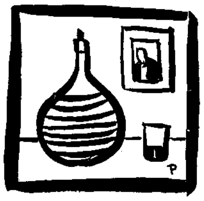
ful. Garibaldi came to New York and attempted to set up a sausage factory. (The venture failed.) Having been trained as a merchant seaman, he took part in extensive voyages across and around the Pacific. May, 1854, saw him back in Genoa, a politically isolated figure whom the governments of Europe scrutinized with constant alarm. Seemingly in the twilight of his career, Garibaldi settled on the minute island of Caprera, about a half mile from the Sardinian coast. He had supped his fill of legend. Published in 1859, Garibaldi's memoirs ran to forty-six editions and were soon translated into eleven languages. In fact, his greatest exploit lay before him.

The history of Garibaldi's Sicilian campaign has been told a hundred times. In command of about a thousand volunteers, left deliberately ill-equipped by lukewarm supporters, the lion of San Antonio overthrew the savagely reactionary Kingdom of Naples and its twenty-five thousand soldiers. The capitulation of Palermo to Garibaldi's handful on June 6, 1860, was an exploit heard and marvelled at around the world. His entry into Naples on September 7th, eleven years after the hideous flight from San Marino, triggered local delirium and demonstrations of wild acclaim internationally. He was "Garibardo" in Neapolitan dialect, "Bardo" for short to revolutionaries on the five continents and seven seas. Self-proclaimed dictator and liberator of the southern half of the Italian peninsula, Garibaldi gave his famous sign from a palace balcony—the forefinger on his right hand raised to signify "One Italy"—and retired to bed. His saga was now at its summit.



Mr. Ridley's chronicle of these happenings is masterly. No one has provided a more lucid analysis of the political backdrop. Mazzini, laboring to unite the whole of Italy under a republican regime, had since the eighteen-forties tried to use Garibaldi's military skills and charisma toward the cause. Cavour, the ostensible patron of the Sicilian expedition, also strove for Italian unification, but under entirely different colors. He aimed to annex the whole of the country to Victor Emmanuel's Kingdom of Sardinia. Cavour was convinced that this great end could not be achieved without the active goodwill of Napoleon III. Both Victor Emmanuel and his astute minister had a sound appreciation of Garibaldi's value but a sharp distrust of his populist, anticlerical style. They were poised to exploit either the success or failure of the redshirts. In this miasma of intrigue and masked motives, Garibaldi's own stance was hardly unambiguous:

> He wished to achieve Cavour's objective by Mazzini's methods, to annex Italy to Victor Emanuel's realm by popular revolution without hesitation or retreat or Napoleon III's goodwill. He succeeded in achieving precisely this in Sicily and Naples; but it placed him in great personal difficulties, and was the cause both of his military effectiveness and of his political ineffectiveness. He acted with great decision and boldness in war because he was acting against the enemy; but he would not consider either Victor Emanuel or the Mazzinians as enemies, and would not crush any Italian who was in favour of national liberation. He therefore appeared to be trying to placate both factions, and succeeded in antagonizing both. A dictator who was politically skilful, like Cromwell or Napoleon I, could have exploited this situation to his own advantage, and consolidated his power at the expense of both factions; Garibaldi could not, and did not wish to do so.

By early November, 1860, Garibaldi was back on Caprera, looking after his four donkeys, which he had, to the outrage of conservative Europe, named Pius IX, Napoleon III, Oudinot, and the Immaculate Conception. Sardinian patrols kept a wary eye on the illustrious liberator and a stream of callers came to pay homage. But Garibaldi would not rest so long as Rome remained in Papal hands and under the detested guard of the French. The result was the tragic campaign of 1862 and Garibaldi's defeat at Aspromonte at the hands of Victor Emmanuel's troops. Wounded and captured, the aging hero had to witness the bitterest of truths: that Italians were still prepared to kill other Italians in the cause of political expediency. (Victor Emmanuel would countenance neither a "red" Rome nor the danger of French intervention in the event of a Garibaldi conquest. Queen Victoria concurred: "Honest, disinterested & brave, Garribaldi certainly is, but a revolutionary leader!") At the news of Aspromonte, the value of commercial shares on the Vienna stock exchange rose by ten per cent in less than an hour.

Five years later, Garibaldi was again in the field. Eluding the tight surveillance Victor Emmanuel had placed around Caprera, Garibaldi raised an army of volunteers in Tuscany and hurled himself at the Papal States. At Mentana, the Garibaldini met the Papal troops and, although outnumbered, attacked with their customary élan. Victory seemed in sight when the

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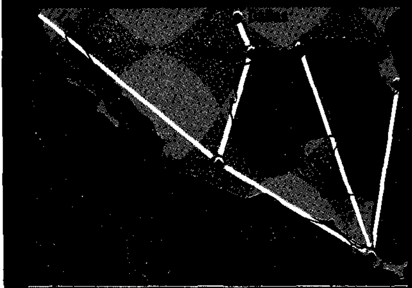

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French expeditionary force turned up. The outcome was catastrophic. After a spell in captivity, Garibaldi, now heartbroken and fiercely disillusioned with Victor Emmanuel, went home to his island. The events that crowded his last years were a characteristic mixture of setback and triumph. Garibaldi's intervention on the side of the French republican armies in the Franco-Prussian battles of 1870 and 1871 proved largely futile, and led to bitter recriminations from all parties. Yet it was this war and the collapse of the French Second Empire that brought on the liberation of Rome and the unification of Italy. On July 2, 1849, Garibaldi had evacuated Rome and begun his brilliant, desperate retreat toward survival. In two frustrated campaigns he had failed to regain sight of its walls. Now, in March, 1875, he returned to take his seat in a national parliament. Around him, history had taken on the shape of myth.

At sixty-five, Garibaldi fathered his third wife's third child. (Mr. Ridley is the first to disentangle the imbroglios of Garibaldi's marital and extramarital careers.) He wrote poetry. He continued to struggle for republican and uncompromisingly secular ideals. In April, 1879, he founded the League of Democracy. His loathing of priests burned as bright as ever. All over the globe, in defiance of ecclesiastical thunder, babies were being named after him in ceremonies of republican baptism. On clear days, he gazed on Corsica and reflected grimly that the island, like his native Nice, should be an Italian and not a French possession. He died serenely, a month short of his seventy-fifth birthday. The Congress of the United States passed a unanimous resolution of tribute and condolence. London mourned one to whom it had given the freedom of its City.

Jasper Ridley's narrative does not supplant the classic three-volume analysis of Garibaldi's campaigns published by G. M. Trevelyan at the start of the century. And it is grounded throughout in the magisterial histories of the *Risorgimento* and of Garibaldi's political career by Denis Mack Smith. But Ridley's is the most vivid and comprehensive account so far of Garibaldi the man. The figure that emerges is stirring in its archaic breadth of resolution and nearly unfailing humanity. Mr. Ridley emphasizes that Garibaldi was no military genius on the grand or technical scale. He excelled in small encounters in which the measure of personal presence and sheer physical courage was paramount. He had a quick eye for terrain and for the enemy's weaknesses. He was, in many ways, a local guerrilla chieftain elevated to international scope by the idealism and inventiveness of his maneuvers. His treatment of the captive and defeated was exemplary, even where his own strategic position was desperate and when he knew that he and his partisans would be summarily dealt with as outlaws and clandestine bandits. Garibaldi's politics were frequently ambiguous and utopian. But the program he put forward at the Geneva Congress of Peace in 1867 is instinct with humanity. Himself a warrior, Garibaldi saw only one real justification for war: "Only the slave has the right to make war, against tyrants."

Yet, as Mr. Ridley shows, Garibaldi's heritage in Italian life and politics was two-edged. Justly, the republicans, the anticlericals, and even the anarchists claimed for their own numerous aspects of Garibaldi's doctrines and example. In many a wretched lodging, Garibaldi's portrait stood next to Woodrow Wilson's on a secular altar of democratic dreams. But a second current of influence led in a very different direction. It was from Garibaldi that Mussolini consciously derived key elements in his own method: the rhetorical duologue with crowds on city squares, the black shirt in imitation of the famous red shirt, the Fascist salute in echo to the Garibaldi salute, the emblematic fasces that Garibaldi had chosen as the sign of Italian nationhood, and the title "Duce."

At the moment, the art of biography, and of biography in the major key, flourishes in Britain. The heroic shadows of a not-too-distant past seem to brace a sensibility exasperated by the gray diminutions of the present social and psychological climate. The nineteenth century in particular draws imaginations that seek trust in remembered energies. Napoleon III hovers persistently on the edge of the Garibaldi epic. He, his Empress Eugénie, and the corruscatingly vital, corrupt scenario of the Second Empire are to be the subject of Mr. Ridley's next book. It should be worth waiting for.

—GEORGE STEINER

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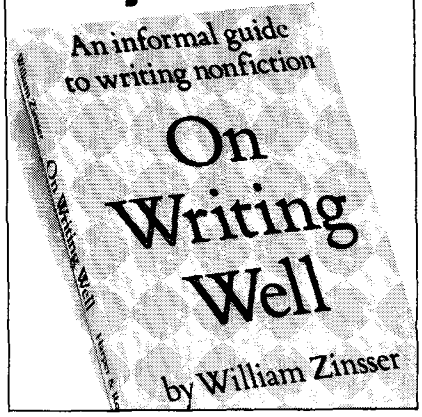
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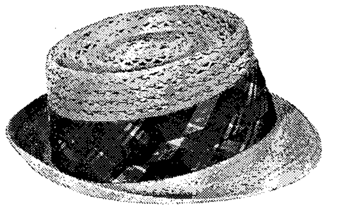

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question and many more are among those never answered but hilariously bandied about in Mr. De Vries' latest dissection of the passing contemporary parade. The conjunction of flat-footed Bible-Beltese with some of the more singularly inane jargon of the total-fulfillment era is one of the chief pleasures here. Others include one woman's view of the world as being divided into real folks and the "bunch . . . [who] had coffee later instead of with the meal;" a church supper transformed into an "après-church" brunch; and a tall-corn romance that someone describes as something that "looks like a thing, within the usual limits of everybody hanging loose."

A FINE ROMANCE, by Cynthia Propper Seton (Norton). A stylishly playful novel, set in Sicily, which never really frees itself sufficiently from its theoretical underpinnings (feminism, the pros and cons of monogamy) to be fully engaging but which is nonetheless full of charm and wit. Two American families, one conventional but under great strain, the other flamboyantly unconventional and vague, encounter each other on a Christmas-week tour bus. The conventional family is composed of Gerard Winters (a prudent, middle-aged, cultured doctor, who is given to fantasies of beautiful naked women enclosed in barbed wire); his wife, Kitty (intelligent, sharp, and currently riding at full emotional tilt after an eye-opening period with a women's "support" group); their three precocious, bespectacled daughters; and, for a while, their moony twenty-three-year-old son. The exotic family is made up of Henri Cassagrande (an effusive internationalist who specializes in mopping up after natural disasters); his two gigantic, beautiful daughters, one of whom is having a mild nervous breakdown characterized chiefly by her refusing to speak anything but French; and his sister-in-law, a dyspeptic novelist. None of the characters except Gerard Winters jells very much, but they all chatter amusingly and make a lot of mischief in the same places Odysseus did. The mood of the book falls somewhere between a Noël Coward musical and a lecture by Germaine Greer, and though it all adds up to very little it is consistently lively.

NOTE: "The Lists of the Past," a collection of short stories by Julie Hayden, nearly all of which first appeared in these pages, has been published by Viking.

GENERAL

THE WILD BOY OF AVEYRON, by Harlan Lane (Harvard). In 1800, the boy of the title was a child of perhaps twelve or thirteen who had been wandering alone in the mountainous forests of southern France for an unknown time before his capture. Like other children who have grown up without human contact, the lad, who was later named Victor, behaved in peculiar ways. Most importantly, he could not speak. Victor was discovered at a period when philosophical investigations into human nature had begun to affect medicine, psychology, and pedagogy. He was brought to Paris and turned over to a young doctor, Jean-Marc-Gaspard Itard, who was interested in diseases of the ear and in training deaf-mutes, and who undertook to civilize him. The task was far from easy, and Itard was never wholly successful: Victor learned a good deal but remained, for practical purposes, mute. Itard continued to refine his work with deaf-mutes, however, and toward the end of his life agreed to supervise an early effort to train a child diagnosed as an idiot. Dr. Lane tells us how a whole new kind of education descends from Itard's lifework—first, the training of the physically handicapped, then the training of the mentally retarded. (Before modern times, both kinds of people were regarded as useless and unteachable.) Finally, through Maria Montessori, Itard's concepts were applied to teaching ordinary youngsters, and Dr. Lane points out how his difficult discoveries have become everyday assumptions. His book is an exceptionally readable, intelligent monument to one of humanity's benefactors and to his successors, who carried on in Itard's spirit of scientific curiosity, kindness, and doggedness.

THE ROYAL VICTORIANS: KING EDWARD VII, HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS, by Christopher Hibbert (Lippincott). A straightforward biography (despite the sweeping title) of Queen Victoria's heir. Not everyone will respond in the same way to Mr. Hibbert's Edward; there will be some who find him one of the dullest of mortals—a shallow, frivolous man, whom birth and circumstances placed at the head of a shallow, frivolous age. As a youth, Edward was moody and flippant and the despair of his mother. As an adult, he was superstitious, irritable, and, at times, abusive; pedantic and tyrannical over trivial matters of form (with an obsessiveness that resulted in fashions that are still with us, such as the dinner jacket), he made no effort to comprehend affairs that bored him. He never tolerated an insult to his dignity, yet he was a tedious kidder and leg-puller of his friends. A simpleminded taker of pleasure, he ate greedily, gambled freely, and joined hunting parties that reduced the world by as many as three thousand birds in a day. He enjoyed women and opposed women's rights. What gifts he had seem to have been limited to a memory for faces, a talent for extemporaneous speeches, and a regal appearance. Mr. Hibbert praises Edward's sense of duty once he became king, but acknowledges that his statesmanship (which was largely a matter of personal charm) was overrated during his life. His most attractive trait was that he was not a snob—he perpetually remained, in a friend's words, "his own kind dear self." The only enigma about this all too ordinary human being is that he caught the attention of so able a writer as Mr. Hibbert.

THE NEXT 200 YEARS: A SCENARIO FOR AMERICA AND THE WORLD, by Herman Kahn, William Brown, and Leon Martel, with the assistance of the staff of the Hudson Institute (Morrow). Early in this volume, the authors classify the world's futurologists into four camps, ranging from the most melancholic to the most sanguine—from those who foretell dearth and famine all the way to those who believe that every problem can be solved (and will be, gloriously) by technology. Many of these opinions seem to be the result not of hard facts but of personality. As for Hudson's thinkers, they incline toward two middle positions—guarded pessimism in some areas, guarded optimism in others. They tell us, for example, why they think that population growth is likely to level off and why mankind can probably feed itself, but they also include a chapter called "The Difficult Long-Term Environment: Maintaining Earth's Fragile Envelope," which is crammed with catastrophes that only think tanks can imagine. (It is interesting, by the way, that they list among urgent problems—assuming no disaster—recruiting topnotch people for government.) The message is that we'd

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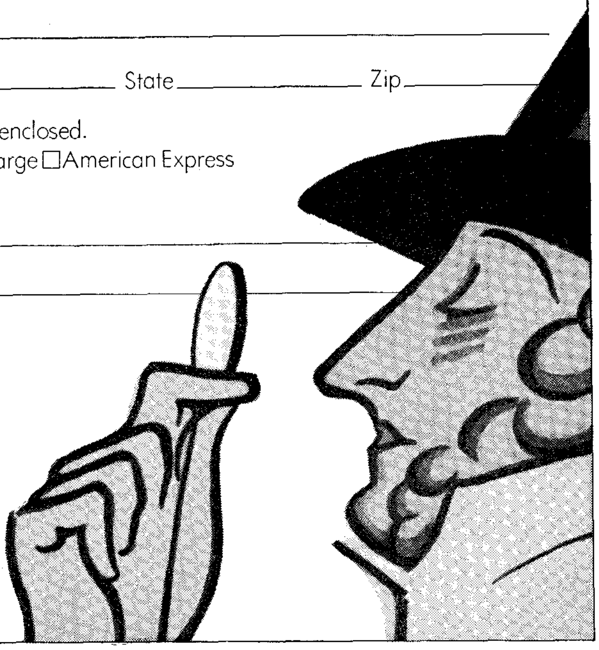

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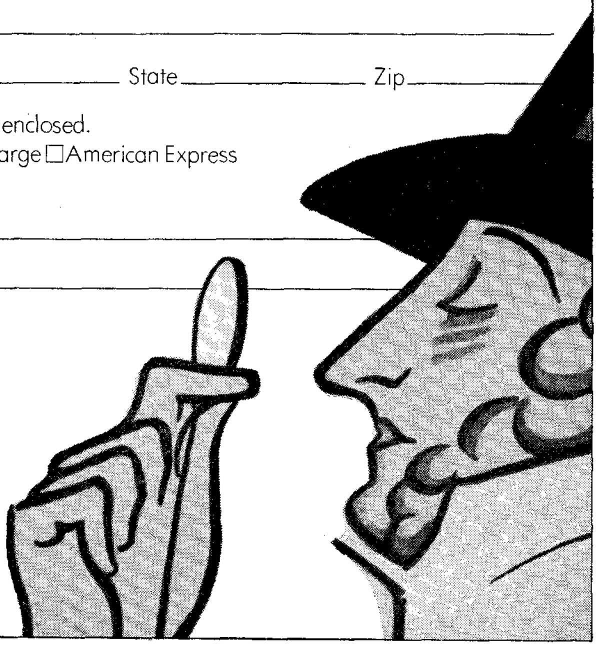

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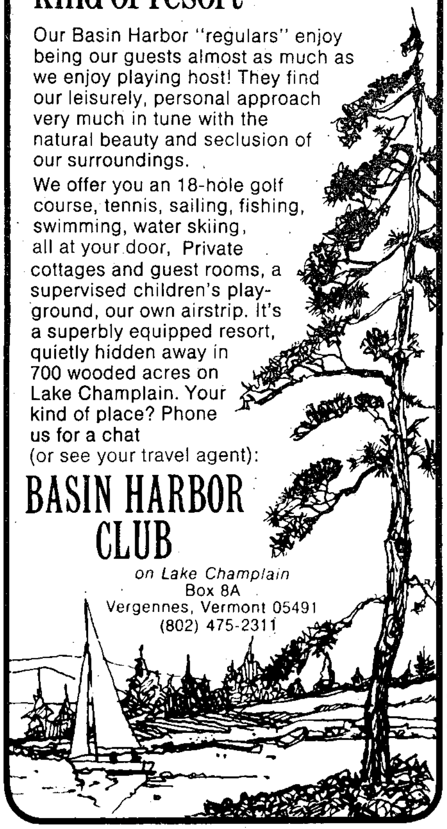

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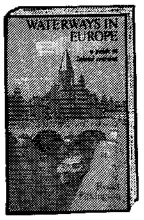

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be foolish to despair and silly not to worry.

Patience and Fortitude: Fiorello LaGuardia, a Biography, by William Manners (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A brisk account of the peppery Air Force major and congressman who served, or reigned, as mayor of New York City from 1934 through 1945. The author tells us that LaGuardia was ambitious for higher office, and one sees in this story how the proverbial New York-mayoralty jinx worked against him; what one might describe as urban populism did not then (as it apparently does not now) translate into national political-party terms. At all events, LaGuardia stayed mayor; he was very likely the best New York ever had, as well as the most colorful. Mr. Manners overstresses the anecdotal—and how many juicy anecdotes there are!—at the expense of the LaGuardia administration's solid achievements, but he does give a sense of a man who did not appear to most Americans a statesman but who was.

MYSTERY & CRIME

The Blue Hammer, by Ross Macdonald (Knopf). Like many (perhaps most) other good writers, Mr. Macdonald always tells pretty much the same story, though with, of course, infinite and exquisite variations. His obsessive subject is the past—the demons, the ghosts, the retributive reach of one's following past. The immediate scene to which he here introduces the indomitable Lew Archer is the usual small coastal city in southern California; the people are the usual mixture of the failed, the spoiled, the miserable successful; and the atmosphere just below the usual placid surface is one of fear and trembling. The case that Archer undertakes in this instance is as simple and as complicated as ever: the recovery of a stolen (or at least missing) painting by a dead (or at least missing) artist. He has seldom been in better form, and neither has his admirable creator.

•

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—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

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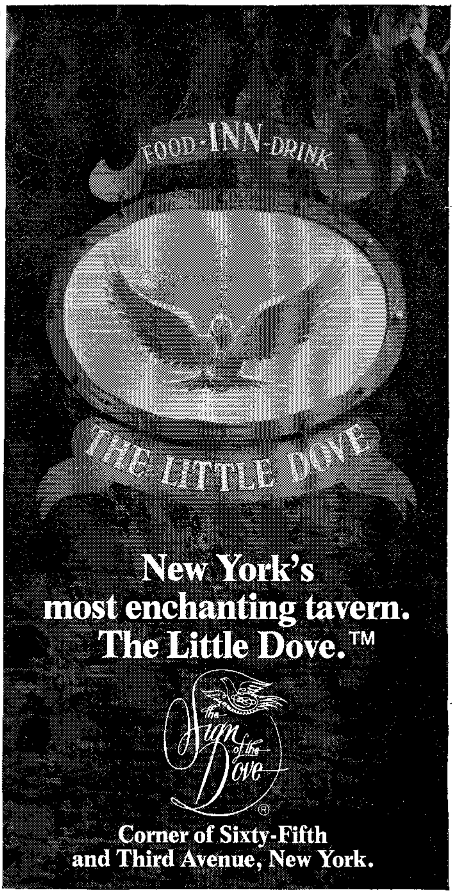

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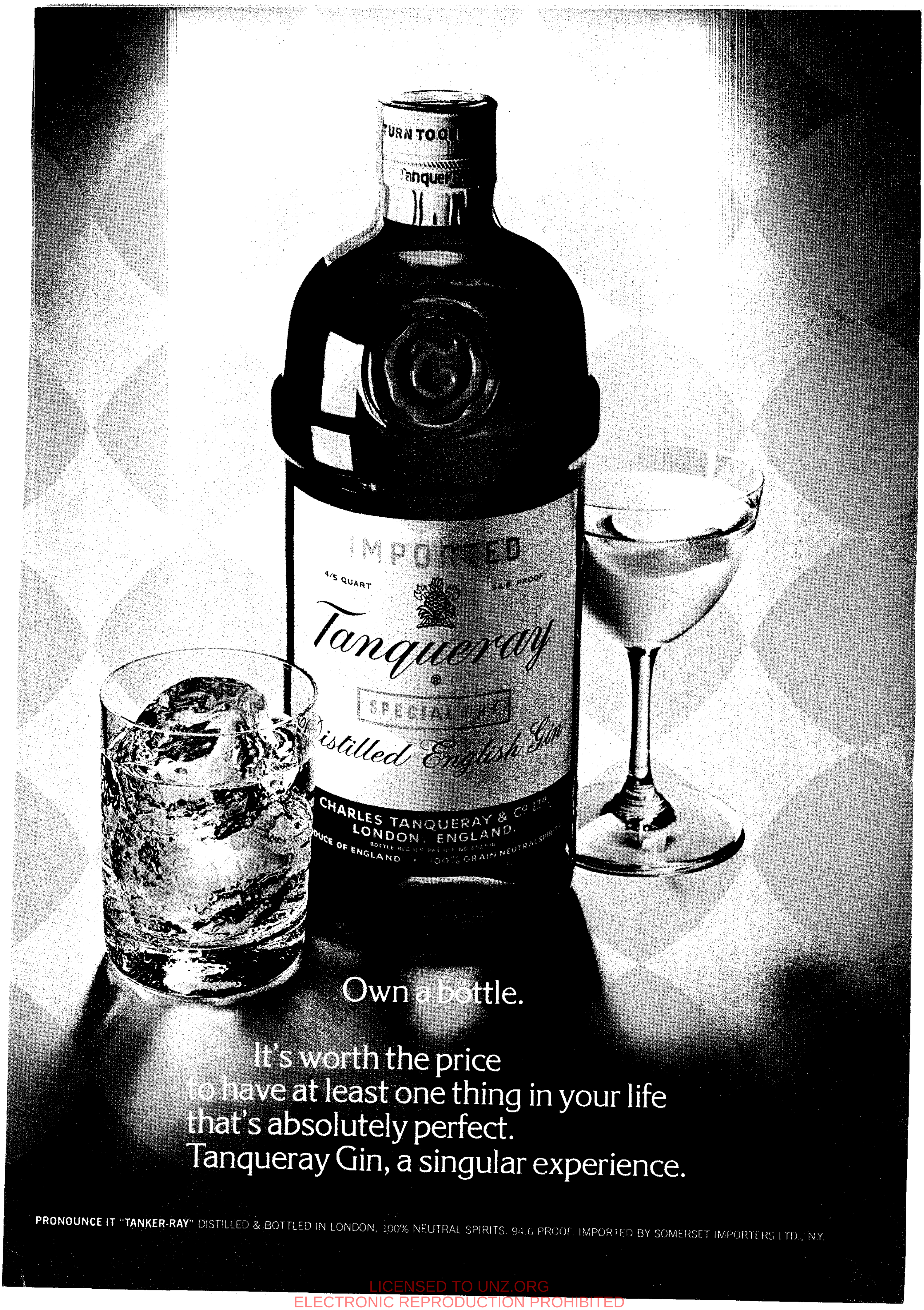
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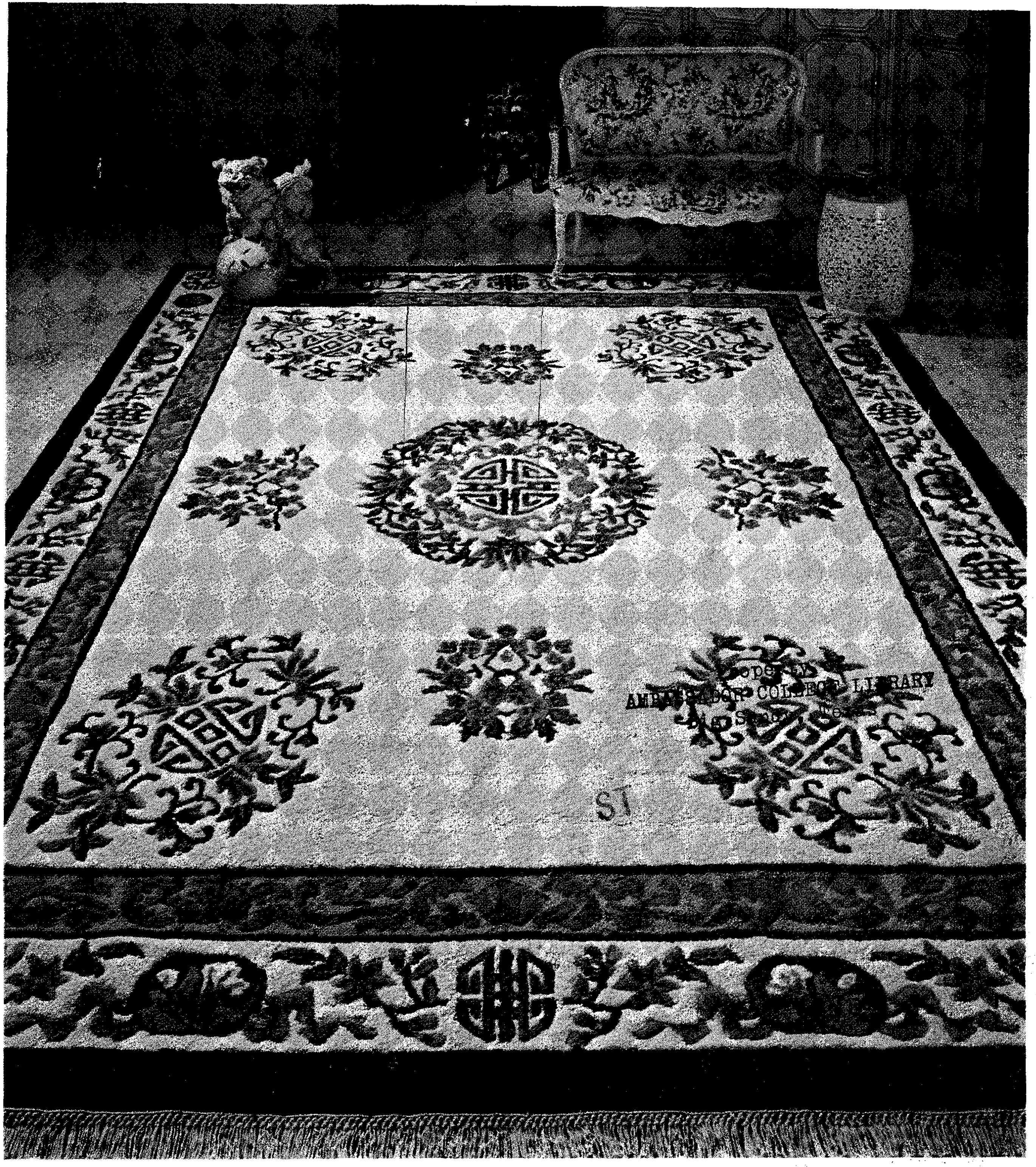

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